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THE BAPTIST HISTORICAL PAPERS.

THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, 1810–1821.

The story of the pre-Convention efforts at organizing the Baptist people of North Carolina possesses perennial interest. Origins have their peculiar sanctity. Time, while obliterating their traces, sheds a halo about them. It is well for the Baptists to preserve every bit of material bearing on their early organized life.

The Library of Wake Forest College is fortunate in having copies of the minutes of this General Meeting for the years 1813, 1814 and 1816; others of these early records have found their way to Brown and Colgate Universities.

The Chowan, or Albemarle, region was the center of Baptist activity in the first decade of the 19th century. There lived Martin, Ross and his co-laborers. Ross, a Revolutionary soldier, was an organizer. He had a genius for that kind of work. The handsome portrait that adorns the walls of the Memorial Hall shows a face of vigor and power. He it was who caused the Chowan Association, daughter of the Kehukee, to begin the movement in 1809 that resulted in the meeting at the Falls of the Tar River in June, 1811.

This call was printed in the minutes of the Chowan Association, but when it was read to the Kehukee As-

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sociation in October, 1809, that body decided that the matter was so new to them that it was best to postpone it for one year. The next year, 1810, Elder Dossey brought the matter to the attention of the Kehukee, and four delegates were appointed.

The Sandy Creek Association received a circular letter in 1810 bearing on the subject, and appointed four delegates. Five other associations appointed delegates. These associations were probably the Chowan, the Raleigh, Flat River, Neuse, and Cape Fear.

This meeting at the Falls of the Tar River was preliminary to a more organized meeting. According to the circular letter of 1813, "it will be seen that seven Associations by their delegates did actually favor a constitution for organizing a general meeting among the Baptists of North Carolina, and proceeded to appoint a *General Meeting of Correspondence* in the city of Raleigh."

At the meeting in Raleigh six out of the ten associations were represented. The constitution proposed by the General Meeting in 1811 at the Falls of the Tar was adopted by the Raleigh meeting in 1812, and with some amendments published in the proceedings of 1813 in a meeting held again at the Falls of Tar River.

From scattered records it appears that this body was in existence for ten years, and that its meetings were held at the following places:

1811, Falls of Tar River, June.
1812, Raleigh, July, fourth Sunday.
1813, Falls of Tar River, July, fourth Sunday.
1814, Union M. H,, Wake Co., July, fourth Sunday.
1815, Campbell's M. H., Orange, July, 4th Sunday.
1816, Tanner's M. H., Warren, August, 1st Sunday.
1817, Grassy Creek, Granville, August, 1st Sunday.

1821, Rogers' Cross-Roads, Wake County.

After this time annual meetings continued to be held, but the old name and the old aim were both changed—absorbed by the North Carolina Baptist Missionary Society.

There was never much vigor in the body. The Associations were afraid of it. The word council suggested the inquisition. The attendance was irregular. One Association complained of the constitution adopted in 1812, and yet when the meeting changed the article, the Association insisted on withdrawing, and did.

The constitution of this meeting as published in 1813 contains twelve articles, setting forth that it is to be composed of delegates, not from the churches, but from the Associations, and no Association to have more than four; that the officers should be a Moderator, elected for one year, and a Clerk during the will of the meeting; that a fund was to be raised by voluntary contributions to defray expense of the meeting; that the meeting was only an advisory council; that a majority of the Associations might change rules or name; and that the purpose was to adopt means to extend religious acquaintance, to encourage preaching of the gospel, and to extend useful knowledge.

The Kehukee and another Association found fault with the meeting in the very beginning. The circular letter appended to the proceedings of the meeting of 1813 answered these objections. The objections were answered by a committee composed of Wm. Lancaster, Josiah Crudup and R. T. Daniel.

The first objection made was that the "body had no

right to assume the title." The committee justified their claim, showing that it was the only name that would describe the organization.

The second objection was that the "object of the meeting was to secure uniformity of ordination of ministers and the constitution of churches, and that this was not practicable." The committee declared that this "was among the leading objects of the General Meeting," but that since the brethren misunderstood them as to the degree of authority to be assumed, they agreed to change that part of the constitution and yield to their superior judgment, being willing, instead of dictating to them, to sit at their feet and receive instruction. To remedy this the amended constitution gave power to the General Meeting simply "to adopt measures to extend religious acquaintance, to encourage the preaching of the gospel, and to diffuse useful knowledge."

The next objection made was that the "design was to raise a fund for the education of young ministers of the gospel." The committee declared that this object was not found in the constitution, nor the aims of the General Meeting. They say, further, that though the Virginia and the Charleston meetings may have it, there are others that do not have it. But they declare also that no evil could arise if some future meeting should create such a fund; that it was inconsistent for an "aged servant of the Lord" to oppose it for fear some "brilliant stars" might outshine them; that it were better to have the happy temper and mind of the aged Virginia minister who exclaimed, "Would to God every Baptist minister in the world had more grace, better talents and was more useful than myself"; that none had reason to fear these coming men because they will be delivered from their present imperfections before this takes place, and that

if they are permitted "to revisit the abode of mortals" they will rejoice that the "Lord promotes his cause by abler instruments than they were while engaged in it here below."

Another objection made was "that such a meeting would be an additional expense to the churches." The committee ridiculed this argument by showing that the expense was not ten cents to a church nor one cent to the individual. "Isn't this a wonderful sum about which to object to an institution calculated for general usefulness? O! tell it not in Gath! * * * We ask our brethren never again to mention it even in the closet, lest the whispering breeze of defection should waft it across the State, and the thundering voice of justice require it to be exclaimed on the house-tops."

Another objection was "that such a meeting will eventually lead to lording over God's heritage, which of all things is to be most dreaded." The committee declared it was useless to make such an argument or "to cite the Roman councils, which led to the coronation of Popes; that it was impossible for the reason that the "General Meeting owes its existence to the Associations, and they owe their existence to the churches"; that to make the bare supposition an objection to the meeting is about as inconsistent as for a man to be frightened at his own shadow.

The final objection was "that upon the same principles we might extend our correspondence to all the Baptists, not only in America, but through the world." To this objection the committee made a lengthy reply, saying that "it is a matter of joyful anticipation that these (Baptists), with many others who have never in a gospel manner professed the religion of Jesus upon earth, will meet together there (in glory); that a gen-

eral acquaintance on earth was desirable; to commence upon earth an acquaintance which it is hoped will be perfected in heaven; there is instruction, joy, and pleasure to be derived from these general meetings, which can never be possessed by such as refuse to attend them."

This letter, which was printed in the *Star* office, Raleigh, closed with an appeal to the brethren to join the meeting "which has for its support Scripture, reason, and piety; that is qualified for much usefulness to the churches, and may under God be of inexpressible advantage to thousands of sinners."

The contributions to the meeting were not large, but they were ample enough to pay all expenses, and in 1813 there was a surplus of five dollars. These contributions increased each year. In 1813 there was contributed $17.00, as follows: Sandy Creek, $3.00; Raleigh, $4.00; Kehukee, $3.00; Chowan, $5.00, and Cedar Creek church, $2.00; in 1814 the total amounted to $19.00, to which was added $5.00 balance from the previous year. There was now a plethora in the treasury, for one brother present wished to contribute, but it was found that the $24.00 in the treasury was amply sufficient. The cost of printing minutes was only about $15.00.

In 1816, the funds contributed amounted to $23.85, and it was ordered that 500 copies of the minutes be printed.

The Associations frequently would not endorse the meeting, but declare that they were in sympathy with the aim. In 1814, the Flat River sent Elder Weathers "as a visitant," and prepared a letter "to show their friendship to it, although they can not see eye to eye with us so as to become a member of the meeting at present." In 1816 this same Association was trying to

settle the question of "to join or not to join." The matter was referred to the churches, but the Association sent a letter and delegate "to sit with" the meeting. These "visitant" delegates were invited to seats with the body. The Flat River had been a member in 1813 at the Falls of the Tar.

The Sandy Creek was very faithful, and the records of that Association show that delegates were appointed nearly every year up to 1821, when Daniel Patterson reported that he had attended the General Meeting of Correspondence at Rogers' Cross-Roads in Wake County. In 1822, October, this Association appointed delegates, not to the General Meeting, but to the North Carolina Missionary Society, which was to meet in May, 1823, at Col. Sutherland's, Wake Union, Wake County.

The Kehukee was slow to take up this meeting. It did not adopt the constitution proposed by the meeting at the Falls of the Tar in 1811, but sent delegates to the first meeting in Raleigh in 1812. These delegates were Wm. Lancaster, Philemon Bennett, Mark Bennett and Joshua Lawrence. In 1815 the delegates were instructed to assist in changing the constitution at the next annual meeting in 1816 at Tanner's Meeting-house, Warren County. All four of the delegates were present, though Lawrence was not of the number. No material change was made in the constitution. When the Kehukee met in 1816, and probably heard the report of the General Meeting from the delegates, it was decided to send no more delegates, but to forward to the General Meeting such contributions as had been sent up by the churches for that specific purpose.

The Chowan had originated this General Meeting. Its moderator and clerk for some years were from this Association, 1813 and 1814—George Outlaw and Wm.

Dossey. Dossey moved west and was succeeded by Wm. P. Biddle. When these failed to attend in 1816, George Roberts, of County Line, was chosen moderator, and Moses Bennett, of Kehukee, clerk, with John Culpepper, of the Pee Dee, as assistant.

The Chowan continued to send delegates and contributions till 1821, when it was agreed to suspend correspondence for this year, and it was not renewed. Martin Ross had been the moving power in this Association. He was a delegate to the Raleigh meeting of 1812, and to the meeting in 1813, where he preached on Sunday morning. He was not a delegate in 1814, but he was in 1816, but failed to attend.

With the withdrawal of the Chowan, the meetings came to an end and gave place to another organization. The men who had led in this became the leaders in the other.

From the meagre records at my disposal, it appears that the leaders in the General Meeting were Martin Ross, Chowan, the organizer; R. T. Daniel, Sandy Creek, the enthusiast and preacher; Aaron Spivey, Wm. Lancaster, and the Bennetts, till the Kehukee withdrew, Wm. Dossey, George Outlaw, John Culpepper, Wm. Biddle, Josiah Crudup, and others. Very often a minister whose Association did not co-operate attended the meetings and took part.

The visits of Luther Rice, the Apostle of Foreign Missions and Education, must have had a wonderful effect on the people, and doubtless did much to convert this meeting into the North Carolina Missionary Society. The blacks attended these meetings, and gave Rice $5.00 for Foreign Missions in 1816. Rice came to these people with broad vision of evangelical conquest, preaching missions and education.

E. W. SIKES.

INTRODUCTION.

[Some years ago it was my purpose to prepare a volume of brief biographies of ministers who had been prominent in the making of North Carolina Baptist history. Much material was collected and a few of the sketches were completed, though subsequent revision was intended. Compelled to relinquish the undertaking by the pressure of other work, I gave the manuscript to a friend and had almost lost all recollection of it when informed by Dr. Sikes that he had secured it for publication in THE STUDENT.

Perhaps it ought to be stated that it was a matter of convenience and accident rather than my estimate of the relative importance of the careers of these departed brethren that resulted in the completion of just these brief biographies rather than of others.—CHAS. E. TAYLOR.]

ROBERT THOMAS DANIEL.

BY C. E. T.

Robert Thomas, the fifth son of Samuel and Eliza T. Daniel, was born June 10, 1773, in Middlesex County, Va. At the close of the Revolutionary struggle, the parents, with their numerous children, moved to Orange County, N. C., and settled near Hillsboro, where Robert Thomas was brought up to the two branches of business conducted by his father—those of a blacksmith and cabinet-maker. At the age of twenty-three, on March 1, 1796, he married Miss Penelope Flowers, of Chatham County, with whom he lived forty-five years. In July, 1802, he professed a hope in Christ, being in his twenty-ninth year. Under what instrumentality this event occurred can not now be determined: probably, as has often been the case, it was due, under God, to the influence of the pious woman who six years before had united her earthly destinies with his. The next month he was buried with Christ in baptism by Elder Isaac Hicks, at Holly Springs in Wake County. The sacred

fire that burned in a soul so ardent and ingenious as his, could not be repressed. During the early part of the succeeding year he began publicly to address sinners, and, at the meeting of his church in April, 1803, he was licensed to preach. His extraordinary abilities were at once perceived, and three months afterwards he was called to ordination. He tremblingly submitted, and the solemn rite took place at Holly Springs in July, when he had been a member of the church but eleven months. The officiating Presbytery were Elders Isaac Hicks, his pastor, and Nathan Gully. From the hour in which he took upon himself the solemn vows of the episcopal office, until that day in which he went to his reward, he devoted himself exclusively to the ministry. In its duties he expended his fortune and his life. Only a bare catalogue can be given of his several pastorates. The church at Mt. Pisgah, in Chatham County, near his youthful home, was the first over which he presided. After some years he took charge of the church at May's Chapel, in the vicinity of Rocky River. Thence, by their invitation, he removed to Sawmill church, in Marlborough District, S. C. From that place he returned to May's Chapel. While here, in 1812, he delivered a sermon in Raleigh in the old State House in reply to a Universalist. So great was the effect that a lot east of Moore Square was donated, and $600 raised on the spot for a Baptist meeting-house in Raleigh. The following year a church of nine white and fourteen colored members was organized, and Elder Daniel chosen pastor. From 1813 to 1815 and from 1822 to 1826 he continued in this relation.

He next accepted the oversight of the church at Greenville, in Pitt County. Thence he removed to the

church at Black Creek, in Southampton County, Va. The next place of his residence was Belfield, Va. He then emigrated to Tennessee, and, after spending some time in itinerant labors in middle Tennessee, he settled in Lexington. He soon after took charge of the church in Paris, Tenn., and after a few years residence there, assumed the care of the church at Holly Springs, Miss. And, finally, in 1839, he changed his residence to Salem, Miss., where expired the affectionate companion of all his journeyings. This place he regarded as his home at the time of his death.

From this rapid sketch it will be seen that he was emphatically a wanderer. He had literally no continuing city. This feature in his history was the result of causes not difficult to be perceived. Sanguine in his temperament, he was easily discouraged, and as easily induced to change his place, by prospects of greater immediate usefulness. The revival spirit, too, seemed to have a permanent home in his heart. Where religious excitement prevailed, he was powerfully attracted. But the influence that more especially governed his movements, was, doubtless, his just conviction that divine grace had designed and peculiarly fitted him for service as an itinerant minister. No dissatisfaction on the part of his churches, or difficulties with them, were the causes of his frequent removals. No man had more than he of Christian urbanity and kindness, was more ardently beloved by his people, or more deeply regretted when he considered it his duty to leave them. This was sufficiently demonstrated by the enthusiastic joy with which the people over whom he had once presided, always greeted his subsequent visits among them.

Another feature prominent in his character, was a desire to unite the people of God in benevolent action,

being assured that they would thus accomplish far more than in their individual capacity. He was consequently a prominent actor in the origination of many religious and benevolent associations, and the chief instrument, in the region of his labors, by which they were sustained. Much of his time was occupied in these duties, and during the greater part of his life he was either a missionary or an agent. In these capacities, he served successively the N. Carolina Bap. Miss. Society, the N. C. Baptist State Convention, the Board of For. Miss., the Gen. Asso. of Va., the Amer. Bap. Home Miss. Soc., the Bap. State Con. of Tenn., the Education Societies of Tenn. and Miss., and the Southwestern Bap. Home Miss. Soc. When he was overtaken by the message which called him hence, he was on a tour for the last two of these societies through six States.

When not especially employed as a missionary or agent, the whole region within one or two hundred miles of his residence would be visited by him, and his labors were often attended by the most glorious results. He was not, consequently, much with his own churches, and yet, most of them were through his labors built up and greatly enlarged and strengthened.

During thirty years or more, he filled a large space in the public eye in the South and Southwest. He was honored as the instrument of originating or advancing many extensive revivals, from which the churches have been replenished with members, and out of which have gone forth numerous young ministers into the gospel field. In a letter written from his death-bed, referring to these subjects, he says: "During the thirty-seven years that have passed away since I commenced the work of the ministry, I have travelled for the purpose

of preaching the gospel about sixty thousand miles, preached upwards of five thousand sermons, and baptized more than fifteen hundred people. Of that number many are now ministers of various grades; twelve are men of eminent talents and usefulness, and ten, mostly through my procurement, are regularly and thoroughly educated. Of all this," he adds, "I have nothing to boast, only in Christ Jesus my Lord. I regret much that I have done so little for His dear cause, and been so cold-hearted and remiss in duty."

An evangelist does not usually baptize those converted under his ministry. This is done, generally, by the pastor with whom he labors. If, then, under these circumstances, Elder Daniel baptized fifteen hundred, we may safely conclude that he was the instrument of the conversion of at least five times that number. If so, what an army he has met in heaven, to whom, on earth, he had been an angel of mercy! The thought is overwhelming. The results were worth a century of unceasing toil.

In his intercourse with other ministers, Elder Daniel was peculiarly felicitous. Unassuming, urbane, and affectionate in his deportment, he always conciliated their good will. As he was never censorious, or ambitious of personal honors, he remained unruffled and pleased, whoever was distinguished as the favorite of popular feeling. Jealousy of his brethren had no place in his heart, and envy was an emotion to which his soul was a stranger. Of young ministers he was the peculiar friend. He felt that they were his sons, and he was ever ready, not only to impart to them instruction, but to encourage them by his sympathy and influence. His advice was always that they should become close and constant students of the Word of God; should seek, by all appropriate means, a thorough discipline of the

with the human mind, and his ethics from his theology. In literature his knowledge of his vernacular, without pretentions to critical accuracy, supplied him with an easy, copious and flowing style, which, for perspicuity and force, if not elegance and splendor, has not often been equalled even by those who are thoroughly and classically read.

Several years ago Eld. M. D. Freeman graphically related to the writer an incident which well illustrates Elder Daniel's powers as an orator. He was preaching in the open air to a vast multitude of people. His theme was the brevity and vanity of human life. The leaves, touched by autumnal frosts, were drifting down from the trees overhead. The preacher suddenly stretched out his hand, caught a yellow leaf as it fell, and, holding it up before his audience, dwelt upon its short-lived beauty and its fall as a symbol of man's brief career. It was a daring thing to do, and might easily have failed if attempted by a speaker of smaller powers. Elder Freeman described the effect upon the audience to have been electric in the solemn impression produced.

It should be remarked, however, that high as may be our admiration of his abilities, he would, in these respects, be a dangerous model for imitation. To walk in his herculean footsteps one must possess his giant powers.

As a writer, Elder Daniel was vigorous, graceful, and often brilliant. Few letters from him appear in the *Interpreter* or *Recorder*, but all that the writer has ever seen from his pen displays grace and force in expression.

In 1812 he published in Raleigh a book of 280 pages, containing 176 hymns and 52 "Spiritual Songs." A

copy lies before the author, and is well printed and strongly bound. It bears the imprint of Thomas Henderson. It is entitled "Daniel's Selection." Thirty-eight, at least, of the hymns, were composed by Elder Daniel. In rythmic flow, felicity of expression, and flow of feelings, many of them are worthy to be compared with the productions of Watts and Wesley. Why is it that they have never been generally used in worship among the churches?

An acrostic upon his own name at the end of the little volume is so much superior to most productions of this kind, and illustrates so well both the taste and piety of the author, that it is worthy of a place in this sketch.

Roll on my transient days in haste;
On time's swift wing I'm flying fast,—
  But few more days to spend.
Earth cannot fill my anxious soul,
Redeeming grace I count my all,
  To heaven my thoughts ascend.

To stay on earth Thy will to do,
How I may act, teach me to know;
  O, may I faithful be.
May I a faithful servant stand
And for Thy sacred truth contend,
  Supported Lord by Thee.

Death, welcome friend, will soon appear,
And finish all my labors here;
  No more then will I sigh.
In triumph may I mount above,
End all my conflicts, feast on love;—
  Lord help me thus to die!

His manner was natural and easy. Highly polished as a gentleman; grave, dignified and courteous in social intercourse, he was, in the pulpit, lucid, spiritual and impressive.

"All altitude and stare
And start theatric, practiced at the glass,"

were his perfect scorn. Possessing a tall and commanding person; a countenance intellectual, manly and benevolent; a voice in which was blended the sweetness of music and the tone of affection; and, during his last years, locks upon his brow as white as wool; his aspect and address instantly conciliated his hearers, and made them feel that they were in the presence of a great and good man. His piety was regular, consistent and cheerful. He was uniformly prayerful; ready to every good word and work; to warn the sinner, instruct the inquirer, and comfort the Christian.

It is not claimed that he was free from imperfections, and even grave faults. He was not exempt from the common frailties of humanity. He would himself have shrunk from such an intimation as fulsome. He has descended to the sepulchre without a stain to disfigure the escutcheon of his fame.

To his closing hour, Elder Daniel retained the proper exercise of his accustomed powers of mind. In his last sermon, he seems to have anticipated his end, and to have made his subject appropriate. It was in Paris, Tenn., and from 2 Cor. vii. 11: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

His body was worn down and emaciated with disease, and his voice was feeble and broken. He was evidently much interested, and soon began to kindle with animation. His eyes were lighted up with their usual fire, and his thoughts sparkled with brilliancy; but they were like distant and momentary flickerings of lightning in a far-off storm cloud, which has nearly passed away, and whose force has been expended. He tottered from

the pulpit to his bed, where he lingered till the morning of October 14, 1840. He exhorted his friends and collected children for the last time, and gave his final directions and admonitions.

"All around was calm;
While on the bed of death the pious saint
Was waiting for his passport. Not a voice
Broke on that holy stillness—not a groan
To tell of nature's sufferings, met the ear;
All—all was peace. The healing aid
Was proffered by the hand of love, but he,
The dying one, now knew his hour had come,
And look'd alone to him, on whom his soul
So long had rested. With an eye of faith
He saw the heavens opened—waiting spirits stood
To bear him upwards; and he seemed to hear
Some notes from angels' minstrelsy."

He had given his all to God, and only whispered audibly, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and then breathed no more. The soul had risen to tune its golden harp in the presence of the Saviour. He who had wept, and toiled, and prayed so much, had gone to dwell with those who, long before, had crossed the flood of Jordan.

Not a pang or groan marked his departure. "Ravished with a view of heaven's glories, he forgot to live," and left upon his pale corpse, though a mouldering ruin, such a peaceful smile as well might prove his victory in death. Sweet, like "the breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string," was his exit. Thus to die is gain. When the atoning blood purifies the spirit, and faith lays her hand upon the blessed Lamb who bore our load of guilt and woe, then darkness flees away, and through the dreary vale of the King of Terrors, a glory shines which tells of immortality.

C. E. T.

WILLIAM HOOPER.

Elder W. Hooper, D.D., LL.D., died at the residence of his son-in-law, Prof. J. DeB. Hooper, at Chapel Hill, on the 17th of August, aged 84 years.

Dr. Hooper bore a name which holds an honorable place in the history of North Carolina. His grandfather, a man of shining talents and fine culture, was one of the signers of the National Declaration of Independence. In the perilous times which followed the birth-throes of the nation, he occupied a prominent place, filling faithfully and well many offices of honor and responsibility. His grandson was a fit representative of him. Entering the University at an early age, he graduated with distinction and afterwards filled the chair of Ancient Languages for a number of years. He held a similar position in the University of South Carolina for some time, and taught in the Baptist Theological Institution of that State. In those days he took rank among the most eminent linguists in the country.

It was while he was Professor in the Uninversity at Chapel Hill that he became a Baptist. He had been reared an Episcopalian, and had been for some years an honored minister of that denomination. His views of baptism and other questions having undergone a change, he decided to unite with the Baptists. There was no church of that communion in the village, and he went to a country church nearby and there received baptism at the hands of Rev. Patrick W. Dowd. We give his own words in explanation of his course:

"The writer was led to adopt his present sentiments on the subject of baptism in spite of all his previous prejudices and religious connections and apparent worldly interests by comparing the plain, full informa-

tion given us in the New Testament with the accounts left us by the Christian Fathers who lived next after the Apostles. His mind first became disquieted on the subject while he was a minister of the Episcopal Church, by the language of the Baptismal Service of that Church, in which, immediately after the application of the water, a solemn thanksgiving is returned to God, "that He hath regenerated with water and the Holy Spirit" every person, child or adult, that is baptized. When, on account of his conscientious objections to this and some other things in that church, he felt himself obliged to withdraw from it, he was led to examine the subject of Baptism more faithfully than he had ever done before; and afraid of precipitation, and having strong attachments drawing him in another direction, it was seven years before he connected himself with the Baptists. During this time he read most of the books of reputation on this controversy, and among others he took up with high expectation, Wall's History of Infant Baptism, a book which had the renown of proving so clearly the Apostolic origin of that practice, that the author received for his performance the thanks of the British Parliament. So far from being made a convert to that doctrine by Wall's copious collection of passages from the ancient authors, the enquirer's mind was rather established in the opposite belief, and he was furnished with a satisfactory solution for the origin of the practice in the early prevalence of the persuasion that unbaptized persons, whether infants or adults, could not enter heaven."

For a number of years he took a lively interest in the general work of the denomination, especially in all its educational enterprises. He was a member of the com-

mittee appointed by this Convention to select a location and devise a plan for Wake Forest College; and his hand had no small share in giving it the shape which it finally assumed. A few years later he accepted the Presidency of the College, but discouraged by the financial embarrassments which hindered its prosperity and impaired its usefulness, he resigned. Subsequently he removed to Murfreesboro, succeeding Martin R. Forey as President of the Baptist Female Institute at that place. It was a position for which he was in many respects admirably qualified, and the work was one which he loved. While here he associated with him at different times Dr. P. S. Henson, now of Philadelphia, Dr. Luther R. Gwaltney, of Marion, Ala., and Dr. Archibald McDowell. In such hands the Institute grew in popular favor until the temporary interruption caused by the late war between the States. In 1871, Dr. Hooper resigned the presidency of the Institute and moved to Fayetteville, where he remained until the close of the war. For a few years, until disqualified for further labor in that direction, he was associated with Prof. J. DeB. Hooper in a female school of high grade at Wilson. After his retirement from the work of teaching, he preached as opportunity offered and wrote regularly for the religious journals.

In the spring of this year he went to the Centennial at Philadelphia, by special invitation, and delivered an address. Returning he spent several days in Raleigh and occupied Dr. Pritchard's pulpit on the Sabbath, preaching with even more than his wonted power and unction. On reaching home he was taken sick, and after lingering awhile passed to his reward.

We take the liberty of closing this sketch with the

estimate of our departed brother by Elder W. H. Jordan, who knew him long and well:

"Dr. Hooper, in the services for which he was distinguished, stood for more than fifty years conspicuously before the public. His life was passed in their view, and his course was subject to their inspection, and now after having died at the age of eighty-four years, we feel sure that public sympathy will respond to the sentiment that the man can not be named who left behind him a more irreproachable and unblemished reputation. An admiring community would doubtless unite in subscribing the sentence as a fitting epitaph upon his tomb, 'The memory of the just is blessed'

"There was in Dr. Hooper a beautiful symmetry of character. He exhibited a happy combination of intellectual and moral excellence. In him was seen the admirable union of a fine understanding with the kindest and amiable affections of the heart. His character was one of singular transparency. A 'godly simplicity and sincerity' was the modest and beautiful crown of his many virtues. With a highly cultivated mind, liberalized and polished by an association with men of genius and learning, he possessed the artlessness of a child. While the object of universal admiration, he exhibited the example of a magnanimous unconsciousness of his own superiority. It may be questioned whether in his preaching he was scarcely ever troubled with the thought of what his congregation would think of his sermon, unless it were that they would hold it in the same humble estimation that he did himself. Such was his ingenuousness, that if, at any time, he supposed he had committed a mistake which might affect injuriously, either his reputation for prudence or his secular

interest, instead of proudly claiming an exemption from all blame or swelling with hollow pretentions to an infallible rectitude, he would acknowledge and freely expose his error with all the docility and submissiveness of a penitent child confessing his fault at the feet of his mother; and if in his opinion he had injured or hurt the feelings of the poorest slave, his humble and pious spirit would not have rested satisfied until by confession he had redressed his injury and healed his wound. He was indeed one of those rare and happy men to whom is accorded by universal suffrage the character of *a good man.*

"Dr. Hooper was pre-eminently a 'lover of good men.' While possessing the finest taste for works of literature and art, and admiring genius and excellence in whatever department of action, *piety* was the magnet that attracted his soul. It was interesting, indeed it was *sublime,* to see how this good and learned man could bow and weep under the ministry of men so inferior to himself. The love of good men and of a spiritual religion was the passion of his soul. With the fondness with which an eagle spreads her wings over her young, his heart hovered over every exhibition, individual or social, wherever or among whomsoever found, of the true spirit and power of the gospel. He delighted to drink of the streams of Siloam and to bathe his soul in their refreshing tide wherever he found them. Though no man was more decided in his religious principles, he was as free from bigotry as infant from malice.

"While distinguished for all the gentler and softer graces, Dr. Hooper possessed an adamantine firmness of character. This was tested by his invariable fidelity to principle, in circumstances often well calculated to

put his integrity to trial. He sometimes incurred reproach by the honest and faithful expression of his sentiments, not to his enemies,—that were not so hard to do,—but to his *friends;* that exposing his sensitive nature to the pain of displeasing those whom he loved, and to the hazard of losing their esteem, when a softer courage instead of encountering their frowns, would have melted away in the flame of their blandishments and smiles. He had in him the spirit of the martyr. With a calm and unaffected, a quiet and meek, but at the same time an undaunted intrepidity, he would at any moment have gone to the stake for his principles.

"Dr. Hooper's excellence as a preacher was in the earnest, highly evangelical and practical character of his ministry. It contained that happy combination of sound doctrine, with its enforcement, as a productive of a holy practice, which is so fully exemplified in the ministry of Christ and His Apostles. He was not what is called a popular preacher. Though an elegant writer, he was not a fluent speaker; and after he became a Baptist his preaching was extemporaneous. But though his elocution was somewhat slow and embarrassed, frequently when his mind became heated and ignited with his subject he would break into strains of extraordinary beauty and power.

"His preaching was remarkably calculated to cultivate both the mind and the heart; to promote, in other words, an intelligent piety. He was a devout believer in the doctrine of salvation as flowing from the unmerited and sovereign grace of God; while he believed with equal steadfastness that this grace teaches its subjects 'to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.'

"The death of Dr. Hooper was such as might have been expected of such a man. His dying couch was as the vestibule of heaven; and even before his soul dropped its frail and wasted tenement he seemed to have a foretaste of the heavenly glory." C. E. T.

JOHN KERR.

It was the privilege of Elder Kerr to live at that interesting period when Baptists began to enjoy the religious liberty for which their fathers had long toiled and suffered. And by nature, education and the grace of God he was eminently qualified for large usefulness at such an epoch.

He was born August 4, 1782, in Caswell County, N. C., just after Cornwallis' famous march through that section. His father, of Scotch descent, was a Baptist eminent for piety, and his mother, as is usually the case where a man possesses remarkable ability, was distinguished for excellence and energy of character. In early boyhood he was eager for the acquisition of knowledge, and the amiability of his disposition made him a universal favorite.

The following account of his conversion is condensed from a fuller narrative by Elder J. B. Jeter: "For a long season coldness and formality had prevailed in a certain Presbyterian congregation in Orange County, N. C., under the care of Rev. Wm. Paisley. A visiting minister, from the State of Tennessee, preaching for them, took occasion to denounce religious excitement. If that was an evil, it was one with which that church had not for a considerable time been afflicted. The pious pastor was deeply affected. He arose to counter-

act the deadening influence of the sermon by a warm and stirring exhortation. But his heart was too full for utterance. He stood in his pulpit and, looking in solemn silence on his congregation, burst into tears. The effect was electrical; the excitement had now begun; God was in the assembly; a most impressive scene ensued. The mingling sounds of praise and lamentation, as at the laying of the corner-stone of the second temple, were heard throughout the congregation. This was the beginning of a glorious and spreading revival of religion.

"Many persons were now attracted to the meetings. Among those who went to be amused was young John Kerr, who was teaching a school at the time. God, having designs of mercy toward him, directed him to the hallowed place. As he approached it, his mind was solemnly impressed by the groans and prayers which, from every side, he heard. He was quickly seized with an overwhelming sense of guilt, and falling, like Saul of Tarsus, prostrate on the earth, he continued all night to implore the mercy of God. That mercy, to the joy of his heart, he soon found."

The ploughshare of conviction had so deeply stirred his heart that it became a fertile soil for the growth of the fruits of the Spirit. For some months before he joined a church his love and zeal were manifested in his fervent appeals to the unconverted. In August, 1801, he was baptized. The same day he delivered an animated discourse. The school-room was abandoned. He was licensed to preach. Semple says: "He soon commanded attention. His speech and his preaching were in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Wherever he went he was highly acceptable." He began to take extensive tours, preaching as he went. In this

way he passed through North and South Carolina and Virginia. J. B. Taylor writes: "Wherever he went, in almost seraphic strains he commended the person and work and righteousness of the Redeemer. His slender but erect form, his brilliant eye, his manly bearing; and, above all, his well-toned, flexible voice, commanded for him universal attention." The earlier ministry of Elder Kerr was in North Carolina and Halifax County, Va. In 1811, at the earnest solicitation of friends, he became a candidate for a seat in Congress. There is reason to believe that this was a most unfortunate step for him and for the cause of Christ in his community. Though he was at first defeated, his brethren were grieved and the enemies of religion elated that one who had taken such lofty views of Christian character and obligation should leave the gospel ministry for the political arena. It had been well for Elder Kerr if defeat had driven him back to the work for which God had chosen him. He again became a candidate and was elected. For several years he occupied his seat in Congress, and though he seldom preached, he was recognized as a minister of the gospel and a consistent Christian.

Elder Kerr often acknowledged afterwards that his political life had been unfavorable to his spirituality, usefulness, and happiness. He began seriously to contemplate the practice of law as a profession. For it he felt a strong natural predilection, and the necessities of a growing family seemed to demand the measure. From his delusion he was awakened by a special providence, so painful and yet so merciful that it was never subsequently remembered without mingled horror and gratitude. Of this event the following account has been written by Elder Jeter:

"One day he was riding home, revolving in his mind the question of duty. The emoluments and honors of the legal profession were temptingly spread before his mind. His purpose was suddenly formed, and he rejoiced that the question of duty was at length decided. But God did not design to discharge him from the gospel ministry. His horse took fright; he was thrown from his gig, and the bones of one leg were dreadfully fractured. For several weeks he lay in excruciating pain and all hope of saving the limb had nearly vanished. One night he fell asleep and dreamed that the Saviour came to him, and with benignant countenance, laying His hand gently on the wound, healed it. He awoke in ecstacy. Calling his family around him, he declared that his limb was healed, and insisted that he should be allowed to rise and walk. In this, however, he was mistaken; but from that moment he never experienced the slightest pain in the fractured member, and it healed with astonishing rapidity. The end of the affliction had been attained. All desire to enter the practice of the law vanished. Never had the work of preaching Christ to guilty men seemed to him so delightful, so important, and so glorious."

With fresh consecration to the cause of Christ, he now began to preach with a fervor which reminded his older friends of what he had been in his youth. Having been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Richmond, Va., he removed thither in 1825, and entered upon a most useful career. Though his sermons were frequently two hours long, he was heard by crowds without weariness or complaint, while numbers were unable to gain admittance into the house. In 1826-7 about two hundred were added to the church; the next

year more than fifty; and thus every year till 1831, when he baptzied nearly six hundred.

For many years he was President of the General Association of Virginia. He was in hearty sympathy with all the benevolent movements of his day. He was a leader in the movement which checked the growth of Campbellism in the Baptist churches of Virginia. In 1833 he resigned his church in Richmond in order to spend the rest of his life as an evangelist. From this time until the failing of his health he preached much in North Carolina as well as in Virginia. His end was triumphant. For months before it came, he spoke freely with his friends about his dissolution, assuring them that he had no more dread of dying than of entering his chamber, undressing, and going to bed. He died September 29, 1842. A special commemorative sermon was delivered in Yanceyville by Eld. J. B. Jeter, and is a tribute worthy of the subject which inspired it.

Referring to Kerr as a preacher, Elder Jeter, in a passage worthy of the pen of Macaulay, says: "Had his application been equal to his genius, the depth of his judgment to the brilliancy of his fancy, and his powers of ratiocination to his powers of description, he would have been a preacher of rare, perhaps unequalled, talents. For more than thirty years he rarely, if ever, failed to be appointed at important meetings, where he was present, to preach on the most responsible and momentous occasions. At such times, standing in the open air and addressing large assemblies, he was on his favorite theatre. It was impossible not to listen, and, listening, not to be moved. I speak not in disparagement of any man, living or dead, when I say that in popular and effective declamation I have never heard him excelled—never heard him equalled. Under his

stirring and almost seraphic appeals I have frequently seen thousands at one time bathed in tears. Few ministers have been so successful in winning souls to Christ."

C. E. T.

WILLAM T. BROOKS.

Was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, December 9, 1809. He professed faith in Christ at Rives' Chapel in a revival meeting held in connection with or following immediately upon the third session of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention; and was baptized into the followship of this church in September, 1832, by Elder Noah Richardson.

His education being limited, and a new sphere of responsibility and duty opening up now before him the desire for a liberal education took firm hold upon him. He accordingly sold what property he had, and in 1834, at the age of twenty-four entered the school at Rives' Chapel. The following year he began his course at what was the Wake Forest Institute, and, in 1839, graduated with the first class going out from the College with diplomas. The conviction that he was called of God to preach the gospel of Christ, no doubt intensified the zeal he displayed in acquiring an education. His ordination took place the same year that he entered College.

In 1843 he became a tutor at Wake Forest College, and subsequently a professor, which position he held for a number of years. After his resignation he was appointed a Trustee of the College, and for a long time was President of the Board of Trustees.

In 1869 he was elected President of the Baptist State Convention, and continued to serve in this capacity

until failing health at length compelled him to forego the privilege he had always so highly prized of meeting with the brethren in their annual gatherings.

For thirty years Dr. Brooks was pastor of Mount Vernon church in Wake County. He was also pastor of other churches, two of which, the one at Henderson and the one at Forestville, he was instrumental in organizing.

His labors as a preacher of the gospel were blessed to the conversion of many souls. His preaching was thoroughly evangelical. Man's lost condition out of Christ was never put in the background. Redemption by the blood of Christ was never explained away as a mere figure of speech. Heaven and hell were to him solemn realities. He honored the Holy Spirit. He believed the Word of God.

For six years he lingered on the shores of time, though apparently his work was done. But not so. There was fruit to be brought forth in his old age under the pruning of the Husbandman, which was to magnify the grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and prepare His servant for the great change awaiting him. "Behold, we count them happy which endure." Not till the time comes does the Father take His children home. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"—the time, the place, and the circumstance.

Gently, as a little child, he fell asleep in Jesus, January 16, 1883, at Wake Forest College, which for so many years had been his home, surrounded by his wife and the three children who survived him.

W. B. ROYALL.

WILLIAM P. BIDDLE.

Elder William Phillips Biddle was born in Princess Anne County, Va., Jan. 7, 1788. During his boyhood, he worked on his father's farm, and attended school as opportunity offered. His advantages of education, however, were but small, and it always occasioned him deep regret that he had not been able to cultivate his mind more thoroughly.

After spending a year or two as clerk in a store, he formed a partnership in mercantile business at London Bridge. But his mind became so deeply impressed with religious truth, and ultimately with a sense of obligation to engage in the ministry, that he disposed of his interest in the business, and began to preach. In 1808 he was ordained as a Baptist minister.

Elder Biddle now began to travel extensively in the eastern parts of Virginia and North Carolina. Though constantly engaged in preaching, he was, at this time, as well as in all subsequent periods of his ministry, a great reader and a diligent student. As his perceptions were quick and his memory remarkably retentive, he was enabled in this way to make up in a good degree for his lack of early advantages.

On Feb. 10, 1810, he married Miss Mary Nixon, of Craven County, N. C. Shortly after his marriage he settled in New Bern, and, at a little later period, removed to a farm, near the residence of his wife's father, where he continued during the rest of his life. While he superintended the cultivation of his land, he had charge of four churches. These varied engagements, together with his efforts for mental improvement, made him one of the busiest of men.

Mr. Biddle's physical constitution was orginally rather feeble; and in the early part of his ministry the effort of preaching not unfrequently occasioned the raising of blood. As he advanced in life, however, his constitution acquired more vigor, and his power of endurance ultimately became very great. In May, 1853, he attended the Biennial Convention in Baltimore, but was unwell during the meeting, and still more so after his return. On examination, the cause proved to be cancer of the stomach. From that time he suffered intense pain, with little or no interruption, till, on Aug. 8, 1853, he passed away in the serenity of an unclouded hope. Mr. Biddle was the father of twelve children, seven of whom survived him.

Elder Biddle was present at the formation of the Baptist State Convention, and was for several years its President. He was one of the earliest and most liberal contributors to Wake Forest College, and served upon its Board of Trnstees for many years.

Elder Samuel Wait, who knew him intimately, has left the following description and estimate of the subject of this sketch:

"Elder Biddle's personal appearance was dignified and prepossessing. He was six feet high, stood erect, was neither corpulent nor lean, and weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. His hair was light and sandy, his eyes were blue, and very expressive, especially when anything was said in his hearing of a witty, novel or striking character. In conversation he was easy and natural. Words suited to express his thoughts clearly and forcibly readily occurred to him. He was never dogmatical or obtrusive. His voice was soft and musical, and his enunciation remarkably distinct. He had

an excellent voice for music, and withal an accurate ear; and it was not uncommon for him to take the lead in that part of public worship. In his social intercourse he always manifested the most delicate regard for the feelings of others; and, though his wealth as well as character gave him much consideration in the community, he was as far as possible from taking any consequential airs, or indicating, in the most indirect manner, any invidious preference of the rich above the poor.

Elder Biddle possessed much more than ordinary advantages in the pulpit. He was an easy and graceful speaker; and the best words seemed to come unbidden to him. His thoughts were always expressed with great clearness, so that the hearer never doubted as to his meaning. His preaching was thoroughly evangelical, and nothing that he believed to be a part of God's revealed truth was ever withheld. His memory was a great storehouse of truths and facts which had been accumulating during his whole life, and he had a remarkable facility in drawing upon these treasures for the illustration of his discourses. His numerous and often perplexing worldly cares doubtless interefered somewhat with his success as a preacher; but, if he had not been thus embarrassed, and especially if he had had a more thorough intellectual training, he would undoubtedly have reached an eminence attained by few of his contemporaries.

"But, though he had not enjoyed the advantages of a literary education, he had subjected his mind to a process of diligent culture by reading the most approved authors. He manifested his interest in learning by his generous benefactions to our College, and the good service he rendered it in the capacity of Trustee, till near the close of his life. He was one of the most generous

and hospitable of men. His brethren were always welcome to his house, and were always happy in his society. The poor ever found in him a ready and cheerful benefactor. He was watchful for opportunities of doing good, and his genial, thoughtful spirit would often prompt to little delicate acts of kindness. He was careful to teach his children by both example and precept, not to live for themselves alone. I remember once, at an annual meeting of our Convention, when I was sitting so near him that I could hardly fail to see it,—as the collection for missions was about to be taken up, he distributed a handful of half-dollars to his children and a young lady who was intimate with the family, thus helping at once to form and to gratify their taste for doing good.

"He possessed indomitable energy and perseverance. No earthly considerations could lead him to make the slightest compromise with what he believed to be error. Having settled clearly in his mind what was true and right, all that remained for him was to carry out his honest convictions. Doubtless he had his imperfections,—for he was a man,—but those who knew most of them would regard them as slight, compared with the manifold excellencies that adorned and elevated his character."

C. E. T.

WILLIAM HILL JORDAN.

This distinguished minister of the gospel ended his earthly labors and entered into rest on Friday, October 12, 1883, at his residence in Oxford. It was our privilege to know him and to be numbered among his friends for the last ten years. When we first saw him, he had by reason of age and infirmities, retired from the active

duties of the ministry. He still attended the sessions of his Association and aided his brethren in special meetings. The most of these years of comparative inactivity he spent in diligent study and prayerful meditation on the Word of God. We loved him for his stainless purity, his shining character as a Christian, his devout and humble piety, his unswerving loyalty to truth and to God, as well as for his splendid talents and attainments as a preacher. His pilgrimage was long, laborious and eventful. He finished it with honor to himself and credit to the denomination he represented; and waited patiently at the river for the parting of the waters, looking with unclouded eyes to the mountains of joy on the other shore.

We learn from the Baptist Encyclopedia that "Rev. William Hill Jordan was born in Bertie County, N. C., August 15, 1803. His mother afterwards married the Rev. Mr. Poindexter, and was the mother of Rev. Dr. A. M. Poindexter. To the piety and force of character of this good woman, who consecrated her sons to God's service at their birth, our Southern Zion is indebted for two of the ablest and most eloquent ministers who have distinguished her annals."

Bro. Jordan was educated at Chapel Hill, professed a hope in Christ on the 9th of December, 1823, preached his first sermon on the 25th of December of the same year, and was baptized by Rev. Reuben Lawrence, January 25, 1824. It will thus be seen that Bro. Jordan was induced by his brethren to preach before he was baptized. This was to him a source of much sorrow, but it may be doubted whether it should have been, since it is said a great revival began from his preaching, spreading over several counties, and resulting in the conversion of two thousand souls.

Besides serving a number of churches in the country, Bro. Jordan has been pastor of churches in Raleigh, Wilmington, Lilesville and Wadesboro, N. C., Clarksville and Petersburg, Va., Norristown, Pa., and Sumter, S. C.

He was for a long time Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention; he was twice agent for Wake Forest College, giving his time and money for its release from financial distress, and as a trustee worked faithfully for its prosperity. Bro. Jordan called himself a High Church Baptist, and spent no small part of his life in vindicating by voice and pen Baptist and Calvinistic principles.

He was a very eloquent speaker, and seemed never at a loss for forcible and appropriate words. He walked close with God, and talked much with Him. In prayer he seemed to be face to face with his Maker and to lose consciousness of all such matters as time, his position and surroundings. With the affection of a child for a kind and benevolent father, and as a devoted subject before his honored and loved king, he made known his wants in words of adoration, gratitude and confidence. He was wonderfully gifted in prayer. For more than fifty years his name has been a household word among the Baptists of North Carolina, and his memory will be reverenced as long as those who knew him live.

C. T. BAILEY.

GANO, VANHORNE AND MILLER.

Neither of these was a North Carolina Baptist minister. But, in the providence of God, they exerted so decided and far-reaching an influence on North Carolina Baptist history, that it would not be right to omit a notice of their brief contact with our people.

The oldest Baptist churches in Eastern North Carolina adhered to the Arminian or Free-will doctrine, and were the offspring of the English "General Baptists." Such men as Paul Palmer and Joseph Parker gathered churches without requiring an expression of grace before baptism. They baptized all who believed in immersion and requested baptism of them. There is reason to believe that some of the early ministers were not converted when they first began to preach.

In May, 1755, Elder John Gano [properly Gerneaux], an eminent Baptist minister of New Jersey, visited Bertie (now Warren) County, N. C., and became acquainted with the condition of affairs. It was probably due to the report made by him to the Philadelphia Association at their meeting in the fall of that year, that that body delegated Elders Peter Peterson, Vanhorne and Benjamin Miller to visit the churches in Eastern North Carolina and "settle them upon the doctrine of Free Grace and according to gospel order."

The mission was attended with most happy results. Some of the members of the churches seemed to be afraid of them, but by the majority they were cordially received. The preaching and conversation of these New-Lights, as they were called by the people, was with power. The hearts of the people were opened, many were awakened and converted. Church members were convinced of their error and were instructed in the doctrines of the gospel. Some of the churches organized anew, adopted the London Confession of Faith of 1639.

Through the instrumentality of these two ministers the work of reformation continued until the greater part of the few churches which had been gathered in North Carolina, both ministers and members, became "Regular Baptists."

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the facts stated above. Would it be too much to say that the course of Baptist history, not only in North Carolina, but to a great extent also in the Western and Southwestern States, was changed by the coming of these New Jersey ministers?

The true condition of the churches of North Carolina previous to this time is shown by the following extract from a diary kept by Elder Morgan Edwards, pastor of the First Baptist church in Philadelphia, and one of the most eminent and scholarly men of his day. It was written while he was making a tour of the Southern churches.

"The Baptists of North Carolina are least spiritually minded of all the Baptists in America. For so careless and indefinite are they in their requisitions that many of their communicants are baptized and admitted into their churches and even some of their ministers are introduced into their sacred functions without an experimental acquaintance with the gospel or without being required to possess it. So loose and indefinite are their terms that all who profess a general belief in the truths of the gospel and religiously demean themselves are admitted to it."

History repeats itself. Is there not danger of a return of the condition described by Morgan Edwards unless the churches shall insist upon, not merely "Confession of Christ," but experimental religion in those who seek for membership? C. E. T.

ENOCH CRUTCHFIELD.

For more than sixty years this able and venerable minister was a member of the Sandy Creek Association. His memory will long continue to be a precious inheritance of the churches of this body

He was born April 20, 1805, near Hillsboro, N. C. In early youth his religious advantages were very few. Up to the age of 16 he heard but little preaching, and no member of his father's family was religious. In 1822, however, when 17 years old, he became deeply convicted under the preaching of Elder R. T. Daniel. For six months, by prayer and attendance on religious meetings, he sought relief, and at last obtained a hope through faith in Christ. The following year, at the age of 18 years, he was baptized into the fellowship of Cane Creek church, Orange County, by Elder W. W. Farthing, with whom he at once began to travel and to exercise his gifts in exhorting, praying and singing. They went together, after the fashion of those days, from church to church and to other points. They met large congregations and doubtless did much good. Elder O. T. Edwards, from whose sketch this memoir is largely compiled, has often heard him say that it seemed to him that he could not fail in his efforts to bring the unconverted to see the beauty of holiness, to fall out with the ways of sin, and to turn and seek salvation. He used to say that in those days he was much built up by the preaching and counsel of his older brethren in the ministry.

He was licensed to preach in 1827, and was probably ordained not long afterwards. Entering into the service of the churches as pastor, he now began a career of usefulness in that relation which was terminated only by his death. He was one of the most earnest advocates

of the temperance cause ever known in the State. Far and wide his influence was felt in behalf of every good cause. That he was esteemed a wise counsellor appears from his being selected in his Association to report on all matters of difficulty which came up in the body.

In the *Recorder* of Jan. 12, 1839, there is an account from the pen of Elder W. T. Brooks, who was at that time a student at Wake Forest, of a wonderful work of grace at Mineral Spring church, Chatham County, in connection with the labors of Elder Crutchfield. He must, when in the vigor of life, have had extraordinary gifts for revival work. In this he was much associated with Elders N. Richardson and McNabb.

"He was a man of high-toned bearing," says Elder Edwards, "and elevating influence wherever he moved—in the family circle, in the community, in church and in State. He was courageous in everything he undertook, of untiring industry and unyielding perseverance. Who that ever heard him can fail to recollect the melody of his voice, and who does not remember his dignified appearance when he entered the house of God? His every move, it seemed, was seasoned with grace."

Elder Crutchfield was married four times. He had a large family of children, several of whom preceded him to the grave. At the same hour of the same day, it is stated in the *Recorder* of Sept. 24, 1862, he was bereft of his wife, who died suddenly, while in apparent good health, and of a son who died in Richmond from a wound he received before that city.

Though suffering from many of the infirmities of age, he was able to ride to meeting on horseback until he was nearly eighty years of age.

He passed to his reward from his home in Randolph County on June 1, 1885. C. E. T.

JACOB CROCKER, Sr.

Of the early life of Elder Crocker, nothing is now known. At some time during the last quarter of the last century he was converted, and called into the ministry. He began his labors in Franklin County, north of Louisburg. God's blessing was upon his work, and a church was constituted. Judge Haywood gave the land for a meeting-house, and the church is still called by his name.

Wake Union church was constituted by him and Elder Jas. Weathers about 1789.

Shortly after the Revolution, he was requested to preach in the neighborhood of Roger's Ferry (now, Bridge), in Wake County. He complied; several professed faith and were baptized. A meeting-house was built at the Cross-Roads. The members gathered here were considered a branch of Haywood's church, until constituted into a church in 1792. They were served by Elder Crocker as long as he lived.

In 1776 John Killingsworth, who had been baptized in Wake County, moved into Johnston County. He found no Baptists in his neighborhood. In 1788 he sent for Elder Crocker to come and preach in those parts. He did so, and his labors were blessed. Several were baptized. They became members of the branch church at Cross-Roads in Wake County. In 1793 they were constituted into Rocky Spring church.

Elder Crocker had a singular presentiment as to his death. In November, 1791, while earnestly exhorting the people at Haywood's, he said that he believed that it would be the last time that he should ever address them. This proved to be true. The same evening he said to his wife: "Many lonesome hours you have seen

in my absence, but you have always comforted yourself with the hope of my return: now I am going whence I shall return no more." Some days after his wife asked if he still thought that he should die. He replied with a smile: "I hope I shall. I have no desire to stay here any longer." Shortly before he passed away, one of his brethren asked how it was with him. "A few more struggles," he answered, "and it will be eternal day with my soul." Thus he bid the world adieu and passed through death into life.

Two of his sons, Thomas Crocker and Jacob Crocker, Jr., became eminent Baptist ministers. The latter moved first to South Carolina and then to Alabama.

C. E. T.

DAVID BARROW.

The work of this heroic and consecrated man was mainly in Virgina and Kentucky, but he was for seventeen years a member of the old Kehukee Association, and his influence in this body, which was felt by the North Carolina churches, demands a notice in this volume.

Born in 1753, in Brunswick County, Va., converted and baptized in his seventeenth year, he began to preach before he was eighteen years old. For three years he was only a licentiate. Day and night with insatiable hunger for knowledge he studied and read, and it is not to be wondered that he became one of the foremost men of his time. In his nineteenth year he was married, and in his twenty-second he was ordained.

Some of the churches of the Kehukee Association had at this time many members and some ministers who were baptized before their conversion. Some of them said afterwards that they supposed that they would reach

heaven by being baptized. One of the ministers confessed that, if he could find any willing to be baptized, and it was in the night, he would immerse them *by firelight*, lest they should determine otherwise before morning.

Against this system of baptismal regeneration a few bold spirits maintained a firm and persevering opposition. And among those who contended earnestly for the faith as it was once delivered to the saints, David Barrow was, perhaps, the most intelligent and unyielding. Men were to be baptized, he insisted, not to make them Christians, but because they were already such. The ordinance of baptism, he taught, was designed and commanded as the significant mode by which forgiven believers were publicly to profess allegiance to the King of Zion. The Baptists of North Carolina have reason to be grateful that his teaching and influence was greatly blessed in arresting the tide of error among the churches.

Elder Barrow was a sufferer in the persecutions which came upon the Baptists of his day. Once he was nearly drowned by a party of well-dressed ruffians who interrupted him while he was baptizing.

In 1797 he removed to Kentucky, where he continued his labors until his death, about the year 1814.

C. E. T.

HENRY ABBOTT.

Elder Abbott was the son of the Rev. John Abbott, Canon of St. Paul's, London. He left England while young, without the consent or knowledge of his parents, and came over to America. He had a tolerably good education and was chiefly employed in teaching schools until converted and called to the ministry. He was baptized before he was converted, as he himself after-

wards acknowledged. But it pleased God to reveal His dear Son to his soul and to convince him of the doctrines of Free and Sovereign Grace. He then joined the Regular Baptists and became a minister of the gospel. For a few years he was an itinerant preacher, it being customary among the colonial Baptist churches to ordain ministers distinctively for itinerant or for pastoral work. About the year 1764 he took charge of Camden (now Shiloh) church. It was while he was pastor of this church that he became dissatisfied with his former baptism in unbelief and was rebaptized upon a profession of his faith.

He was a man of strong mind, an earnest lover of the truth, skillful in the exercise of discipline and of good report with them that were without.

He was so highly esteemed and his abilities so generally recognized in his county that he was several times elected a member of State Conventions. He was a member of the Provincial Congress which adopted the State Constitution, and to him is due, in some degree, the security of some of our religious rights. He was also a member of the convention which deliberated upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

After many years of usefulness as minister of the gospel and as statesman, he died in May, 1791. Long before his death he had requested Elder Lemuel Burkitt, if he should survive him, to preach his funeral sermon. This he did to a crowded audience from those words which we associate with the death of so many of the Lord's faithful servants,—"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

C. E. T.

JOHN ASPLUND.

Born in Sweden, educated for mercantile pursuits, a clerk in England, a sailor in the British navy, he at length settled in Eastern North Carolina.

About 1782 he was converted, and was baptized by Elder David Walsh into the fellowship of Ballard's Bridge church, in Chowan County.

He was ordained in Virginia, and spent several years in traveling through Northern Europe. On his return he made a tour of the Baptist churches of the United States, and in 1791 published the results of his enquiries in a small folio volume.

In his Introduction he says: "I have traveled about 7,000 miles in about eighteen months, *chiefly on foot.* * * * Having been brought up with a view to the business of merchandise, I have been accustomed to keeping accounts; and I now prefer accounts of souls with their faces set Zionwards, to those which only respect money or trade. I have a natural turn for traveling, and I am convinced that I could not better spend my time than in itinerating to preach the gospel and to collect materials which may assist the future historian. * * *"

He afterwards traveled 10,000 miles, and published another Register in 1794. In 1807 he was drowned while trying to cross Fishing Creek, Virginia.

This roving and romantic life was not in vain. "Asplund's Registers" contain a fund of information in regard to early Baptist history which has been a mine of priceless value to the historians who have succeeded him. His statements are accepted as reliable. The little volumes are now worth almost their weight in gold, being exceedingly rare.

His name will be remembered with the names of Morgan Edwards, Isaac Backus, and R. B. Semple—the foremost contributors to colonial Baptist history.

JAMES DELKE.

About the year 1854 a large congregation of citizens had gathered in the Baptist church in Portsmouth, Va., at the time of some associational gathering. When it was announced that Rev. James Delke, of North Carolina would preach, the audience wondered which of the ministers in the pulpit was to be the orator of the occasion. Great was the surprise and disappointment when a plain, swarthy countryman arose and announced his text. Sceptical glances, sneering insinuations, and whispers of discontent passed from one to another. But before the sermon was half finished, every head was erect, every eye fixed upon the animated preacher, every ear open to his glowing words. When he closed, the hearers were bathed in tears and filled with delight.

It was announced that Elder Delke would preach again on Sunday morning. An hour before the time the house was crowded and the people pressed about the doors, filled the windows and covered the adjacent grounds and street. The eloquent appeals of the preacher again stirred the throng inside to tears and overwhelming feeling took hold alike of the crowd outside. The effect of the sermon, preached with demonstration of the Spirit and with power, was wonderful.

C. E. T.

LEMUEL BURKITT.

The earlier Baptist churches in North Carolina were General Baptist, and held with the Arminian tenets. "They gathered churches without requiring an experience of grace previous to their baptism: but baptized all who believed in the doctrine of baptism by *immersion*, and requested baptism of them."

About 1756 the Philadelphia Association sent Van Horn and Miller on a tour through North Carolina, to visit the churches, with the result that nearly all the churches in Eastern Carolina adopted the Calvinistic tenets of that Association and organized the Kehukee Association.

The church in Bertie, Sandy Run, did not make this change until 1773, when it called young Burkitt to its pastorate. He was then ordained and held the pastorate during his entire life. At his death there was entered upon the minute book of the church a sketch of his life, not heretofore printed, and is here given entire:

"A Few Biographical Sketches of the Life, Ministry and Death of Lemuel Burkitt, late Pastor of Christ's Church at Sandy Run:

"Elder Lemuel Burkitt was born about the year 1750, in Chowan County, of religious parents. Received a good English education. It was the will of God to convert his soul at the age of eighteen, and being convinced of the necessity of believer's baptism as a worthy example laid down by his divine Master, was baptized by Elder Henry Abbott in Pasquotank River, July, 1771. And began to preach the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ immediately. His father intended him for the law, but his Heavenly Father called him and justified him for a much more honorable office, to be an able minister of the New Testament to proclaim the good news of the gospel to the gentile world. It is difficult to give a just narrative of the first several years of this pious man's labors, as there are but few living at this time who are able to follow him in that part of his ministry. But in his travels God was pleased to send him to visit the church at Sandy Run, who had lost their pastor

(James Abington), who was their former pastor. In iquity abounded and the love of many waxed cold. But there was a few names which remained steadfast and orderly church members. The great desire they ha for a reformation and revival in the church induce them to petition the Association in 1772 for advice i this matter. The Association taking the same unde consideration, appointed Elders Jonathan Thomas, Joh Moore and Lemuel Burkitt to attend them, who accord ingly attended the church, and in conference being as sembled, advised the church to relate their experience and come under a re-examination, which they did. The church then established on a new constitution, mad choice of Lemuel Burkitt for their pastor, who was a cordingly ordained by Elders Thomas and Maglamre November, 1773, in which capacity he remained during his natural life; he labored in the ministry upwards of thirty-four years. But we may venture to say that there are but few that hath equalled for indefatigable labors and happy success in his pious office. He wa a man of strong and steady mind, was well acquainted with men, was a close reasoner, was remarkably meth odical in the arrangement of his discourse, and truly orthodox in his theological sentiments, which his wri ings that are extant will verify. His discourse wa generally well adapted to suit the state of religion and the situation of the times when and where he preached was warm in his address so that he never failed of draw ing the attention of his audience, and seldom closed his subject without part of the assembly were in tears.

"His zeal for the cause of God was bold and persever ing, was instrumental under the Divine Master in bring ing many souls to the knowledge of the truth, and more

particularly in his latter days his conversation was most turned on the subject of religion. His acquaintances and those who had experienced religion was ever pleased with the mildness of his words and meekness of his expressions. About the year of our Lord 1801 religion appeared to be at a very low ebb in North Carolina. About this time and the year following a glorious work of the Lord took place in the State of Tennessee and Kentucky. The good news reached these regions, when Elder Burkitt set out to realize the truth of common report. After surmounting the fatigues of climbing the lofty mountains in his old age, he reached those States where the wonderful works of God were displaying the trophies of divine grace. His soul caught the seraphic flame. He preached almost night and day for several weeks in those States with great acceptance, then returned home fired with an ardent zeal surpassing anything we before had seen; communicated the same amongst his own and adjacent churches. Soon after his return, set out to traveling and spent the greater part of his time in preaching day and night. Repeatedly would leave the pulpit, come down among the people, fall on his knees, and with tears rolling down his cheeks praying sinners in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God.

"From this a glorious revival of religion took place in the churches composing the Kehukee Association, of which he was a member, and in the space of two or three years several thousands were added and a number of new churches constituted. It appeared the revival broke out first in his own church, and it appeared his Lord and Master blessed his labors wherever he preached, and his conduct as a pastor and a preacher was truly amiable and interesting. Ever ready to give each

one his portion of meat in due season, was ever faithful in the discharge of duty both to saint and sinner, ever ready to advise or instruct those who were blind and needy, and ever ready to give encouragement to those who were seeking to find rest to their souls—thus he continued laboring as a faithful servant in the Lord's vineyard, as an example of piety, until as (himself observed just before his death) his work was done, which appeared in the pulpit, when he was taken with an ague and after a long and painful illness, which he bore with more than common fortitude and resignation to the last moment of his life. And as his life was remarkable for piety and zeal, so was his death for joy and confidence. Whilst going he sung his soul away into the expanded arms of his compassionate Redeemer on the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1807, aged 57 years, and it may truly be said this day a great man of God is fallen in Israel. Thus it hath pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to take to Himself this amiable character. He has thrown off every burden and has escaped from every snare; the head aches no more, the eyes that have so often wept for poor sinners will weep no more; he has received a final release from trouble and pain and an everlasting discharge from sorrow.

"In the death of this great man of God the church of which he was pastor has sustained a severe and almost irreparable loss, the churches of the Baptist society a warm, generous, benevolent friend, his afflicted wife and children a kind, tender, affectionate husband and parent, his servants an indulgent master, the community at large a constant and true friend .Elder Burkitt was a true Republican, and was a member of the Convention when the Federal Constitution was about to be adopted.

His funeral sermon was preached by Elder Spivey on the fourth Lord's day in November, 1807, to a numerous and attentive audience from Paul's 2d Epistle to Timothy, 4th chapter, 6, 7, 8 verses: "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at [hand]. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but all them also that love His appearing.'"

The date of this writing appears to be 1815.

This appreciative minute by the church, which he had served for thirty-four years, is not an overdrawn estimate of the man and his worth; indeed, it presents only that phase of his character and activities which grew out of the pastoral relation. Of his great work as a denominational and civil leader it is well nigh silent.

He was the son of Thomas and Mary Burkitt, and was born near Edenton, April 26, 1750. His father and mother were among the first persons baptized in the Yoppim neighborhood, and their home was one of the two places there prior to the organization of Yoppim church and its erection of a meeting-house. About the time of his parents' baptism he was awakened, and after his conversion began to read sermons in public to congregations at his father's, when twenty years of age, and began to preach within two months from his baptism in 1771. Two years elapsed before his ordination and entrance upon the pastorate. We have no record of his life during this interim, only incidents here and there showing it was both active and useful. He made one or more preaching tours with Henry Abbott. On his return from one of these he was so impressed with the irreligious conditions about Ballard's Bridge, in

Chowan County, that he dreamed an angel appeared to him with a map of that territory, showing three roads radiating from Suffolk, on which the gospel had not been preached, and ordered him to call for Elder Jonathan Thomas or Elder Jeremiah Dargan and preach twice at each of the places indicated. This was done by himself and Elder Dargan, and resulted in the conversion of Elder Welsh, and later in the constitution of Ballard's Creek church.

He made his first appearance at the Kehukee Association in 1773 as a messenger from Pasquotank church, and was made clerk of the body, a position he held during the greater part of his remaining life. It was also at this time he was appointed with Elders Thomas and Moore to visit the church in Bertie, of which he was ordained pastor.

This was the beginning of great usefulness and power. He came to service at a time when there was great looseness of doctrine and practice in the churches, particularly in receiving and baptizing unregenerate persons. And was largely influential in correcting such errors, and in establishing the churches upon a sound basis. His own views, gathered from the preface to the History of the Kehukee Association, were, briefly:

1. Baptism is a duty.
2. It is for those possessed of faith and repentance.
3. It is administered by immersion.
4. That communion or the Lord's Supper is one of the privileges of the church, to be enjoyed after baptism, agreeable to the Word of God.

The Kehukee Association of *Regular* Baptists desired fellowship and communion with the *Separates*, under Shubal Stearnes and Daniel Marshall, but their ad-

vances were declined, principally because, 1st, the Regulars were not strict enough in receiving experiences, when persons made application to their churches for baptism, in order to become church members; 2d, they believed that faith in Christ Jesus was essential to qualify a person for baptism, yet many of the Regular churches had members in them who acknowledge they were baptized before they believed. The church in Bertie, under Elder Burkitt, in 1774, declared they would commune with none who confessed they were baptized before they believed in Christ. Churches in Virginia adopted a similar policy, and for a time there was great dissension in the Association, but the final result was that North Carolina Baptists generally accepted the doctrine of believer's baptism, and the distinction between Regular, Particular and Separate Baptists was lost in the denomination. Elder Burkitt was the leader in these movements, insisting upon a sound and Scriptural policy, but urging his views with such moderate and conciliatory spirit as to win men to his position rather than repulse them by the intolerance of his demands.

During the Revolution he was loyal to the colonists, and represented his people in Provincial Congresses, including that which adopted the State Constitution. He was also a member of the Convention that rejected the Federal Constitution in 1789. He was elected after a campaign of great warmth and no little bitterness. Elkanah Watson, a New Englander, spent some time in North Carolina at this period, and in his book, "Men and Times of the Revolution," gives the following anecdote of that campaign:

"During this period of my residence in North Carolina, the State was strongly convulsed by the agitation

of the question of adopting the Federal Constitution I embarked with great zeal and ardor, in advocating its adoption, personally and by numerous contributions to the press, in Virginia and North Carolina. A Baptist preacher named B—— was a candidate for the State Convention, which was to decide, in that State, the great question of acceding to or rejecting the proposed Constitution. B—— was a prominent leader of the opposition, and with him I had been engaged in many warm personal discussions, and in a public correspondence.

"The week previous to the election, I was riding in company with Major Murfee, who has been already introduced to the reader, and a Dr. Garvey, a warm-hearted and energetic Irishman, several miles in the interior from Winton, where we noticed a paper pasted upon a tree, which read as follows: "Notice!—On Wednesday next, at three o'clock, all persons desirous of hearing the new Constitution explained, by Elder B——t, are requested to attend his church in the Woodlands, 17 March, 1788." The time appointed was only two days previous to the election.

"We felt indignant, at what we deemed an insidious attempt to deceive the community; and determined to be present, in order to counteract his movement. On our arrival we found a horse hitched to every tree about the church and the interior of the building crowded. We pressed our way into seats, a little distance from the pulpit. B——t had been some time at his nefarious work, explaining the Constitution to suit his unhallowed purposes. He frequently cast a suspicious and disconcerted eye upon our pew. He then began to explain the object of the ten miles square, as the contemplated seat

of the government. 'This, my friends,' said the preacher, 'will be walled in or fortified. Here an army of 50,000, or, perhaps, 100,000 men, will be finally embodied, and will sally forth, and enslave the people, who will be gradually disarmed.' This absurd assumption set our blood in fermentation, strongly excited already by party feeling. We consulted a moment, and agreed to possess ourselves of the seat directly under the pulpit, and make an effort to discuss the subject, or break up the meeting. We arose together, Garvey with the Constitution in his hand, supported by Murfee on his right, and myself on his left, Garvey turned towards B——t, and said, in a loud voice: 'Sir, as to the ten-mile square, you are'—here he was interrupted by a general movement and buzz, which instantly swelled into a perfect uproar. At this crisis we were in a most critical situation, and only saved from violence by the personal popularity of Murfee, who was universally beloved. We were glad to pass out with the torrent, gain our horses, and be off. We however attained our object—the meeting was dissolved.

"The next day Garvey and myself planned and executed a caricature; and as it was a new exhibition among the people, we hoped it would have a good effect at the polls. A clergyman was represented in a pulpit, dressed in his bands, with a label proceeding from his mouth, having this inscription: 'And lo, he brayeth!' This we committed to some resolute fellows, with instructions to post it up at the door of the court-house, on the opening of the polls; they engaging to defend and protect it. Some of B——t's friends, stung to the quick by the sarcasm, attempted to pull it down. Our gallant band defended it. A general battle ensued. This obstructed, as we desired, the voting. Candles

were lighted in the court-house; these were extinguished in the melee, and both parties, in great confusion, were left in the dark, literally as well as politically. I embraced the opportunity of taking *French leave*. B——t gained the election, to our great annoyance, and the Constitution was rejected for that year, by North Carolina.

"I spent the succeeding winter in dreary seclusion at my establishment. Disappointed in the purpose I had contemplated in my location, I determined to dispose of my estate. This I effected, and sailed early in the ensuing spring in a vessel of my own for Rhode Island."

Elder Burkitt was also the author of a hymn book, and in colaboration with Elder Jesse Reed, a History of the Kehukee Association, published at Edenton in 1803. This last is said to have been the first book ever published in North Carolina concerning the State's history. It is of a great interest and value. It has passed through three editions, and has had a sale of probably ten thousand copies. It is now a rare book and difficult to obtain at any price.

THOMAS M. PITTMAN.

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*CONSTITUTION OF THE NORTH CAROLINA GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE.**

To effect the design of our appointment, we, the members of the General Convention of the North Carolina Baptists, do agree:

1. That this body shall in future be distinguished and known by the name of the North Carolina General Meeting of Correspondence.

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*Published in the minutes of 1814 and printed by Salmon Hall, Newbern.

2. That it be composed of members chosen by the different Baptist Associations in the State, or as many of them as may be disposed to come into the measure, whose duty it shall be, to present the minutes of the respective Associations unto which they belong, provided they have been issued from the press in time, and a letter certifying their appointment as members of the General Meeting.

3. That each Association shall have the privilege to send as messengers, not exceeding four members.

4. That a Moderator be appointed by the suffrage of the members present, who shall retain his office during the session that appointed him, and until the next meeting shall have chosen another.

5. That a Clerk be appointed in like manner, who may retain his office during the pleasure of the General Meeting without re-appointment.

6. That it be the duty of the Moderator to preside, maintain order, agreeably to the annexed decorum, receive the suffrages of the Conference, give the casting vote in case of equal division, announce decisions, and open and close the business by prayer, unless he shall choose to request some other brother to perform this last duty.

7. That the Clerk record the decisions of the meeting, prepare the minutes for the press, superintend the printing, and keep a regular file of them for the benefit of the General Meeting; for which the meeting shall make him suitable compensation from time to time.

8. That the fund to defray the expenses of this body shall be raised by a voluntary contribution.

9. That the General Meeting of Correspondence may adopt measures to extend religious acquaintance; to

encourage the preaching of the gospel, and to diffuse useful knowledge.

10. This body shall have an annual meeting, so as to benefit the several Associations of whom the General Meeting may have been composed; but shall be considered only as an advisory council.

11. That whenever a majority of the Associations in this State shall have adopted this constitution(the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence shall go into operation.

12. That whenever a majority of the Associations of which the General Meeting may have been constituted, shall concur in such a wish, then this constitution may be altered, or this meeting dissolved.

GEO. OUTLAW, *Moderator.*
WM. P. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

SOME YOPPIM NOTES.

On the 10th of June, 1804, a door was open in Edenton at Brother Beasley's for the admission of new members, when Lydia Byron was received; after her, negro Cherry produced the following certificate, related her experience and was received:

EDENTON, 27th July, 1804.

To the REV'D MARTIN ROSS:

SIR—My negro woman, Cherry, has expressed to me a wish to join the Baptist Society, if you think proper to admit her, I have no objection.

Your obedient servant, JAMES GRANBERRY.

Negro Prdence came forward, also produced the following certificate, related her experience, and was rec'd:

This is to certify that my negro woman Prudence has my leave and consent to enter in the Society of the Baptists, if she is deemed worthy of it, and be baptized accordingly.

January 10, 1803. S. CABARRUS.

Negro Brutus, the property of Mr. John Blount, in Edenton, proving to the satisfaction of conference that he had obtained leave of his master, came forward, related his experience and was received.

All these, together with those two members who had been before received, were, by our pastor, in the presence of a very large and well-behaved congregation, solemnly baptized in the water before the court-house door in Edenton, which we record as the first baptism ever performed in Edenton.—*Yoppim Records.*

FORMATION AND SKETCH OF SANDY CREEK ASSOCIATION.

BY HENRY SHEETS.

The Sandy Creek Association is one of the older bodies, being third in order of time, organized in America, and first in North Carolina.

Elder Shubael Stearns was the promoter of this great work, assisted by his brother-in-law, Elder Daniel Marshall. Mr. Stearns was a native of New England. He was baptized in 1751, and the same year was ordained. Some time after, he was, as he believed, divinely impressed that the Lord had a great work for him to do, far to the westward. Consequently in 1754, he and a few of his members took their leave of New England. They first halted at Opeckon, in Berkeley County, Virginia. Here he met Daniel Marshall, who had just returned from a mission to the Indians. It was here that Mr. Marshall joined the Baptists. Not meeting with expected success at this point, and learning of the great desire in North Carolina to hear preaching, Mr. Stearns and his party, consisting of 16 souls—all of whom were Baptists,—were soon on the way, traveling about 200

miles, when they arrived at Sandy Creek, in Guilford (now Randolph) County, November 22, 1755.

Soon after his arrival, Mr. Stearns and his companions were constituted into a church and called Sandy Creek, named for the creek of the same name, which was near.

The same year they built a little meeting-house, where they administered the Lord's Supper. In the meantime Mr. Stearns was preaching to a people anxiously longing for the bread of life. The Spirit of God accompanied the word preached, so that great numbers were added to the infant church, which starting with a membership of 16, soon swelled to 606.

The historian says: "The word went forth from this Zion, and great was the company of them who published it, insomuch that her converts were as the drops of morning dew." Thus, new points for preaching were being established. These soon developed into newly-constituted churches. The first to be constituted was Abbott's Creek. The next was Deep River. Nearly three years after the constitution of the church, Mr. Stearns conceived the idea of the formation of an Association, and visited these churches and some others which exercised the rights of churches, though not formally organized, with a view to organization.

As there are different statements in regard to the time of the organization of Sandy Creek Association, it is thought to be worth while to give all and try to settle the matter by weighing the testimony.

Semple in his History of the Rise and Progress of the Baptists in Virginia (1810), quoting from Backus' History of Baptists of New England, vol. 3, page 274, says: "We have already noticed (page 6), that through the counsel of Mr. Stearns, an Association was formed and

organized January, 1760, and who met again in July of the same year. Including both these meetings; the list of their churches stood thus: Sandy Creek, Deep River, Abbott's Creek, Little River, Neuse River, Black River, Dan River, Pittsylvania County, Va., Lunenburg County, Va., giving eight churches."

Again, it has been quoted as having nine churches in its formation. This doubtless comes of what Mr. Purefoy says. We quote:

"The Sandy Creek Association is the oldest in this State, and the fourth, in the order of time, in the United States. It was organized in 1758. There being several churches, and other branches or arms fast maturing for churches, Elder Stearns visited them all, and induced them to send delegates to Sandy Creek M.-H., in January, 1758, when a Baptist Association was formed, and called 'Sandy Creek.'

"The churches represented in this organization were: 1, Sandy Creek; 2, Little River; 3, Shallow Ford; 4, Slow River; 5, New River, in Onslow County; 6, Southwest; 7, Grassy Creek, in Granville County; 8, Trent, in Jones County, on Trent River; 9, Lockwood's Folly, in Brunswick County."

We wonder why he made use of the language just quoted, when, in a footnote (page 62) he says:

"These are not the original churches at the organization of this body, but it was composed of these in 1771. Some of them came in after its organization."

Morgan Edwards, who is the oldest authority on the formation of the Sandy Creek Association, having made a tour in North Carolina in 1772-73, gives us this information:

"*Association of the Separatists in North Carolina.*

"It began in 1758, in June, second Monday, at Sandy

Creek, and therefore called the Sandy Creek Association.

"The constituents were the church at Sandy Creek, of Abbott's Creek and Deep River. In —— years it increased to —— churches. It is movable (as to date of meeting). Held now the second Saturday in October—held this year (1772, perhaps) at Haw River. The churches in the Association are (that is, at the time of his writing, 1772-73) Sandy Creek, Shubael Stearns; New River, Ezekiel Hunter; Southwest, Charles Markland; Haw River, Elnathan Davis; Little River, John Bollin (not ordained); Grassy Creek, James Reed; Shallow Fords, Joseph Murphy, Daniel Marshall; Lockwood's Folly, Mr. Guess (not ordained); Trent, James McDonald."

Mr. Edwards says above that, "The constituents were the churches of Sandy Creek, of Abbott's Creek and Deep River"—just these *three,* which is in all probability correct. If Mr. Edwards is correct in this matter, is he not most probably correct as to the date of its formation? We quote from him again: "It began in 1758, in June, second Monday." Mr. Purefoy says: "In January, 1758, when a Baptist Association was formed."

Says Mr. Edwards again:

"Soon after (the constitution of the church) the neighborhood was alarmed and the Spirit of God listed to blow as a mighty rushing wind, insomuch that in three year's time they had increased to three churches, consisting of upwards of 900 communicants, viz., Sandy Creek, Abbott's Creek and Deep River." And though there were only three churches, the new Association had upwards of 900 members.

We are very much inclined to Morgan Edward's statements, as he was on the ground, about fourteen

years after its formation and about the time of Mr. Stearns' death. If his statement is correct, the Sandy Creek Association was formed on the SECOND MONDAY IN JUNE, 1758, and composed of Sandy Creek, Abbott's Creek and Deep River churches.

After 147 years, the "Old Sandy Creek" is still in existence and doing service for the extension of the Lord's kingdom. The body was more or less weakened after the war of the Regulation, on account of so many families going west to get rid of Governor Tryon's tyrannical government. It was also divided in 1816 to form the Pee Dee Association. And then, too, churches have gone out here and there to join other bodies for the sake of convenience, in consequence of which, the body is not so strong as she otherwise might have been.

This is to be placed to her credit, that when the great upheaval came to our people on the subject of missions, the Association stood firm and division was avoided.

Some of the old Associations refused to have a Moderator. Just when the Sandy Creek first had a presiding officer is not known, as the records of this body were consumed by fire in 1816 or 1817. Much that was valuable as history during the first 58 years of its exstence is forever lost.

It has been estimated that four-fifths of the Baptists of New England are of Separate Baptist extraction. "A like estimate," says Dr. Whitsitt, "would hold for the Baptists between the Potomac and Rio Grande."

The work done by Stearns and Marshall in organizing the Association and in the work growing out of it, both directly and indirectly, is perhaps unequalled by that of any other two men, recorded in Baptist annals. While Mr. Stearns was here only thirteen years, yet the work of a long lifetime was crowded into these eventful years.

*SOME OLD LETTERS.**

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE, March 4, 1836.

MY DEAR BR. ARMSTRONG:

Our number of students is now 27,—three arrived to-day from Richmond Co. A son of Judge Sewall is coming to-morrow, and three others living in the neighborhood are expected daily.—About 40 will, we expect, be on the ground in a short time. One of the three just from Richmond is a good blacksmith, carpenter, &c., &c. He comes highly recommended. Br. A. Dockery. We have 5 now from Richmond.—No difficulty at all about labor. All are willing to take hold. The only difficulty is want of funds. Provisions being this year very high, we have as much as we can do to "go ahead." Could not get a quorum of the Bd. of Trustees in Dec.—tried again on the 12 of Feb. and failed; and now a third trial is to be made at the meeting of the Bd. of the Con. which takes place, you know, on Fri. before the first Sab. in May, about one mile from this place. Do, by all means, attend that meeting. Arrangements *must* be made at that time, if not before, for enlarging our accommodations. Unless the brethren who have charge of the Institute as Trustees, shall fall into a deep sleep, and fail of making due preparations for students, it is more than probable that in less than one year from this, there will be in this Institution more than one hundred students.

But the Bap. in Wake, with a few, and a very few honorable exceptions, are fast asleep.

Seeing that something *must* be done at the time we failed to get a quorum in Feb. three of the brethren, viz., McAllister, Biddle & Wait, put into the hands of the treasurer one hundred dollars each, stating, at the same time, that the Institute might pay them when it should

* These letters are exact copies of the originals in the office of the President of Wake Forest College.

be able to do so, and not before. The last mentioned br. poor fellow, had to borrow his hundred dollars, for which he gave a note payable on demand. It cost a very considerable sum to procure all that it was absolutely necessary to procure, to commence operations on the farm and in the school.

Our Br. A. Dockery *is Br. Dockery still.* A recent letter authorizes the purchase of a complete set of blacksmith tools at his expense, and, in addition states, that we may expect at least one hundred dolls. from his Co. in the shape of donations in the course of this year. Br. A. J. Battle too has done nobly. I have thought for some time past, that if the Brn. and friends in Newbern knew how hard we are struggling to keep this concern up, they would feel a pleasure in lending a helping hand. Do you think that they have done all that they ought to do? If we can only get started, I am confident, the institution will entirely support itself.

Br. Dockery intends to attend the meeting of the Bd. in May.—

I find to my great regret that several of my books are missing; and those too that I valued very highly.—

I do not care much about Adam's Geography & Atlas, but I do seriously regret the loss of *Legendre, Lacroix's Arithmetick, Cicero De Officiis* & Bonnycastle's Algebra.—The last mentioned I think the least of.—The others were all new. Did you not say something when I was in N. about going to Dr. Curtis' to get Legendre? Do you know who has any or all of these books? If you do, I will thank you if convenient to let the persons know that I greatly need them. Please tell Br. Slade that I have daily use for those books in his possession. If you could obtain all the books above mentioned, or a part of them, and bring them on at the meeting of the Bd. you would confer a great favor.—

I confess I find it pretty difficult to excuse the man, whoever he may be, who could permit himself to take off my best books and not return them. Br. S. had my permission—he is not blamed.—I am quite sure that *Hutton* was also among my books. Nearly all the books I have now mentioned were purchased on College Hill* little before I left.—

Necessity compels me to beg you will say to Br. —— ———— that I will want a part of what he owes me this spring. I shall not be at all surprised if I should be under the necessity of using a few hundred dollars more of my own money, before I shall have the pleasure of seeing the proper arrangements made for the accommodation of all the students who will yet wish a situation here.—

The first note is dated June 29, 1831, amount $428.73. The second was given August 29, 1831—amount $170.— The third is dated August 17, 1832—amount $350. Br. —— may pay the two first if convenient. As I have already borrowed one hundred dollars, my situation is considerably urgent. If, however, it should happen to be a matter of convenience to Br. C. to do so, he may pay only the first.—

The money can be sent on by yourself, and the notes returned in the same way. I will thank him, to present his account for payment.—Some little loss you know on S. C. bills.

I must, in closing repeat my request, that you will attend the meeting of the Bd. in May. In Christian love to yourself & friends generally. Mrs. W. & Br. Meriam join with

Your friend & brother SAM'L WAIT.

* By College Hill is meant Columbian University, Wasbington, D. C.

Newbern 22d. April 1833.

Dear Bro.

I have just returned from Wilmington, where the Lord is pouring out his Spirit. I assisted in constituting a church consisting of more than sixty members. Thirty of these have been recently baptized. Bro. Grigg & br Warren are both enjoying their work. The prospect I think very good. Prudent zeal with the blessing of God will now do everything for the Baptist cause in Wilmington. In Washington I have been expending some considerable effort, but the prospect is still gloomy. I am not however discouraged. I shall prosecute the design of building up the cause of truth and if I fail I shall have the consolation to know that I have labored.

We are in Newbern almost lifeless—I feel much bowed down myself, & unless a blessing come I fear I shall find my situation a very uncomfortable one. It is utterly impossible for me to continue with anything like enjoyment here unless I perceive my labors blessed.

Though there is darkness at home, I feel a comfortable engagedness in extending my exertions beyond my own immediate sphere.

I agree with you that the anticipated exchange of employment involves great responsibility. I have no fear as to your competency. It must be our business to sustain you. I do believe that an Institution such as we are anxious to put into operation will be attended with the happiest results to our Denomination It must be a beginning & though this may present to you some circumstances of a discouraging nature, yet I hope you will remember that this is the lot of all literary institutions. You & the Institution will find that your main dependence will be upon a few of the Denomination, but that

few, I hope, will not be wanting in zeal and perseverance.

I think with you that November will be sufficiently early to determine the matters to which you allude.

I will suggest the propriety of your looking out for one whom you can recommend as agent for the Con. I do not believe that we can succeed in the objects of the Con. without an agent. I think Georgia and S. Carolina will teach us the propriety of the suggestion. They have been years in existence and have absolutely done nothing, & they are now nearer dead than alive; although they make some stir about their manual labor schools. I hope that you will think of this thing, & recommend some active, zealous, qualified brother to succeed you in your agency. I am aware that some of the Western brethren will object to the appointment of an agent for the approaching year, but we *must* in some way overrule this opposition. I do verily believe, no agent, no convention.

I have taken into consideration your suggestions with regard to Bro. D. I shall endeavor to act for the best.

The Interpreter, I think, will do good. I have not as yet contributed anything to its columns. The fact is I have been unusually engaged during the present year. I have been much from home, as you perceive from this letter. But I design contributing largely, for I believe, as soon as we give it the circulation which it deserves, & which we are able to give, it will constitute one of our most powerful means for the accomplishment of the objects of the Con. I rejoice to learn that you are successful in procuring subscribers. I think that all labor expended in this object will pay a valuable interest.

If you desire it I will give you the proceedings of the Board.

Have you a sufficiency of the minutes of the Con.? I have found it impossible to give an extensive circulation to them. I fear, we shall have some complaint on this subject. The distribution will depend principally upon yourself.

Tender my christian respects to sister W. & accept for yourself my best affection.

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

NEWBERN July 24th 1833.

DEAR BRO.

I have according to your direction forwarded minutes to the various persons named in your letter, & twenty-eight copies to each of the P. offices designated—all carefully enveloped.

Bro. Meredith has been confined for about two weeks, & this, together with disappointment in getting paper from N. York, has delayed the appearance of the Interpreter. But as it is now out, it is unnecessary for me to say anything of the transactions of the Board. Bro. M. informs me that he is in correspondence with a ministering brother from S. Carolina, whose amiability & talents & perseverance constitute him a fit person for an agent of our Con. I expect to see Bro. M. in the course of a few days when I shall better understand this brother's qualifications.

In my last, I believe I informed you that I have aided in forming a church at Wilmington. I now have the pleasure of saying that I have aided in constituting one at Washington. I have laboured there amidst much opposition, especially from presbyterians, but the Lord, I believe, has blessed the effort. Six have been baptized—all men but one, & the church consists of ten

members. The prospect is very encouraging,—with prudence we may have a very respectable church there.

We have recently held there a protracted meeting—about fourteen of the Newbern brethren went over; and our singing and zeal produced a fine effect. How much good we might do, if similar measures were adopted over the State. I expect to go in a few days to N. Y. One object of my going to that city is to see Bro. Going. If it is possible, we will have some young man to supply our destitute places. I believe an interest could be got up in almost any portion of our State, if we could possess the means to nurse it. I find myself becoming extremely anxious on this subject—we never shall become respectable until we have a weighty ministry, & alas we have not the materials in the State. It is true we know not what a day may bring forth; the Lord is able to raise up labourers & send them into his vineyard, but it is nevertheless our duty to be anxiously active in seeking for laborers. Five or six young men could be well employed and well supported among us, particularly if they would take a small school. This is the plan which I adopted when I came to the State. I laboured three years before I received money sufficient to buy me a pair of shoes, but I taught all the time & sustained myself very comfortably & laid something by. It is not too much to hope that in many places an interest could be collected, which in one or two years would be sufficiently strong to support a pastor. If the experiment is not made it shall not be my fault.

It gave me much pain to learn that you are indisposed. I need not say to you that afflictions do not come by chance. A wise & gracious God controls all these things & when he afflicts us, it is for some very wise purpose.

I have great cause for thankfulness—my health is very good.

I should be glad to hear from you more frequently. Please tender my christian affection to sister W.

With respect &

Yours in the Redeemer

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, our Father, in His infinite wisdom, saw best to remove from us and take to Himself, as we believe, our beloved and promising brother and fellow-student, Luther Edward Baldwin; be it therefore

Resolved, 1. That the Euzelian Literary Society feels a loss in his death and is deprived of a member for whom she held high esteem. It can be truly said that he was faithful in all things, industrious although greatly afflicted, ambitious, a brilliant student and a speaker of promise, a man of strong character. He was loved and admired by every man in the student body, and the news of his death brought with it sorrow and disappointment.

2. That we express to his bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement, and we commend them to Him who Himself wept.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, that they be spread upon the minutes of our society and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and the leading State papers.

EDGAR N. THORN,
CHAS. A. LEONARD,
W. J. JONES,
Committee.

Euzelian Society, Sept. 23, 1905.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS:

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E. B. EARNSHAW, Editor.

The Baptist Historical Papers.

The WAKE FOREST STUDENT proposed to the Baptist State Convention at its last session to devote one issue each year to the publication of matters bearing on the history of Baptists in North Carolina. The Convention accepted with pleasure the proposition and appointed a committee to furnish the material for this number. This committee has not been able to meet, but they have succeeded in collecting material for this issue. This number of the STUDENT is a continuation of the Baptist Historical Papers, published at Henderson till its suspension a few years ago.

The committee invites the co-operation of all people who are interested in this kind of work. Old minutes, old manuscripts, personal recollections, and material of any kind will be gladly accepted and placed among the Baptist Historical collection in the Wake Forest College Library.

To preserve the history of the Baptist people is commendable. The story is not only thrilling in interest, but instructive and helpful. It has its moral and educational value.

Much of the material on which the story of the progress of the denomination must be based is lost. At this late day much may yet be preserved. What we have we must preserve in some lasting shape. There are old documents and letters and records in the possession of people who prize them, but when they pass from their possession persons may secure them who have no appreciation of them. The result will be that they will find their way to the waste-basket and the ash-heap.

Before it is too late every Association should appoint a historian to write a sketch of the body and print in the minutes. Every church—especially the older churches—should see to it that its records are kept in permanent shape and a sketch made also. Many of the young men in the Historical Department of Wake Forest College are writing the history of these churches. These brief histories will be preserved in the College Library.

The material for this issue of the STUDENT has been hastily gathered and sent to the printer. Much of the material was secured from Dr. Chas. E. Taylor through Thomas M. Pittman, of Henderson. The letters are preserved in the President's office at Wake Forest College. The article on the North Carolina Baptist Meeting of Correspondence is based on three copies of its minutes found in the College Library. With the help of friends throughout the State, it is hoped that this effort to preserve history will result in great good. The Societies of Wake Forest College deserve laudable praise for their generosity in making this issue possible.

E. W. SIKES.

Hazing. The tendency at Wake Forest to leave hazing, or the worst forms of it, to the Sophomore class had grown until it was only occasionally last year that a Junior or a Senior took part. With some of the upper classmen the idea prevailed that it was a right of the Sophomore to have his "fun," inasmuch as he had been the sufferer the year before; and with others hazing was regarded as being rather beneath the dignity of a Junior or a Senior. In view of these facts it seems clearly to be in the power of this year's Sophomore class to say whether hazing shall be continued or abolished—whether or not we shall be known throughout the State as a body of gentlemen.

According to class historians, nearly every class is a "peculiar class." But there is hardly a student at Wake Forest who will not admit that this year's Sophomore class gained for itself a remarkable reputation. Brawn and a dogged determination to protect themselves against insult and injury were their most marked characteristics. On more than one occasion they put the "night-hawks" to flight, inflicting on them such ignoble defeat as to make them the laughing stock of the rest of the school. Once a Senior essayed to lend a helping hand to the "night-hawks," and for his pains was severely pounded over his head with a chair—which happened to be the most convenient weapon the Freshman could lay hand on. The hazers were beaten so often that they finally attacked none but the smallest or weakest men in college, and by their unwonted cruelty to these little fellows,—who were the last in the world to deserve hazing, if anybody deserved it,—they brought down on themselves the contempt of most of the student body, including several members of the Sophomore class. Some were bold enough to threaten to punish the hazers.

However, the fact that our present Sophomore class was able to offer such stout resistance to their would-be abusers, and to make such a show of spirit when each one was supposed to look out for himself and be as meek as a lamb, leaves little doubt but that they will be able to "rule the roost" according to their own ideas this year. If hazing is a part of their programme the Faculty can not prevent it, more, perhaps, than to expel two or three who happen to get caught; it is precious little that the Seniors can do; and it is only reasonable to suppose that their old friends, the Juniors, are powerless. They have, it would seem, a free hand to follow their own bent—unless, indeed, the new men should develop something like superhuman strength, and decide to war for their rights. But it is hardly probable that the new men will be sufficiently organized to offer a great deal of resistance, and it is still open to the Sophomore to haze to their hearts' content,—or it is open to them, if they have a spark of patriotism—a regard for the honor and reputation of Wake Forest, and a love for the South, with a bit of respect for the men who gave their lives, property and everything to make us a free people,—beyond a doubt it is open to them to put an end to hazing at Wake Forest forever.

We are a poor people here in North Carolina, backward in nearly everything, and without great moral and educational uplifts to bring about uplifts along other lines, our boast that we are the purest Anglo-Saxon people in the world will amount to something less than three straws. A few weeks ago the *Philadelphia Telegraph* stated in its editoral columns that, "If the white men of the South were able and willing to work, as do the white men of the North, their section of the country would be abundantly rich and prosperous

to-day. * * * Whether it is the climate, or heredity, or the traditions of slavery times, the fact remains that the men of the South, white and black, do not like to work and will not work if they can avoid it."

We resent this criticism, which is, beyond all question, extremely unjust. Even the *New York World,* in commenting on the remark of a prominent New York citizen, that the young men who came to New York from the South, have "marked ability, inborn integrity, and a chivalrous sense of honor," declared that "no class of men win an average of higher success than the South's contribution to New York's cosmopolitan population." Nevertheless the fact does remain that for some reason we do not get so large a share of this world's goods as we ought, notwithstanding the marvellous progress we have made during the past forty years. If we would continue this rapid pace until we can stay at home and be on an equal footing with our Northern brother, the Southern youth must create around his schools and colleges the purest atmosphere possible.

A new movement for better discipline has been in progress for some time in the North, and is beginning to take hold in the South. In colleges it is generally called the "honor system." The University of Virginia adopted it, and now the only thing that a Freshman ever has to complain of there is that he is so little noticed that he can not feel his importance at all. Closely related to the "honor system" is a system founded in 1897 by Mr. W. L. Gill for "grammar" or "graded" schools. In this School City, as it is called, the discipline is left entirely in the hands of the children. They elect from their own number, mayor, council, police, and in short model a government after the manner of a city government, obtaining their charter from the school officials. Trial

was first made in a disorderly school of a thousand pupils in New York, where constant presence of policemen on the playgrounds had been necessary to preserve order, but in less than a week after the discipline was left to the children they became orderly and law-abiding. "In a school near Philadelphia the standard of dress was so low that if a boy wore a linen collar to school it was torn off. Twenty of the boys had registered under assumed names, so that in case of arrest they would not appear in the police courts under their true names. When the School City was organized the boys came to the principal and confessed the ruse, and asked to be registered in their right names. Unruly conduct was suppressed, neater dress, better manners, and improved scholarship followed. * * * The plan has been adopted in thirty-three schools in Philadelphia, a considerable number in New York, Syracuse, Worcester, Minneapolis, and in the public schools of Cuba. The United States Government has asked Mr. Gill to organize the School City in the Philippines as soon as proper arrangements can be made."

Last year our student body adopted the "honor system," in full at first, but it was finally narrowed down until it applied to nothing but cheating on examinations. Hazing had to be left out because the Sophomores set up such violent opposition to being deprived of their "rights." It is to be hoped that the present Sophomores will take a more sensible view of the matter; that they will give up those pet "rights of their's" and make it possible for Wake Forest to adopt the Honor System in its fullest sense. The time is coming when Wake Forest and every other college in North Carolina will have to adopt this system or its equivalent. The sooner the better. What has the Sophomore class to say? What has the student body to say?

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'93. Rev. John A. Wray and family are visiting Mrs. Wray's father, Prof. L. R. Mills.

'01-'02. Unus E. Swann has been re-elected assistant cashier of the Bank of Wake, Wake Forest.

'01. C. E. McCullen, mayor of Burgaw, Pender County, is meeting much success in his adopted county.

'02-'03. It will be interesting to many to hear that Benjamin W. Covington, of Florence, S. C., was recently married.

'95. J. Malcom Holding spent part of the summer here with relatives. He is in the trucking business at Miami, Fla.

'02. Charles H. Jenkins was here at the opening on his way to Kinston, where he is principal of the graded schools.

'02. Henry Lanneau, who spent some time here visiting his parents, Prof. and Mrs. John F. Lanneau, has returned to Savannah, Ga.

'01-'02. Rev. E. S. Weston, who was in the Seminary at Louisville last year, is now pastor of several prosperous churches in Davie County.

'02-'03. R. R. Fleming, Jr., is this year one of the divinity students in the University of Chicago. It is his purpose to spend his ministry in North Carolina.

'97-'98. Wake Forest is proud of the record being made by Mayor T. J. Murphy, of Greensboro. He ranks high among the able lawyers sent forth by our law school.

'99. Among the business changes in Wake Forest is that of J. M. Brewer, Jr., who will start an independent mercantile business of his own in the Sledd store building.

'03. Sumner A. Ives, who is teaching science in the Murfreesboro Institute, spent several days here this month with his brother, J. D. Ives, who is assisting in biology.

'89. Rev. S. D. Swaim only recently resigned the pastorate of the Mocksville church, and accepted instead the Cooleemee church, but he has since built at the latter place a handsome and durable $2,500 church building, the best in Davie County, with one exception. His other churches are also doing well.

'01-'02. J. O. Sprinkle, who is remembered as one of the most popular students that have registered here, represents one of the prosperous business houses of Charlotte.

'03. John Brewer Powers, after spending part of the summer with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Powers, has returned to New York City, where he will continue the study of medicine.

'01. E. W. Timberlake, who has been at the University of Virginia for the past two years, has re-entered Wake Forest. He is taking law, and will go up before the court for license in February.

'95-'96. M. R. Holding is reckoned among the most faithful and efficient trainmen of the Atlantic Coast Line system. Twelve months ago he led to the altar one of Fayetteville's fairest daughters.

'98. It is a regret to learn of the death of Dr. Harvey Lee Sams, who died at Spruce Pine of fever the first week of September. He taught at Mars Hill three years before taking up the study of medicine at Spruce Pine.

'02. Charles Preston Weaver, who assisted in the English department here two years ago, has resumed this position in the college. In the meantime he has been teaching in the Chowan Baptist Institute at Murfreesboro.

'89. Rev. William Jessup Sholar recently paid his alma mater a visit, for the first time in several years. He is now secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work in Norfolk County, Mass., and is enthusiastic over his work with young men.

'95. William Royall spent most of the summer here with his mother and father, Dr. and Mrs. William B. Royall. He has since resumed his connection with the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution in Raleigh, being one of the instructors there.

'81-'02. William T. Walters, Jr., of Osteen, Fla., who is in the orange-growing and lumber business, spent several weeks here during the summer visiting friends and relatives. Mr. Walters is a son of Prof. W. T. Walters, '48, who taught here thirty-seven years ago.

'99. *The Century Magazine* justly recognized John Charles McNeill as a poet when it carried, in its September number, a poem by him, and along with it a full-page illustration of the poet. *The Recorder* says, "This is a distinction that has rarely been accorded any living Southern man, and the best of poets are glad to have it."

'83. Dr. T. J. Simmons is achieving much success as president of Shorter College, Georgia, having greatly increased the enrollment and endowment of that institution; and it is needless to say that he deserved the degree of LL. D., which was conferred upon him last year by the trustees of Wake Forest College. Shorter College is now controlled by a board of trustees for the Georgia Convention.

'88. M. L. Kesler made a great reputation here as a logical and forcible debator. Since leaving here he has occupied the pastorates of Laurinburg, Rocky Mount, and Morganton. Wake Forest feels proud of the promotion of this her loyal and able son to the superintendency of the Thomasville Orphanage, and predicts for him much usefulness in his new and important field. Mr. Kesler is a native of Iredell County.

'98. A. J. Medlin, who was manager of the Wake Forest hotel for a number of years, and won a reputation for setting one of the best tables in the State, has recently gone into business here. Last year he built a handsome residence in the northern part of town, and has since erected a store building on an adjoining lot. He has placed his goods, and will run a beef market in connection with his mercantile business. Mr. H. S. Holding is his assistant in the store.

'92. Dr. J. W. Millard, one of the most distinguished members of his class, will wear worthily for his alma mater the distinguished honor conferred upon him by the Second Baptist church of Atlanta in calling him to its pastorate. After graduating here and finishing his course at the Seminary, where he achieved success, Dr. Millard went to Henderson, this State, and then to Utah Place church, Baltimore, from which pastorate he resigns to accept the Atlanta Second church.

'84. Mercer University, a great Baptist institution, is fortunate in securing as its president Dr. Charles Lee Smith. THE STUDENT is especially glad of this, as Dr. Smith was at one time an enthusiastic business manager of THE STUDENT, and achieved high success in that position. After graduating here, he took Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins. For the past eight or ten years he has been Professor of History and Economics in William Jewell College, Missouri, from which position he resigned to accept the presidency of Mercer. He is a native of Durham.

'89. *The Biblical Recorder* says: "Prof. J. R. Hunter has resigned the chair of Chemistry in Richmond College, which he has filled with honor for several years, and will join his brother, Carey J. Hunter, in the management of the Union Central Life Insurance Company in Virginia and North Carolina. This is no loss. Mr. Carey J. Hunter ['81] is not surpassed in usefulness as a Baptist by any man in North Carolina or anywhere else. His brother may be worth more to us in business than in a college chair. The day is passed when only preaching and teaching are considered worthy of a servant of God."

'93. We deplore the death of Charles P. Sapp, of Norfolk, Va., the well-known editor of *The Virginia Pilot*. He began newspaper work shortly after graduating here, and although having demonstrated his

powers as a writer and speaker, he did not reach the heights he would have reached had he lived. *Charity and Children* learns that an effort has been made to secure Roland F. Beasley, '94, of *The Monroe Journal*, to succeed Mr. Sapp at a fine salary, and is "delighted to say that the offer was promptly declined." In speaking of this *The Charlotte Observer* says: "We share the pleasure of *Charity and Children*. There is gratification in knowledge of the fact that this distinguished compliment has been paid this accomplished young North Carolinian; more gratification yet in knowing that he has declined the proffered honor. Mr. Beasley is the editor of *The Monroe Journal*—an able, educated, serious-minded man. Such as he may help the people of his State to think, and there is need of more thinking in North Carolina. His decision was, of course, a sacrifice of ambition, but we are glad that Mr. Beasley is not to go away."

'81. *The Biblical Recorder* has the following to say of Dr. Edwin Poteat, a brother of our recently elected president, Dr. W. L. Poteat, '89: "North Carolina regards with pride the achievements of President Edwin M. Poteat in Furman University. His administration has been one of the most remarkable in the history of Southern education. He has united his people with great enthusiasm; he has fixed secure the loftiest ideals in Furman's curriculum; and he has greatly strengthened her equipment. Recently the following statement of the progress at Furman since he took charge in January, 1903, came to our notice: It deserves to be circulated in North Carolina: (1) Increase of students thirty per cent. (2) Fifty-two thousand dollars collected on endowment; seventy-three thousand dollars in notes to be collected in three years. (3) Reduction of annual deficit on current expenses from about four thousand dollars to about one thousand dollars. Toward this the churches contributed the past eight months two thousand dollars. (4) Ten thousand dollars for general endowment in two gifts of five thousand dollars each—one a bequest. (5) A new library building to be begun September 20th. For this, fifteen thousand dollars has been given by Andrew Carnegie, Esq., and the University has already in hand fifteen thousand dollars special endowment for the library. The thirty thousand dollars here represented is new money secured this year, and is not included in the fifty-two thousand dollars collected by Joel I. Allen for general endowment. It will be seen that the total additions to the funds and equipment of the institution since January 1, 1903, reach the substantial figure of ninety-two thousand dollars."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

Of course, college magazines should criticise and should expect to be criticised. Our motto this year shall be, "Fair and Unprejudiced Criticism," and when we point out defects in other magazines, it will always be in a friendly spirit.

The Hendrix College Mirror for June is the smallest magazine on our table, but it is overloaded with articles on religious subjects. The poem, "A View of Christ," however, does credit to the writer. Why not make the magazine a little larger this year?

The commencement number of *The Guilford Collegian* is not up to the average. Local interest predominates. Interesting to old students only. One-third of the magazine is taken up with advertisements. This indicates that the business manager has been alert, while the editors slept.

"The Anglo-American Alliance," in the June number of the *Davidson College Magazine*, shows familiarity on the part of the author with his theme. "The Terror by Night" is poor, especially in composition. The articles are weighty. The editorials, however, are interesting and instructive.

The journals before us are wrapped in showy colors, and contain many farewell words from the retiring editors. Some of these seem to breathe a sigh of relief on laying aside the work, while others breath one of honest regret. Needless to say that those who have enjoyed their work most have as a rule been most successful with it.

A discussion pro and con of Government Ownership of Railroads appears in the May issue of *The Emory and Henry Era*. Attempted flights in "The Conflict of the True" are too numerous. Too much reading is required to get the story. On the whole, the magazine is an evidence of faithful work on the part of the editors and contributors.

The material in the May number of *The Guidon* shows considerable thought and research. "The International Doll Collection of America" is well worth reading. It demonstrates how a simple gift or act may lay the foundation for doing great good. The author of "Some of Shakespeare's Heroines" handled the subject well. "Resurgam" is the best poem in this issue. A good story or two would give the magazine a better flavor.

The Vassar Miscellany devotes the May number to fiction. "A One Night Stand" arouses the reader's interest, and leaves him to decide whether or not the hero is innocent. "Jan Anderson's Decision" is well-written, and interest is kept up all the way. The poetry is scattering, and does not measure up to the fiction. The college news is an example of how this department can be made interesting.

The May number of *The Palmetto* gives the pictures of the '05 class and the editorial staff. "I've a Longing in My Heart" is told in an attractive style. The plot is artistically planned, and gives an evidence of originality. "Confession of a Coward" shows how easily the cowardly spirit is cultivated in youth, and how this spirit will linger with a person and cause him to forsake his best friend.

One of the best proportioned magazines on the table is the June number of *The Trinity Archive*. "Maysie: A Story of the Sixties," varies from the common run of love stories. It leaves the impression that a woman once in love is always in love. "Joel Chandler Harris" is written in a forceful style. It would be well for more of our magazines to follow the example of *The Archive* by publishing essays on our living as well as our dead heroes. "The Solution of a Mystery" is the best story of its kind before us. The writer undoubtedly had some experience to build on. The poetry is up to the average. It is to be hoped that the Freshman sonnet writers will not stop work, for they have made a good beginning.

CLIPPINGS.

TEMPTATION.

Her eyes were very, very blue,
  Her cheeks were plump and rosy;
The case was very, very new,
  The corner very cozy.

Her hand was very, very near;
  How could I help but take it;
The maid was very, very dear,
  There's none could dispute it.

Her lashes very, very long,
  Low drooped upon her cheek;
Now was it really very wrong—
  That words should prove too weak?

The moon was very, very bright,
  The night was one in June;
Her winsome head was just the height—
  Ah, hours! you fly too soon.

Swift, swift, as Hermes' feet,
  Dear Papa made a charge;
And when I landed in the street,
  Those feet seemed very large.

When romance fills your very soul,
  And flows through every vein,
Be sure Papa has gone to stroll,
  Or the moon is eclipsed by a rain.

—*The Guidon.*

THE SPENCERIAN STYLE.

"I am going to thrash you, but you can have any style of whipping you want," said the school teacher.

"I'll take 'Spencerian style,' please."

"But what is Spencerian style?"

"Up strokes heavy and down strokes light, sir."

INCONVENIENT.

Physician—"You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover."

Wife—"Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do?"

Physician—"Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband get well?"

Wife (sobbing)—"Yes—only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight, I went and sold all his clothes."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Newish—"Lives of students oft remind us
That *we* can ride a pony lean,
And departing leave behind us,
Footsteps few and far between."

Oldish—"Threats of pass oft remind us
That if we ride a pony thin,
We'll depart and leave behind us
No signs to show where we have been."

"I have a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician.
"So has a jackass," replied a bystander. Silence.—*Musical Times.*

Freshman—"Do you board at the Glee Club?"

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

GEO. J. SPENCE, Editor.

—College open three weeks now, and enrollment 315!

—Hurrah for Chairman Brewer.

—Three cheers for President Poteat.

—Miss Hallie Powers has returned to Oxford Seminary.

—Mr. Elijah Cox was with us for a while, visiting his Alma Mater.

—Judge Geo. W. Ward was registered at the Hotel Holding for a day or two.

—Mr. Henry Lanneau was on the Hill a few days visiting has parents on Faculty Avenue.

—Hon. Homer Lyon, of Whiteville, N. C., visited his brother, Terry Lyon, on the Hill some days ago.

—Mr. T. M. Bizzell dropped in on us and gladdened the hearts of his many friends for a day or two.

—Mr. H. W. Vernon, better known as "Hous," has gone to the Medical College of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

—Misses Louie Poteat, Louise Lanneau and Lulie Dickson have entered the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh.

—Mr. W. M. Pace, who is located in Raleigh, and who is making quite a reputation in the practice of law, spent a few days on the Hill.

—Mr. James Dick Proctor made us glad by his presence for the space of a day or two. He will go to Chapel Hill to take up law.

—Mr. Thurman D. Kitchin was with us for a day or two, giving his friends the glad-hand. He goes to Chapel Hill to continue his medical studies.

—Prof. J. Richard Crozier, Atlanta's fastest fielder and the best batter in the Southern League, will be here on the 27th to begin his duties as physical instructor.

—Mr. Samuel Hill Jokeley spent a few days on the Hill while on his way to the University College of Medicine, Richmond. "Dutch" doesn't grow old with age.

—Cupid has been playing havoc among the Senior class of 1905. W. D. Austin, C. C. Howard and W. E. Goode succumbed to his deadly darts during the month of September.

—The Alumni Building will be ready for occupancy by January 1. All the brick work has been finished, and carpenters are now engaged in finishing up the inside wooden work.

—Dr. C. E. Taylor recently returned from New York, where he has been in the interest of the Endowment Fund of Wake Forest College. He was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy by the Trustees at their last meeting.

—There has been quite an innovation made in the arrangement of holding morning chapel services. We no longer go in the Little Chapel, but we march upstairs into the Wingate Memorial Chapel to the softening strains of the pipe organ played by Mr. Hubert Poteat.

—The Wake Forest Glee Club was organized a few days ago. Several of last year's Glee Club are back, and there are some very valuable acquisitions in the form of new men. First tenor—M. L. Davis, E. B. Earnshaw, E. E. White, O. P. Richardson. Second tenor—D. Eat-

man, W. L. Curtis, J. E. Ray, Jr., G. O. Marshall, J. M. Adams. First bass—H. M. Poteat, Woodie Lanneau, Preston Stringfield, L. M. Powell. Second bass—B. L. Powers, W. H. Weatherspoon, T. A. Lyon, B. W. Hatcher. Prof. Darius Eatman will be director, and John Ivey Smith will be Manager.

University College of Medicine

MEDICINE DENTISTRY PHARMACY

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SEVENTY-FIVE TEACHERS:

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The University College of Medicine stands for the thorough education of doctors. It believes that an adequate professional training can be given only to those whose preliminary education has been good. Therefore, the requirements for admission to its classes have been fixed so as to encourage young men to fit themselves for professional study by a thorough academic and scientific training. Careful attention has been given by this College to the subject, and the authorities stand ready to give suggestions and advice to young men who desire to shape their courses of study with a view to entering upon the study of Medicine, Dentistry or Pharmacy.

Ali medical students are effected by laws passed in many States, regulating the practice of medicine. Students of this College, under present conditions of entrance and graduation, are able to meet requirements for admission to licensing examinations in any State.

For 144-page Catalogue address

WILLIAM R. MILLER, Proctor,
RICHMOND, VA.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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STARLIGHT.

J. D. IVES.

Stars that pierce the realms of night,
With their twinkling silvery light,
Ever wander cross the sky
Tracing distant paths on high,
Filling each its given place
In etherial endless space.

Upward fancy wings its way
Where the whirling planets play,
To the world's remotest bound,
Even there is fancy found
Listening with attentive ears
To the music of the spheres.

Soon our thoughts are turned away
From the lithesome fancy play
To the Maker in whose hand
Stars are naught but grains of sand,
And we know that here or there
We can trust His tender care.

PHYSICS OF SHOOTING STARS.*

J. F. LANNEAU.

Everyone is familiar with the suddenly bright, star-like objects which swiftly and silently dart here and there in the evening sky every few minutes. These transient and seemingly erratic meteors are popularly known as shooting stars.

In Ptolemy's Almagest—written in the second century of our era, the authoritative text on astronomy for fourteen hundred years, taught once even in Harvard and Yale—there was no mention whatever of shooting stars. They were held to be mere exhalations from the earth—of no concern to an astronomer. But found to be truly celestial bodies, their study has become in recent years a specialty with some astronomers.

By physics of a shooting star is meant such facts as its height above the earth, its distance from the observer, its mass or weight, and other seemingly unattainable knowledge concerning it.

It is proposed to show in outline how such knowledge may be gained.

HEIGHT, DISTANCE, VELOCITY.

Two observers—one say near Wake Forest and one thirty-five miles due south, near Selma—agree to watch the western sky every fair evening until nine o'clock. Many of the little meteors carefully noted by one of the watchers are not observed by the other.

One evening, however, as subsequently shown by comparing records, they both note the same shooting star seen to pass from the point s to the point s′, Fig. 1.

* Reprinted from Popular Astronomy for October.

Each observer counts rapidly while it shoots from s to s′. At the same time he notices the particular fixed stars nearest in line with its appearance and disappearance at s and s′—the stars at r and r′ as seen from W, and the stars t and t′ as seen from L. This much quickly done, each looks at his watch to see the hour and minute of the occurrence. Then, by several repetitions of his

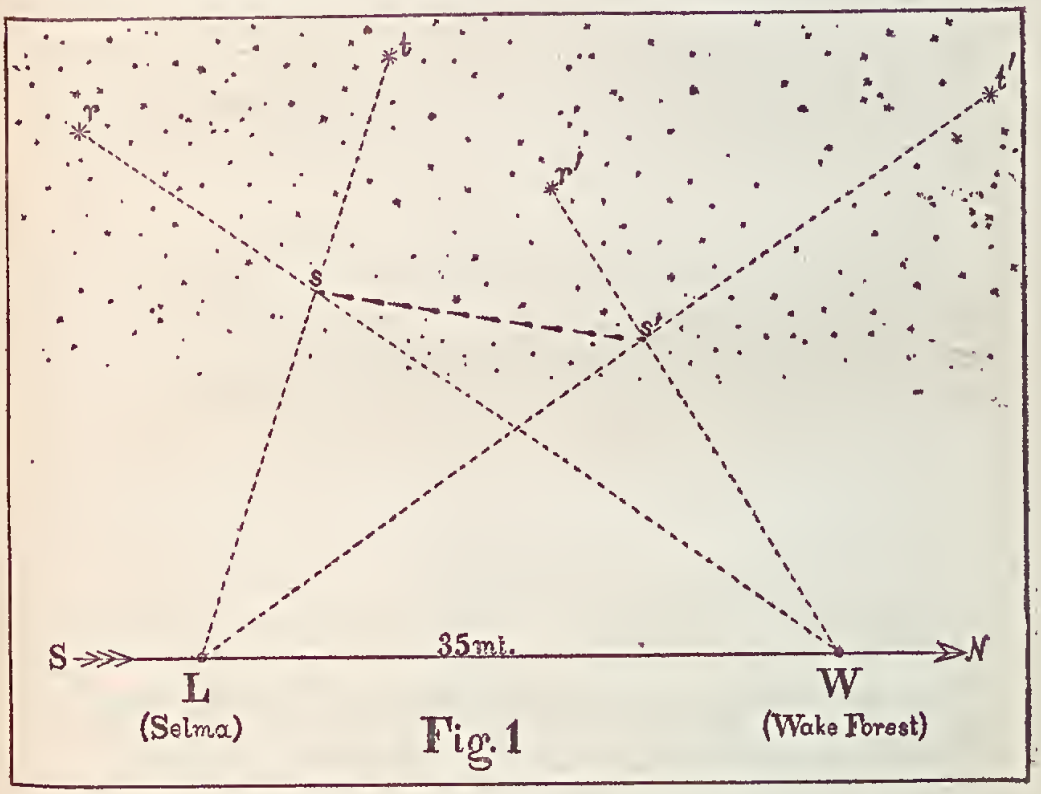


Fig. 1

rapid count, watch in hand, he finds the number of seconds in the transit from s to s′.

Their records, say, are:

	—At L—	—At W—
Count	23; Time, 5½ sec.	26; Time, 6½ sec.
From	Castor, (star beyond s)	α Hydræ, (star beyond s)
To	Capella, (star beyond s′)	Procyon, (star beyond s′)
Date	May 1 '05, 8:30 o'c. p.m.	May 1 '05, 8:29 o'c. p.m.

The two sets of notes agree substantially, as they

should, in the number of seconds of the shoot from s to s′ and in the hour and minute of the observations. They differ, of course, as to the stars in the lines of sight from stations thirty-five miles apart. The averages of the time from s to s′ and of the time of observation, as noted, are taken as correct; 6 seconds as the time of transit and $8^h\ 29^m\ 30^s$ as the time of observation.

These simple observations are sufficient. The rest is matter of calculation aided by data taken from the American Ephemeris, a government publication based on the work of the National Observatory at Washington.

Skillful use of the data for Castor and Capella, *a* Hydræ and Procyon, gives the directions of those particular stars as seen from L and W at 29 minutes and 30 seconds past 8 o'clock on the evening of May 1; that is, the directions of s and s′ from L, and their directions from W.

In Fig. 2, p and p′ are points on the earth vertically under s and s′. The directions found by calculation as just stated, are: for s, its angles of elevation pLs and pWs, also its horizontal bearings, the angles pLS and pWS; and for s′ the like angles p′Ls′, p′Ws′, p′LS and p′Ws. Obviously, this gives all the angles of each of the three triangles which meet at p and of the three which meet at p′. And since one side, LW, is 35 miles, all the other sides in each of the six triangles can be calculated.

We thus find ps the shooting star's height when first seen, Ws its distance from W and Ls its distance from L; also p′s′ its height at the moment of extinction, and Ws′ and Ls′ its distances at that moment from W and L.

The line s′k is drawn parallel to line p′p, omitted in the figure. Triangle p′pL gives the length of p′p and

therefore of its equal s'k. Right triangle s'ks gives length of ss'. This length was traversed in six seconds. One-sixth of it is the shooting star's velocity per second.

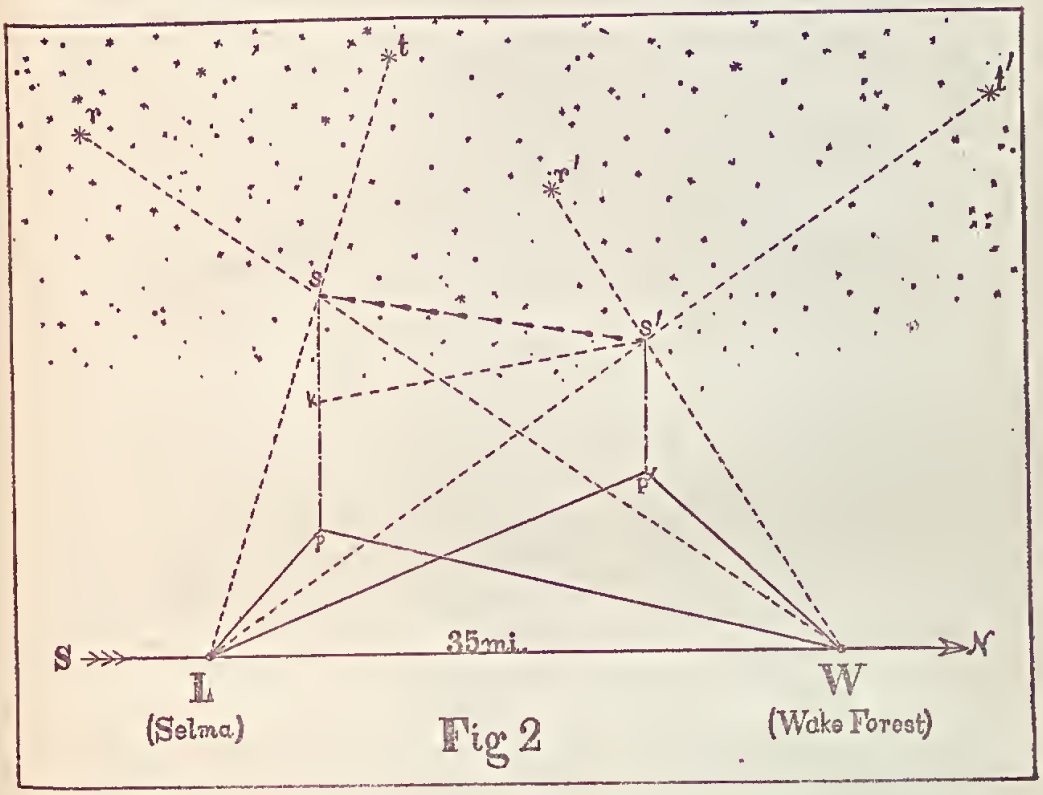
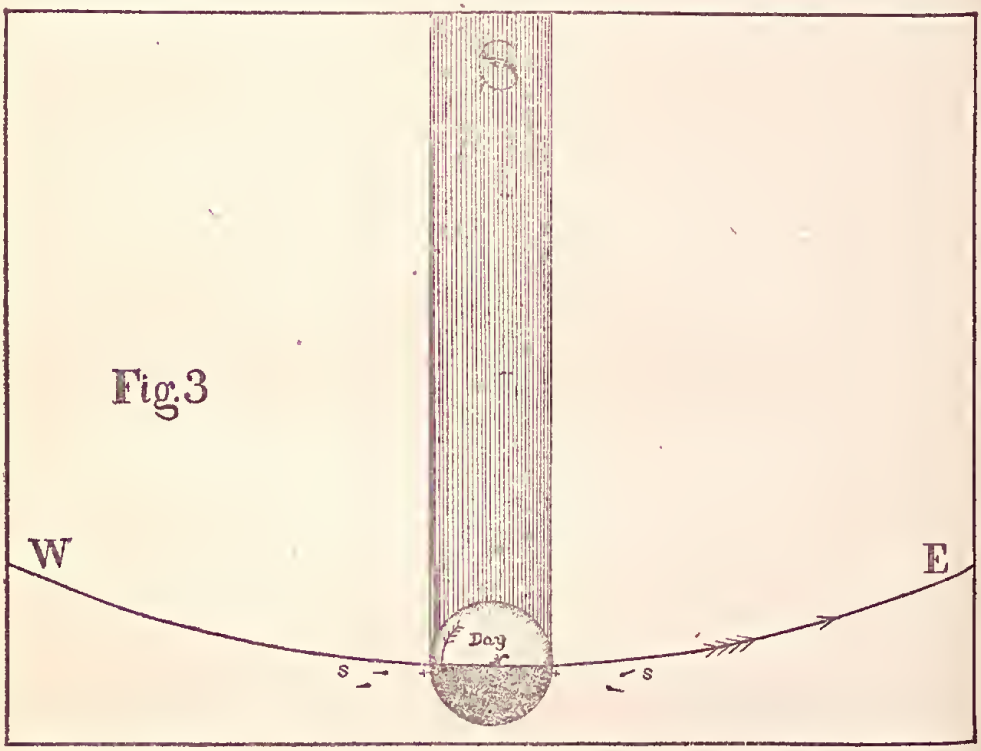


Fig 2

Such observations and calculations show that usually a shooting star's height, when first visible, is about 75 miles; and when it disappears, about 50 miles. Also that its bright path extends 40 or 50 miles; and that its velocity ranges rom 8 to 44 miles per second—indicating that its velocity through outer space, just before it entered our atmosphere, was about 26 miles per second. Its distance from the observer varies greatly, from 60 to 600 miles—possibly 770 miles.

The observed velocity is, of course, only relative to the earth. Its wide range, from 8 to 44 miles per second, is readily understood by considering Fig. 3.

In this figure, the earth is represented turning eastward about its axis—N its north pole—and moving in its orbit eastward, the Sun being in the direction of S.



An observer at O has just passed into the evening shade. Relative to him, the earth's orbital motion, 18 miles per second, is *downward.* If he sees a nearly overhead shooting star it is overtaking the earth, and its velocity, relative to the earth, is $26 - 18 = 8$ miles per second. An observer at O′ is soon to greet sun-rise. Relative to him, the earth is moving *upward* 18 miles per second. A shooting star above him is meeting the earth, and its relative velocity is $26 + 18 = 44$ miles per second. To either observer, a shooting star crossing the earth's path will show more nearly the average velocity.

A notable shower of shooting stars occurred on the 24th of November, 1892. It continued for three hours after 8 o'clock in the evening.

That periodical star shower—the Bielids—will occur again this November—in the evening of some country. It may occur during our evening hours. If so, notice the slow motion of the "falling" stars. Should the reader be privileged to see the next Leonid star-shower, expected in the early morning hours of November 15, 1933, he will note the startling rapidity of the star-fall.

In general, the velocity of the evening shooting stars is less than 26 miles per second, and that of morning shooting stars is greater.

Moreover, as the earth speeds on in its orbit its front is the run-rise side and its rear is ever in the evening shade. We therefore see more shooting stars in the early morning than in the evening—just as in a walk or drive more people meet us than overtake us.

MASS OR WEIGHT.

To find a shooting star's weight requires the help of an assistant observer at one of the stations. When preparing for the observations at W and L, Fig. 1, suppose an incandescent lamp of 16 candle-power was placed at an elevation above a high hill west of W, plainly visible to the assistant at W and distant from him just one-half mile.

The assistant does one thing only. He compares the brightness of the lamp high up in the west with the brightness of each shooting star noted, and in each instance records his judgment as to the relative brightness of star and lamp. Of this he soon judges quickly and correctly, especially when the flitting star and the distant light are about equally bright. Even an unpractised eye decides readily which of two nearly equal lights

is the brighter. Of hundreds asked by the writer which of the twin stars, Castor and Pollux, is the brighter, not one decided incorrectly.

Say that to the notes of Fig. 1 the assistant at W added: "brightness of shooting star and incandescent lamp just equal"; also, that the calculations of Fig. 2 proved that the shooting star's average distance from W was 60 miles. This data—distance of lamp, distance of star, their equal brightness—and established principles of Physics, will give the shooting star's mass or weight.

Since to make a one candle-power light requires 150 foot-pounds of work or energy per minute, the 16 candle-power light on the hill was produced by 16 times 150 ft.-lbs. of energy per minute, or by $^1/_{10}$ of 16 times 150 ft.-lbs. of energy every 6 seconds; that is, it was made by using every 6 seconds 240 ft.-lbs. of energy.

The shooting star 60 miles off and shining 6 seconds, as observed, was just the brightness of the 16 candle-power light ½ mile away.

The intensities of two such lights—lights equally bright at different distances—are as the squares of the distances. In this instance, then, their intensities were as 60^2 to $(\frac{1}{2})^2$, or as 14400 to 1. That is, the energy which produced the shooting star's brightness was 14400 times 240 ft.-lbs. = 3456000 ft.-lbs. of energy.

For a body in motion, the established relation between its weight expressed in pounds, its energy in foot-pounds and its velocity in feet per second is $W = 64\frac{1}{3}\frac{E}{V^2}$
So the weight of our shooting star was

$$64\tfrac{1}{3}\ \frac{3456000}{(26\times 5280)^2} = \frac{1}{84}\text{ lb.} = \frac{1}{5}\text{ oz.}$$

Not infrequently a meteor weighing many pounds reaches the earth's surface—as claimed for the black stone enshrined in the Kaaba at Mecca. But the usual

shooting star which is dissipated in the air is a light body—in many instances not more than a grain in weight.

CAUSE OF SUDDEN BRIGHTNESS AND QUICK EXTINCTION.

When a moving body is checked, or stopped, its seemingly lost energy instantly reappears as heat.

The simple clapping of hands—repeated checking of motion—heats them. A piece of iron on an anvil hammered sufficiently becomes red hot. Visitors to the Chicago Exposition in 1893 recall the muscular Samoan who, astride a dry log, so vigorously rubbed the end of a stout stick back and forth along a shallow groove in the log that soon it was ablaze!

Mechanical energy checked is converted into heat at the rate of 772 ft.-lbs. of energy to one heat unit. The heat which raises the temperature of a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit is taken as a unit of heat.

The air's resistance checked and soon stopped our shooting star's swift motion, converting its astonishing amount of energy, 3456000 ft.-lbs., into a correspondingly large quantity of heat, 4477 units. This much heat would make a half-gallon of ice-cold water boil—and boil away as steam! Its self-evolved heat raised the substance of the shooting star to incandescence—caused its sudden brightness. Did it melt and vaporize the matter of the little meteor? Let us see. Had its weight been 84 times greater—a full pound—and its substance solid platinum, one of the most refractory of metals, it would have been melted by only 49 units of heat—provided the temperature was as high as 3230° Fahrenheit.

Experiment shows that when a body speeds through air 125 feet per second its temperature rises 1°. If its velocity is doubled, its temperature rises 4°; if trebled,

9°. That is, the number of degrees rise of temperature is the square of the times the velocity contains 125 feet.

Allowing that our shooting star was one of the slowest, its velocity only 8 miles per second, its temperature was raised $\left(\frac{8\times5280}{125}\right)^2=11419°$; more than three times the temperature at which even platinum melts.

It seems, therefore, that whatever the shooting star's substance it is quickly raised to glowing heat; that if solid it is soon melted and vaporized—the melted matter being swept off by the rush through the air, forming the luminous train until none is left, when comes its sudden extinction. Its cooled vapors and ashes mingle with the air, and the dust-like debris slowly settles to the earth's surface.

NUMBER DAILY.

Simple means will serve to effect a fairly accurate count of the number of shooting stars visible at a given place during a definite period.

At a selected station in an open space erect a pole 6 feet high. Trace from it on the ground two lines diverging 45°—half a right angle. On each line, at a distance of 6 ft. from the pole, drive a stake. Connect these stakes by a stout string 3½ ft. above the ground, and from each stake, at that height, stretch a string to the top of the pole.

In Fig. 4, A is the station, Aa the pole. At distances and heights stated, the stakes Bb and Cc are connected by string bc; and strings stretch from a to b and from a to c.

An observer, full length on the ground, his head at A and feet toward the stakes, scanning at his ease that part of the sky which appears within the triangle of

strings, abc, will see just one-eighth of all the clear sky above the hazy zone around the horizon 30° high. Eight observers so placed about A, each watching only the part

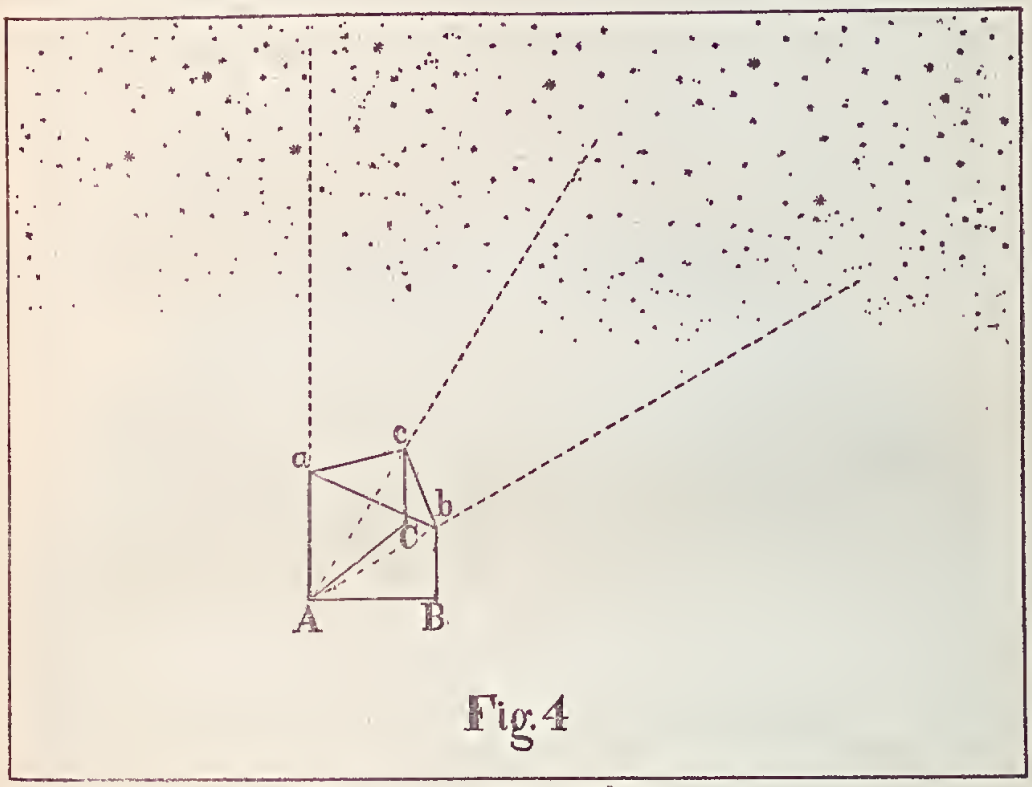


Fig. 4

of the sky marked off by his triangle of strings, would see all the shooting stars that appear in the clear sky while they watch.

On a fair evening it is found that each such observer sees a shooting star about every four minutes, or an average of 16 per hour. Eight observers see 128 shooting stars per hour. Thus through the upper air surface —all of it that is above the 30° belt around the horizon— there must enter daily 24 times 128 shooting stars, or 3072 per day.

Fig. 5 will serve to show the full significance of this result—that 3072 shooting stars enter daily the limited air space which our eight observers watch only a few hours.

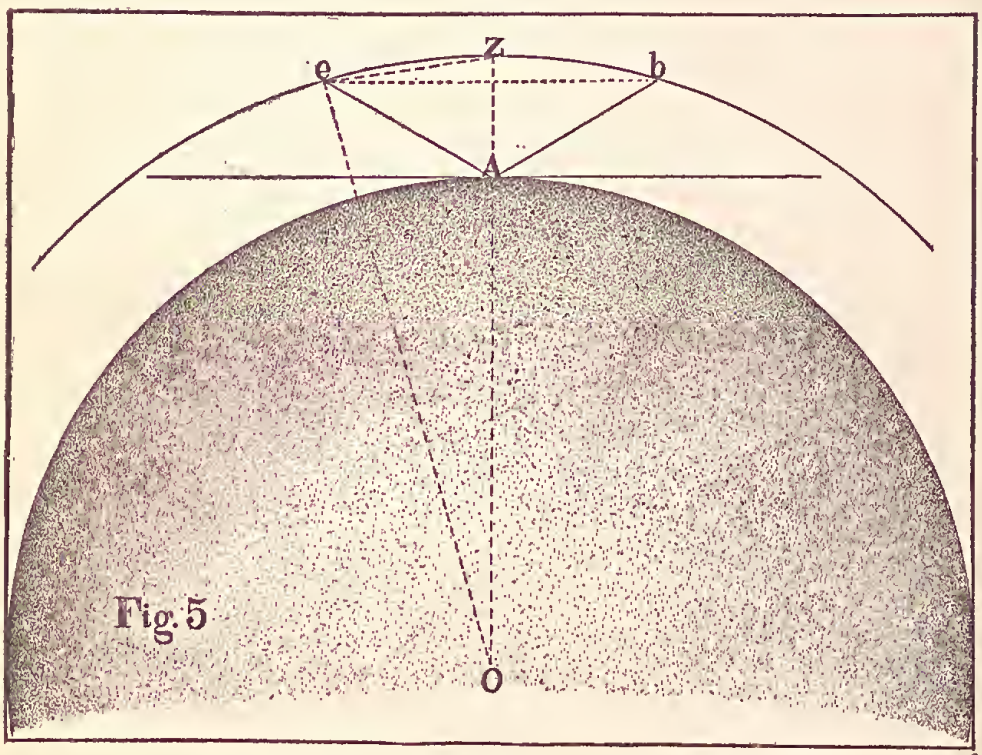


Fig. 5

In this figure the earth's radius OA = 3959 miles. The arc ezb indicates the level of air surface in which shooting stars first appear. Let us call it the surface of apparition. As previously shown, the height Az = 75 miles. Our eight observers, flat on the ground, have their heads about the pole at A. Their lowest line of sight Ab, or Ae, is elevated 30°. Therefore angle zAe = 60°. During their vigils they see all shooting stars that enter the zone of apparition capping the funnel-shaped space eAb.

We must compute the area of that zone. The upper edge or rim of the funnel is a circle whose diameter is eb. The zone watched is that part of the air surface cut off by a horizontal plane through eb. It is called a zone of one base, and its area equals a circle whose radius is the distance ze. We must find that distance. In triangle eOA, angle at A being known, also the sides OA and Oe, we find eOA, or eOz = 1° 47′ 47″. In triangle eOz, knowing angle eOz and sides Oe and Oz, we find ze = 126¾ miles. A circle of this radius contains 50462 square miles. The watched zone of apparition, then, covers 50462 square miles.

How many times larger than that zone is the entire surface of apparition which envelopes the earth at a height of 75 miles? Its radius Oz = 3959 + 75 = 4034 miles. Its area, therefore, is over 204 million square miles. This is fully 4052 times 50462 square miles. That is, the area of the entire surface of apparition is 4052 times the area of the zone through which, as we have seen, enter daily 3072 shooting stars. Therefore, into the entire atmosphere enveloping the world there enter daily at least 4052 times 3072 shooting stars—in round numbers, 12½ million.

But had our eight observers held their vigils in the early morning before dawn, they would have counted more than double as many shooting stars per hour—indicating some 28 million per day.

Averaging the evening and the morning counts, and we find that the number of shooting stars which plunge into our atmosphere daily is fully 20 million.

DISTRIBUTION.

The earth with its air envelope to a height of 75 miles, or simply the whole surface of apparition, is a globe whose radius is 4034 miles. The space through which

it speeds daily 18½ miles per second, is more than 1½ million miles long. Its cross section, a circle whose radius = 4034 miles, has an area of more than 50 million square miles. This long cylindrical space through which we sweep daily contains more than 1½ million × 50 million = 75 million million cubic miles. More accurately it is over 80 million million cubic miles. Since in this space we touch 20 million little masses, to each one there is a space of 4 million cubic miles. Each little mass, a shooting star when it enters our air, has around it 4 million cubic miles of free space. In general, it is at the center of a cube of space each edge of which is about 160 miles long. From center to center of such spaces is 160 miles.

We thus find that throughout the space traversed by our earth in its journey around the Sun embryo shooting stars, while always in motion, are distributed at intervals of about 160 miles.

ORIGIN.

Comets move in planes which all pass through the Sun, but cut each other at all angles. They therefore move through space in all conceivable directions. When nearing the Sun their volatile matter is driven off in streaming tails of great length, and much of it, disrupted and scattered, lost to the parent body, pursues at intervals approximately the same general path as formerly.

Not a few comets pass close by the earth's orbit, crossing it at different points and at different angles. Some of these, as in the well known case of Biela's comet, have been shattered by disintegrating forces. They have ceased to appear as comets. In their stead, when due, are showers of shooting stars—the debris of the dis-

rupted comets. That part of the passing debris swarm which enters our atmosphere is checked by the air's resistance, as was shown, and falls to the earth. The rest passes by until, on another round, it again grazes us, and is again diminished by another star-shower.

This, doubtless, is the origin of the shooting stars which come in showers—like the Bielids every thirteen years, and the Leonids at intervals of thirty-three and a third years—also of stragglers which, like the August Perseids, come annually.

Possibly, in the debris of shattered and shattering comets we have the origin of all shooting stars.

EFFECTS.

We have seen that a shooting star weighing $^1/_{84}$ of a pound is dissipated by its self-evolved heat, that its vapors mingle with the air and its ashes settle to the earth.

Our world is thereby made $^1/_{84}$ of a pound heavier!

Take this as an average, and the 20 million shooting stars per day make the earth 125 tons heavier. This daily addition amounts to 45000 tons yearly.

How much will this increase the earth's size? Allow that all this meteoric matter, 45000 tons annually, finally settles to the earth's surface in a continuous layer of uniform depth; and that, like some common earth, a cubic foot of it weighs 80 pounds. Having the earth's radius, 3959 miles, we find its surface area is more than 5000 million million square feet. If covered with meteoric matter one inch deep, the weight on each square foot would be $^1/_{12}$ of 80 pounds = 6⅔ pounds. On the entire surface there would rest a weight of 33⅓ thousand million pounds, or 16⅔ million million tons. This is 370 million times 45000 tons, the yearly deposit.

in those parts, he had made a mistake; with LaCrosse as his destination he had got the names confused and had dropped off at Crossville, and the train was gone.

Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do, to make the most of the mistake while waiting over till the morrow. Again he questioned the agent, then started, grip in hand, for the only hotel in town.

As he rounded the corner of the little depot he almost ran into a man of about the same age as himself, which, however, seemed about the only point in common they had. In contrast with our traveller's costume of black, the new comer wore a suit of gray. He, too, was of a slighter build than the other, in fact was almost frail, and while the hair of the first man was a rich blending of black and white, his was altogether of the latter color; and his face, which bore the refinement almost of an angel's, showed plainly that he had not always reclined in the lap of pleasure, nor even of contentment. The two quickly exchanged glances, and the glances lengthened into a gaze of inquiry, a moment of which, then the light of recognition and the two warmly clasped hands.

"Carl Clarendon as I'm alive!" said he of the black costume.

"Nelson Aubrey, well, I declare!" said the other clearly surprised, yet in a voice subdued and slow.

Eager inquiries followed for they were old friends, were members of the same class of a noted medical college in the North, and this was their first meeting since they had put behind them their old college days. It hardly seemed natural that they should have recognized each other. Then in a thousand ways they had changed

beyond recognition, and in youth each had developed that striking personality which defies the ravages of time. By the light of this they knew each other, notwithstanding their long separation.

Wilson Aubrey did not go to the hotel as he intended, but to the home of his friend, a pretty little cottage in the most desirable part of the town. As they entered the house Carl Clarendon turned to his companion and said in his calm, half-plaintive way, "Welcome to my home, old friend. Make it yours as long as you see fit to stay."

Soon the two were seated in a cozy little room by a blazing wood fire. A lady entered and announced supper. "My house-keeper," explained Clarendon as he led the way to the dining room, "not my wife. I've never married."

Late into the night the two friends sat talking in Clarendon's study. Most of the conversation, however, was carried on by Aubrey. He had succeeded in his chosen profession almost beyond his expectations, and the story of his brilliant career he related with enthusiasm. His companion, while always attentive, was never surprised or moved at the turn of any event, responding always in that quiet, unassuming voice which seems to say that its possessor knows and feels more than he cares to relate. As the night wore on and Aubrey's conversation continued unbroken, he relapsed more and more into quiet reserve until it was near the hour of midnight. At last, when the other had apparently closed and both had sat in silence for a few moments, he said in that melancholy tone of voice almost sepulchral, "I see, Aubrey, you have drawn richly from the lottery of the world. I, too, have drawn, but drawn strangely."

A moment of silence followed, during which both men sat gazing into the fire, which, by this time, was burning low. Wilson Aubrey had been struck, after the first few words of conversation, with his friend's quiet bearing, and upon entering his house he found the appearance of his study hardly what one would expect of a man of medicine—books, papers, and magazines in endless variety, without the numberless bottles and flasks that usually characterize most doctors' apartments. But he had refrained from questioning. Now that his friend seemed willing to bespeak himself he held his peace.

"Perhaps you will be surprised," said the other, speaking as if to the fire, "to find that I am not a doctor after all. While in the University, you know, I was an enthusiast in that line. I went through, or almost through, my whole course, with the full belief and confidence that through the channels of medicine, I was going to work wonders in the world. But, you know, it is not always decreed that men shall carry out and accomplish what most they have their hearts set upon. Sometimes little things occur which grow and multiply until they almost change the whole course of human nature; some little happening which engenders something else, and they growing together eat out of life all its joy."

Here he paused for a few moments as if trying to retrace memory's linked chain. Then stretching out his hand toward the fire, he continued: "They are all dead now, even as those coals are dying; those hopes and aspirations have all flitted away."

Again he paused, and for a moment was lost in reverie, following the flit of fancy's gilded wing, then collecting himself again, he continued: "Do you remember

when Wallace Lane, the outlaw, was captured and sentenced to be hanged?"

The question was a surprise to Dr. Aubrey. He did not recall the incident, and the question arose at once in his mind, what had the capture and hanging of an outlaw to do with the welfare and happiness of his friend? He was still at sea when his friend again took up the story.

"It was just before commencement of our senior year. There was a lot of excitement over his capture, for he was as reckless and cold-blooded a criminal as ever lived; his list of crimes was something enormous. For years he seemed to have borne a charmed life. No plan, however clearly set, could effect his capture. It wasn't a case of the final perseverance of a saint, but the present perseverance of a devil. Indeed, if deviltry were the standard, it was plainly a case of the survival of the fittest. But at last, by the merest chance, he was captured and safely housed. Lynching parties clamored for him, but with his usual good luck he escaped them; was tried before a regular court, sentenced to be hanged, and lodged behind iron bars to await the day for his execution.

"People were incredulous. They could hardly believe that the notorious outlaw was actually to die, he had escaped so many times. A divinity, or better, perhaps, satanity, had hedged him about so long they were not sure the power was broken. But the day set apart for his execution drew nearer and nearer without his escape.

"One morning about a week before the condemned man was to die, Dr. Ferguson, having just noticed an account of the matter in his paper, announced jocularly to his

class that if it were customary to dissect devils as well as men, some medical class might now have a chance at one. It was merely his way of beginning his lecture. He thought no more of the matter. But those few words, lightly spoken, struck me with force. The recitation proceeded but I did not hear it. There had come over me an all-possessing desire to probe the body of Wallace Lane and discover the secret sources of his strange life.

"After class, I asked Dr. Ferguson about securing the body. He told me, good humoredly, that it might be done; the authorities would naturally be very careful of the matter, but by seeing them in person and using the proper tact, I might secure it. As a result, I decided to make the attempt, and the day preceding found me on my way to the execution.

"I arrived at my destination about six o'clock in the afternoon. I was tired from the journey, but lost no time in finding and consulting the authorities as to the disposition of the body. They had had other bids, but by offering a good round sum I secured their promise to deliver the body into my keeping as soon as the law had taken its course. This matter arranged satisfactorily, I returned to the hotel to enjoy a good night's rest—and I might add, that was the last really contented, happy, unbroken sleep I've ever had.

"The next morning time bore heavily on my hands. The execution was to take place sometime between the hours of two and five. To spend the time as pleasantly as possible until then, I began to walk about the town—a small, out-of-the-way kind of place it was. Once in the course of the morning I called at the jail, and through the bars caught sight of the condemned man. He was tall, but not massively built, in

fact, he was almost slender, and yet you felt there was power in his frame. His hair was black and long, and his face a study, not of the low brutal order, such as one would expect, but clear cut and finely developed. I had stopped and was studying him when I felt him turn his eyes upon me. A chill shot through me as if I had touched an electric battery. In them was the bright light of intelligence, but with it and infinitely stronger was the cold leer of the demon. I shuddered for I felt its hypnotic power, and quickly turned away.

"Several hours before the time set for the execution, people began to gather about the court-house, the jail and the scaffold, which was some little distance out of town. When the hour arrived there was such a concourse present as the little town had few times in its history seen. Promptly at the time appointed, the sheriff and guards, with the prisoner in their midst, left the jail and slowly made their way toward the scaffold. I was present when the procession arrived, had taken a position just inside the ropes directly in front of the scaffold—my business allowed me a place inside. The prisoner mounted the scaffold with a steady step, the sheriff on his left, while on his right was his spiritual adviser—a dead hush swept over the crowd. Upon the platform the man was released, his hat removed, and he given permission to speak if he wished. For a moment he stood with his head bowed, gazing on the ground, his tall figure clearly outlined against the sky and strikingly in contrast with the officer's low, thick-set and somewhat bloated person. Indeed, he seemed the nobler of the two. I found myself wondering how his fine figure would stand the test of the surgeon's

knife as I unconsciously traced the contour of his body through the folds of his clothing, when he raised his head his face slightly pale with subdued excitement, and shot a glance from his undaunted eye at his spectators. I felt his gaze for an instant rest on me and the same indescribable thrill that I had experienced in the morning shot through me and I shuddered. Here he began to speak, not in the timid confessional and groveling tone of humility that you usually hear on such occasions, but with the clear note of defiance. There was not a quiver in his voice, in his speech not a reference to his crimes, in his mind not a thought of futurity; bold defiance and nothing more. Men held their breath and a few women fainted. The minister performed his services; the officer firmly bound his hands behind him, unfolded the black cap and placed it over his head, slipped the noose around his neck, gave him a handkerchief and descended the steps of the scaffold. Hardly did the handkerchief touch his fingers till it was released; a moment and the drop fell, a woman screamed, the body shot through the air, quivered and was still. In an incredibly short time it was pronounced dead, cut down, hastily removed, and then all was pandemonium for pieces of the rope and scaffold.

"Immediately after the execution I began to make arrangements to leave. I had the body taken to the depot but found that I could take no regular passenger and express train until the next day. That was an inconvenience I had not counted upon. However, if I wished, the agent informed me, I could leave on a freight train about ten o'clock that night, and by travelling two or three hours in this way over a branch road I would make connection with trains on the main line and could

get back to the city early in the morning. This seemed to me the better plan, so I adopted it and returned to the hotel.

"Promptly at ten I was at the depot again ready to travel. But the train was late. I was disappointed when it came in—purely accommodation, no arrangements for passengers at all except the caboose. On this particular night I was the only passenger, save, of course, the inmate of the casket and he was not likely to prove very entertaining company. The casket was placed on one side of the car while I took a seat on the other.

"It must have been near midnight when we started and we made slow time. The moon was shining dimly. I could see from the little car window that the road lay through a comparatively unsettled country, low and swampy for the most part. Now and then we would come to a little shanty of a station or a water-tank with a few piles of lumber and cross-ties about them, the only signs of habitation. But with these the railroad company seemed to be doing an immense traffic, judging from the length of time we stopped at each place. At these stoppages the train-men were needed about the front, and as the night wore on the quitted the caboose altogether, leaving me some little distance behind to the solitude of my own thoughts, which while the train was still I found not infrequently broken by the dismal hooting of the owl or the weird screech of his little brother. Once or twice I thought I saw by the waning light of the moon, a dark figure stirring the brake, but perhaps it was merely the coining of fancy.

"We travelled two hours or more in this fashion. I was beginning to feel sleepy. To shake off the feeling I got up and walked about the car a few minutes. Sud-

denly I bethought me that it might be too warm in the coffin, the body of the outlaw might begin to putrefy. It was late in May and the night was almost like a mid-summer night. I wanted to preserve the body as nearly perfect as possible, so with a large knife taken from my medicine case I loosened the screws and took off the lid of the coffin. I was struck with the naturalness of the features of the man, so much so that I drew back at the sight. However, I took from my case a small flask of whiskey, wet my handkerchief well in the liquid and spread it over the face of the corpse. I left off the lid of the coffin in order that the wind might pass freely over the body, then resumed my seat.

"I must have dropped off to sleep almost as soon as I sat down—indeed I hardly remember sitting down. Why I should have done so I can't explain. All I can say is that I went to sleep and for a few minutes—I don't think it was long—slept soundly. Then as suddenly I awoke, and the reason for my waking just then is to me as inexplicable as my going to sleep. I had heard no sound; the train had not moved. Something however, impelled me to wake, and when I did so it was to find Wallace Lane, the outlaw, sitting bolt upright in his coffin before me, glaring at me from those eyes of his of demoniac lustre. Indeed the light was not the best, but to me he looked like an ogre. My heart seemed at one bound to leap out of my bosom, but failing in this, ceased beating altogether, my hair stood upright, and I felt myself grow chill to my finger tips. If a fiend had suddenly appeared before me to summon me to torment I could not have been more completely dumbfounded. I couldn't think, except that I felt an impelling presentiment that he meant to attack me, and

not only attack but destroy me utterly, but how to repel him I could not think. I felt glued to my seat. Still he continued to glare at me without moving and without speaking. I felt again the power of his eye but with an intensity a thousandfold greater than at his execution or in his cell. Suddenly I caught a faint gleam of the knife I had left by the coffin after removing the lid. His gaze must have been slightly deflected thereby directing my attention to it, otherwise I could not have broken the spell to notice it. The familiar glance of the steel seemed partially to restore me. Certainly my powers of locomotion returned. I sprang forward, caught up the knife from the floor, and leaped upon him. He went down under my weight and the impulse of my body, and as he went I buried the blade in his bosom. He hardly made any resistance at all. Again he quivered for a moment and again was still.

"I did not get up for several minutes until my senses had somewhat returned. At last I ventured to rise, trembling like an aspen leaf. I remembered the whiskey and drank it, which almost completely restored me. Quietly I arranged the body in the coffin again. This time it was still forever. Almost with the turn of my hand everything was apparently the same as before. Indeed the whole affair had taken place in a few minutes during one of these stops. The train crew were at the front; no one knew of the affair but myself. The train started again, and the noise of the cars seemed strangely in unison with the din that was going on in my brain.

"I did not sleep any more that night, for my peace was gone. I was trying to think why I had slain the man. The explanation of his coming to life was easy. The rope had failed to slip easily or something else had pre-

vented his neck's being broken by the force of the fall. He had only been strangled into insensibility from which the application of the whiskey and the fresh air had revived him. But of course he was dazed, weak, perhaps he didn't remember anything. Why then had I killed him? certainly he could have been restored. True he might have been a blight to humanity, as he had been, in fact, it was due humanity that he die, rightly he belonged to the dead; but that didn't justify my killing him. I had slain a man. Human blood was on my hands, as it is on them now, and the thought made me sick.

"About sunrise we arrived in the city, half of which was still fast asleep. I did not proceed at once to my rooms, but went to the authorities and secured a plot of ground in the city cemetery. My desire to dissect Wallace Lane's body had been satisfied, and that for all time, with that one knife-thrust in his heart. And then to take him to the University would mean the discovery of the wound and blood which I felt like I couldn't explain. I wanted to be rid of the body at once and forever.

"I employed a few laborers who in a short while had a kind of hole excavated in the plot of ground I had selected. Then I had the body carted from the depot, and there quietly and without ceremony we lowered the dead outlaw into his grave. The few attendants doubtless thought he was a close friend of mine, or a brother, judging from the grief shown in my haggard looks. You know questions are not asked in these large cities.

"The next morning I appeared regularly on recitation. as I passed out of Dr. Ferguson's lecture-room he called to me.

"'Well, Clarendon,' said he, 'what luck? Indeed, you look haggard, worse than the prisoner did, I warrant.'

"In a confused way, I hardly know how, I told him I had a fruitless journey, and from the loss of sleep I was quite worn out. He did not question me further, and I passed on.

"That was just before commencement. I completed my work, received my diploma with you fellows, and came out here, but not to become a practitioner. In that respect my cup was full. All desire for the medical profession had left me; in fact, it was with fear and dread that I even thought of it. But what else could I do? I had spent my time and talent with that end in view; to leave it then seemed ruinous. But leave it I did, for my heart was not in it. There was only one other thing I could do. In my high-school days I had shown some talent for writing. Relying on that talent I entered journalism, and have remained in that field ever since. I haven't succeeded so well, but really I didn't expect to. I suppose the success that was due me is mine. I am not complaining.

"It is plain that I haven't been satisfied. I am all the time wondering why I slew the man. Perhaps I should have made the story known, it might have rid me of this chimera; but if I had I doubt whether it would have brought back to me the love and zeal for the profession I had loved before; and then to let it rest kept me from the public eye. You are the first to whom I've told it, and I should not have told it to you but for the sake of old days. And then, I am getting old, am liable to be taken away at any time, and I think I shouldn't like to go without telling someone. It has eaten out of my life all its joy here, and I don't want to take it with me to break my peace there."

He ceased and for a moment sat gazing at the few remaining sparks of fire. Unconsciously the two had drawn their chairs close together and were bending over the dying embers. The last part of the story was related in low tones, almost inaudable; and when the speaker ceased his friend grasped his hand in silent sympathy.

The clock struck mournfully and as it ceased the two quietly prepared to retire for the night.

THE DANGLER.

BY GERHARDT.

In order to understand what a dangler is it is necessary first to know what she is not. She is not a flirt—a woman who makes love a pastime. Nor is she a coquette—a woman who is altogether heartless. She is neither, and yet she is both. She is the emasculator of the masculine heart, not for pastime as the flirt, nor for pain as the coquette, but for the mere pleasure which is afforded by seeing the lion shorn of his strength and the ecstacy which is experienced by hearing his agonized growl of submission.

It is an ancient game—this pilfering of the knight's armor. Delilah practised it upon the proud Sampson when she robbed the giant of his vaunted strength and made him the pigmy of her fellow-countrymen—the Philistines. It is this same force that Delilah coveted and which by so simple a weapon as an unoffending pair of shears she obtained that which the dangler of to-day covets, and which she uses her every effort to possess. There is this difference, however, between the Delilah of long ago and the Delilah of the present day. The Delilah of the Philistines desired the power not so much for herself as for her countrymen, and it was at their instigation that she applied the fatal shears. The modern Delilah is not so patriotic. Love of country could never animate her charms to such extreme use. Her ulterior purpose is wholly selfish, she desires no one to share her triumphs, not even the most intimate of her sex. The conquest is single-handed, and even in the game of love the maxim holds good that, "To the victors

belong the spoils." The spoils in this case consist in the singular satisfaction of knowing that one has charms, and that these charms are not without their effect upon the masculine mind.

The vanity of woman is well-known as much so as the conceit of man. It is a distinctly feminine quality, without which woman is devoid of sentiment. Of course excessive vanity is to be regretted, and receives its inevitable reward in a harvest of unpopularity. The excessively vain woman is not to be endured, and is often as unsufferable as the man whose hat sits on his head only by reason of the gravity which it possesses because of the swelled condition of his cranium. Pardonable vanity is woman's most attractive quality. It causes men to desire her. It is not a requisite that she shall be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in order to be the "observed of all observers" as Hamlet of Denmark. Nor is a comely face essential to an attractive personage; the right sort of a man desires that his wife shall be something more than a bisque doll which he can admire over his six o'clock cup of tea, and smile at over his newspaper as he leisurely puffs his post-prandial cigar. His wife should be companionable, a comrade, whose sympathy and love shall have made mole hills out of mountains, and the silver lining in the cloud as permanent as the rock of Gibraltar.

But despite the pleasure which a dangler knows, it is a dangerous profession, and is the cause of many pangs. Men refuse after awhile to remain "on the string," become obstreperous, and make a declaration of independence which causes as much havoc to the dangler's heart as that same piece of papyrus did to the doting George III. If the dangler is a sensible crea-

ture, and treats him with disdain, mayhaps he will return, and demand a new shearing of his locks, but if he has entirely regained his sanity, perhaps he may never return. Should the latter alternative happen his place can be speedily filled by a raw recruit, and so the game goes merrily on.

After all perhaps the dangler is a public benefactor. At least this good may result. A man who has been successfully dangled once, while somewhat wary at first to approach Cupid's bonfire, will eventually end up by a happy union with a maid having no dangling or tantalizing propensities. While this is not the ultimate purpose of the dangler, it may, in a way, make the profession justifiable.

MOSQUITOES.

J. D. IVES.

The small and insignificant little insect which we often hear humming about our ears just as we are going to sleep and which disturbs us with its bite, frequently carries dangerous germs in its beak. It is a comparatively recent discovery that certain varieties of mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever germs, and that mosquitoes play a notable part in the spread of disease. The discovery was first made in a case of the terrible malady, native in the Oriental tropical regions, known as elephantiasis, which is caused by a parasitic worm of the genus Filaria.

These insects undergo a complete metamorphosis from the egg to the adult mosquito. The eggs are laid by the female on the surface of the water, from which the larvae or wrigglers hatch in a few days.

They are beneficial at this stage in that they feed upon the waste matter found in the water, thereby serving as scavengers. They come every now and then to the surface to get air which they obtain through their breathing tube. This larvae stage lasts only about a week in favorable weather, but they frequently pass the winter in this condition. Once I found a number of these wrigglers imbedded in a lump of ice which I took from a picture plant. I carried the ice to the house and put it in a basin. Soon after, the ice melted and the wrigglers became almost as active as ever.

From their life as wrigglers they transform to that of pupas. In this state they remain at the surface of the water with only their breathing tube exposed which

now issues from the thorax instead of from the abdomen as with the larvae. Their thorax is also greatly enlarged, giving it the appearance of being all head and thorax, with a slender abdomen. Now they are lighter than water and remain motionless at the surface. If disturbed they are only able to descend by violent muscular action. They wriggle and swim as actively as do the larvae, but as soon as they cease to exert themselves they gradually float to the surface again.

In about two or three days, after their entrance into the pupal stage, emerge the adult mosquitoes. They remain on their recent covering for a few minutes then fly away in search of food. We sometimes think that the whole mosquito family is trying to attack either us or the rest of the human race, when in fact it is but rarely that a mosquito ever tastes the blood of a warm-blooded animal, their food being chiefly the juices of plants. It is only the female which draws blood and they are normally plant-feeders. The males feed on the exposed juices of plants, their beaks being too delicate to pierce even the thinnest skinned animals. Ordinarily mosquitoes do not fly far though they are often carried great distances by ships and railway trains.

Mosquitoes possess a poison gland which is connected by a duct with the mouth parts. The purpose of the poison has been a subject of some conjecture. It has been held "that it caused the blood to become more liquid and more readily sucked up by the mosquito. Macloskie, however, advances the idea that the chief food of mosquitoes is not animal blood but the proteids of plants, and that probably the poison ejected may prevent the coagulation of all proteids and so promote the process of suction."

The Anopheles and Stegomyia are the mosquitoes responsible for the spread of malaria and yellow fever. Perhaps it would be well to discuss these varieties a little more in detail and also how to distinguish them from other varieties. The egg of the Anopheles float on their sides instead of their ends like the eggs of the common variety of Culex. They are not glued together but naturally float close to each other. The Anopheles larvae can be distinguished by its horizontal position habitually maintained just beneath the surface film. The larvae of the Culex when it comes to the surface to breathe holds its body at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the surface of the water. The pupas of the Culex rest in a more perpendicular attitude than that of Anopheles. The difference in shape of the respiratory siphons of the Anopheles, which issue from the thorax instead of from the anal end of the abdomen, is quite marked. The adult Anopheles when resting on a horizontal surface hold their body at an angle of about fifteen or twenty degrees while the Culex holds its body nearly parallel with the surface.

All the malarial parasites are animals which have to pass through the stomach of a mosquito of the genus Anopheles before it can complete its life history in the red blood corpuscles of the human body. It is just as the spores are about to break through the walls of the corpuscle, that is, as the malarial spasm is about to begin, that the administration of quinine is most effective.

It was thought that the yellow fever mosquito belonged to a family of the common Culex. But Mr. Theobald decided on account of certain scale structures and other structural peculiarities that it must be placed

in another genus for which he proposed the name Stegomyia. The insect can be readily recognized by its banded legs and the conspicuous silver stripes upon its thorax and abdomen. The yellow fever mosquito is a native of the tropical regions. "If the Stegomyia should prove to be the only species of mosquito which is capable of transferring this fever, the epidemics of yellow fever in Philadelphia and New York, and even in New Haven and Providence, about the beginning of the last century, would indicate that at that time, at least, this mosquito had a more northern range, or at all events, it had been introduced at those points by sailing vessels coming from the South, and that it succeeded in breeding there at least for some part of a year." In the present yellow fever scourge at New Orleans, numerous precautions have been taken to prevent the mosquitoes having access to patients afflicted with this disease. Dr. John Guiteras, an eminent Cuban physician and yellow fever expert, is reported as having said recently, "It is too late now to fight yellow fever in New Orleans on the basis of mosquito conveyance. The time to begin it should have been in 1902, at the meeting of the American Public Health Association in New Orleans, when everything was done to persuade the health authorities of Louisiana to prepare to meet yellow fever on the mosquito basis. I have repeatedly demonstrated to them that there was no way of transmission of the disease except through the mosquito. The identity of the specific organism is still a matter of dispute, but whatever it is the mosquito is an essential factor in its life history."

To destroy the mosquito one must destroy their breeding places. If the pool is small it can be done by

covering its surface with kerosene which prevents the larvae from obtaining air. If extensive, the breeding places can be destroyed by drainage or by filling. If for some reason the pools or ponds are considered too valuable to drain, and which the owners will not permit to be treated with kerosene, then it becomes necessary to introduce fish that will destroy mosquito larvae. Every means should be taken to destroy mosquitoes as they form a menace to people's welfare.

THE LOST SCHOLARSHIP.

W. H. VANN.

As Thorn Harrison was leaving school, the principal, Mr. Thompson, called him back.

"Thorn," he said, "I see that you are practicing for the foot-ball team."

"Yes, sir, I am," replied Thorn.

"I also see that, in consequence, that you are neglecting your studies," continued Mr. Thompson.

Thorn flushed. "I know that I am falling behind in my work," he said, "but I have a reason which I cannot now tell you, for playing for the team."

"Well, Thorn, you may have a reason for making the team, but I don't think it would pay you to lose the scholarship. You have a good chance now, but if you continue your ball-playing you may lose it."

Thorn walked home in silence, and thought of what the principal had said. He could make the foot-ball team, and his reason was this: Bill Thacker, who was playing against him for full-back, was a boy whose influence on the team was bad, and who often played dirty ball. Thorn thought that Bill would be caught up with, and he knew that if Mr. Thompson found out that the team was playing unfairly, he would prohibit foot-ball altogether; so Thorn felt it his duty to keep Bill out of the game by making the team himself.

When the team was announced, Thorn was elected captain. He studied hard, but was unable to keep up both of his studies and his practice; so he kept on practicing.

Nobody had much hope of winning the game with

Weston. They were a heavy lot, and Thorn knew that if his team won at all it must by end runs, not by line plunging. So he placed special stress on good interference, depending on that to gain ground.

The result of the first half was almost a tie. Weston scored a touch-down by repeated line plunges and kicked the goal. Stratford scored on a succession of long end runs, but Thorn in his eagerness to tie the score, failed to kick the goal. At the end of the first half the score was Weston six, Stratford five.

When the second half began, both teams braced themselves for the final test. Again and again Weston doggedly struggled down the field, gaining a few yards at a time, only to lose the ball nearly at Stratford's goal, when Thorn would kick.

But this gruelling contest was telling on the Stratford boys, and Thorn saw that some other plan must be adopted. Stratford made a determined effort, and held Weston for downs on their thirty-five yard line, so that they were forced to kick. The attempt to punt proved much of a failure. The Stratford quarter caught the ball, and aided by fine interference, advanced it to Weston's twenty-five yard line.

A series of end runs netted eighteen yards. But on their seven yard line Weston made a stand and the ball went over. Weston attempted an end run, but the runner was thrown back for a loss of three yards. On the second down only one yard was gained.

Thorn realized that it was now or never for Stratford. There were only three minutes to play. Weston had the ball on their five yard line, and unless Stratford could score now the game was lost. Weston must take the risk of making seven yards through the line or

kick. A kick meant the loss of several yards, and it would be impossible to score in so short an interval of time. The kick must be blocked.

Putting himself in the line, Thorn watched for his opportunity. Just as the ball was passed, he leaped clear over his opponent. As he had anticipated, the full-back fumbled, and as he recovered the ball Thorn forced him back over the line, scoring a touch-down and winning the game for Stratford.

The crowd went wild. It was the first time in four years that Stratford had beaten Weston. Thorn was the idol of the school, and nothing was talked of for days afterward but how Thorn had won the game.

For the rest of the session Thorn devoted himself to his studies, giving up base-ball in the spring, but he was unable to make up for the lost time in the fall. At the final examination he was a few points behind Hugh Willoughby.

On the day before the commencement Mr. Thompson called Thorn into his office. "Thorn," he said "you have improved very much this spring, but Hugh is a few points ahead of you. Would you mind telling me now why you insisted on playing foot-ball?"

As Bill Thacker had left the school, Thorn told the whole story, leaving out nothing. Mr. Thompson listened attentively, and at the close of the narration grasped Thorn's hand.

"You are a noble boy," he said.

When the scholarship was presented, Mr. Thompson addressed the audience in the following words:

"According to the rules of the contest, this scholarship goes to Hugh Willoughby, who has attained the high average of ninety-seven. But in behalf of myself

and the board of trustees, I wish to present a similar scholarship to Thorn Harrison, who gave up his opportunity to win the scholarship to play foot-ball. He played on the team because he thought that if his opponent got the place, it would stop the team from playing." And he told how Thorn had done the act for the good of the school.

This was a surprise to everybody—such a delightful surprise that the house was swept by a storm of applause. Thorn was overcome by being thus praised in public, but he realized that he was a greater hero in the eyes of the people than he had been on the ball-field.

CLASS POEM.

C. P. WEAVER.

Weak-winged is song,
Or else hath soared to that ethereal light
Which beats on Juno's chaliced throne,
Where gods once ruled in might.
Once met and mingled gods and men;
Once gods loved earthly fair,
And once the winged Mercury's feet
Fell thro' the cloven air.
But now no more the gods shall tell their tales,
No more their incense rise,
No more shall loom the hero's sails
White-limned against the skies.

Time, with its locks all silvery gray,
Hath with his ancient eye
Beheld the heroes pass away,
The gods unwept-for die.
To-day we stand where once have stood
The patriarchs of our land,
Where once in solitary mood
Strayed wandering savage band;
Those ancient oaks have heard their song,
And joined with martial notes
Their lusty measures loud and long
That filled their rugged throats.

The red-man's blazing camp-fire light
Hath with its mystic signs
Revealed their secrets thro' the night,
Their unavenged crimes.

The pilgrims axe hath echoed through
These forests dense and dark,
And here from out the woodland drew
The redman's deadly mark.
Here once the cabin, then the town
Hath reared its clustering head
Upon the long forgotten mound
Where sleep our storied dead.

Comrades of yesterday, to-day we meet
A laurel-crowned class,
Who round our Alma Mater's feet
Kneel for her blessing ere we pass.
Here we have quaffed the waters fresh and pure,
And hand in hand have strayed
With Muses silent and demure;
Their secrets have essayed.
Beneath the walls of Ilium have we fought,
Pierced Greek and Trojan plate,
Beheld the ruins Helen's eyes hath wrought
And wept over Hector's fate.

We've wandered with Odysseus o'er the foam,
Amid a thousand isles,
And vainly seeking for our home
Have braved Jove's cruel smiles.
With Cæsar have we fought the savage Gauls,
And crushed them 'neath our heels,
And home returned with victor's spoils,
And slave-chained chariot-wheels.
With brave Columbus have we scanned the sea,
In search of unknown lands,
Until we heard across the freshening breeze
The breakers on the strands.

The sceptered isles set in the silver seas
  Our eager eyes have seen,
Where siren's music filled the breeze
  And nymphs danced on the green;
The realms unknown to maddening mob—
  Fantasmas of the brain—
From Chaucer on the Canterbury way
  Thro' all the magic train.
With Shakespeare we have pierced the inner vale
  Into the great unknown.
Heard kings and fools narrate their tales
  Of treachery and thrones;
And dearer far than all the rest
  Have eat the luscious fruit,
Warmed on Italia's sunny breast
  And listened long to Casa Guidi's lute.

The kings of England have we met and known,
  From Alfred, loved of men,
Until the doughty Edward on the throne
  Announced our journey's end.
We've marked the farthest twinkling star
  And measured Saturn's rings,
And weighed Apollo's whirling car
  And probed the life of things.
Pearls have we gathered, priceless gems,
  Within a garden fair,
Whose light shall crown a diadem
  And charm in silence rare.

How swift the wings of time have flown!
  The sprig that springs to-day
To-morrow's sun shall see full-blown
  All things shall pass away.

We are but puppets dancing on a string,
The tender toys of Fate;
Death calls alike the peasant and the king,
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate.
Pandora's box hath filled a world with ills,
Which lurk in every den,
No heart shall win that craven cavil fills,
The age cries out for *Men*.

Men whom no bribes can turn away,
Strong men with hearts of steel,
Whose souls have caught the magic fire,
And glow with righteous zeal.
Then shall the future's sky be crimsoned o'er,
With hope the path be spread,
While the apples of Hesperides
Are ripening over head.
And from the ranks a Hercules,
With heart that knows no fears,
Shall loose the shackles from our feet
And touch our hearts to tears.

Where leads the path of life,
To fair Elesia? Nay,
But rather to a realm of strife,
Where boulders block the way;
Up deep defiles whose pointed peaks
Pierce thro' the azure sky,
Beside the pathway fall the weak,
By comrades left to die;
The thorns are thick upon the road,
And pierce the pilgrim's feet,
And weary grows the heavy load,
The journey incomplete.

But weary toil shall have an end,
The goal at last we gain,
And in the end a victor's crown—
Forgotten all the pain.

We dream of fame, nor yet have known
The weary load of care—
We dream of power, of sceptered throne,
Frail castles in the air.
The moon hath set behind the hills,
The east grows gray with light,
A promised morn the silence fills,
Day dawns, farewell the night.
The night of dreaming now is past,
The daytime calls for deeds,
To-day we don the toiler's garb
To serve life's daily needs.

JOHN BROOKS.

T. N. HAYES.

Some years ago there lived in western North Carolina a sturdy Scotchman, John Brooks. He had the strength of a giant and courage of a lion. This man, a typical mountaineer, inured to the hard mountain life, had the pluck to undertake anything. Since the war he had engaged in "blockading" for the profit there was in it. He had built a log cabin in the heart of the Blue Ridge, in a ravine between two mountains. Here, shut in from civilization he seemed secure from harm, but finally some revenue officers made a raid upon his distillery, which resulted in the complete destruction of his apparatus, and the wounding of one of the officers by Brooks as they were leaving the distillery. For this offence, Brooks was so hotly pursued that he was compelled to leave the country.

During the Civil War Brooks had made the acquaintance of a northern soldier, John Sullivan, who, Brooks knew, had been wounded, and had recently died. Now Brooks believed that he could secure a pension from the government by assuming the name of the deceased man, and filing his application accordingly. No ordinary man would have undertaken such a risk, but Brooks set to work with the determination to succeed. He went to Mitchell County and became known as John Sullivan. There was some peculiar power about him that won the confidence and esteem of those with whom he came in contact. Consequently, he soon gained favor with the people in the community.

In the meantime, application blanks for the pension

were received and he proceeded to fill them out by forging the names of dead men to the paper for witnesses who were to fill the necessary affidavits before a Notary Public. But how was Brooks to get the Notary Public to certify to these affidavits and affix his official seal?

Well, this caused him no anxiety, for on investigation he found that the officer "liked a dram" and having some whiskey which he had taken with him across the Blue Ridge, he made the Notary Public a visit, and, at once by means of his flattering tongue and his whiskey, won the officer over and effected his plan.

This done, Brooks, at once sent up the application, and in a few weeks, the government granted a pension to John Sullivan.

Check after check was received. Affairs were going well with the pensioner. He became very pious, and the people, who now trusted him implicitly, called him to preach in the village church. Endowed with the faculties that belonged to Brooks by inheritance from his Scotch ancestors, he was wonderfully successful in this practice of hypocrisy, and, as a result, his preaching was effective in a way, for he possessed a voice that was rich and powerful; and with a knowledge of sin gained by personal experience, he was able to appeal to the hearts of sinful men.

Time passed on. The authorities of the Pension Department, for some reason, suspected foul play, and a detective was sent to investigate the matter. Sufficient evidence was obtained, and a warrant was issued for John Brooks, alias John Sullivan, and placed in the hands of a United States Marshal, Price.

Suddenly Brooks disappeared from the village and found refuge in a cave on the crest of the mountain.

He would hunt and steal for sustenance, and thus he lived for some time feeling perfectly secure. But the marshal in whose hands the warrant had been placed knew the mountain well, and one day it occurred to him that Brooks might be in the cave. So he slipped around and lay in wait for him.

By and by, Brooks, on returning from a hunt with a good supply of game, was suddenly confronted by the marshal and his son, each armed with a Colt revolver.

"Hands up," shouted the marshal. Brooks obeyed, seeing that there was no chance of escape then. He was handcuffed, and the marshal started to lead him away, but Brooks begged him to go with him to the cave and let him get his clothes. The marshal consented, for Brooks seemed very submissive. The officer led him in the cave leaving his son at the entrance to guard it. He then unhandcuffed Brooks in order to enable him to change his clothing. Brooks was fumbling with his clothing, and, suddenly, sprang at the officer with an open razor, his eye flashing with murderous intent, and said:

"This razor has cut the throats of two men, and shall cut yours."

But the officer had been on the alert, and quick as lightning jumped back and threw his revolver in his antagnonist's face, and said:

"Move an inch and you're a dead man."

Brooks saw death in the muzzle of that revolver, and stopped.

The marshal's son had heard the words from the outside and ran to his father's assistance.

Brooks was handcuffed again, and led away to Bakersville that evening and placed in prison, after which he

was removed to the Federal prison at Greensboro to await his trial.

While in prison, he devised a plan of escape. He began to practise taking "fits." He had become deaf and dumb, was palsied, and could walk only with assistance. He hoped to escape with a light sentence if he could deceive the court, and by the time court opened he was able to take "fits" to perfection.

The day for his trial arrived, and he was carried to the court room by two officers. They had to support him on each side, since he could not walk without help. The case was called, and Brooks was placed in the prisoners' box. All eyes were on him. The sight was pitiful. That far away look in his eyes, and the general appearance of the man, caused a feeling of awe and pity to creep over those who looked at him.

The witness were called and testified that the prisoner was, John Brooks. This was sufficient evidence to convict him.

"Prisoner at the bar are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge, eyeing the prisoner closely.

There was no reply. The murmur and din of the voices was hushed and the court-room was silent. The prisoner did not turn his head. Suddenly, he sprang forward and fell in a terrible "fit," making inhuman noises. He yelled, he kicked, he pulled his hair and made all unnatural actions imaginable. It seemed that the man was struggling for life. But finally the spell was broken, and Brooks, exhausted and bleeding, lay on the platform. As soon as the judge had recovered from his excitement, he ordered the person removed.

"Well, what are you going to do with that man," said the judge to the solicitor.

"What are *you* going to do with him?" replied the solicitor, who in his excitement had jumped across a small table in his haste to get away from Brooks.

"Before I would send such a man as that to jail, I would go to jail myself," said the judge.

Brooks was acquitted. He had outwitted the Federal Court, and so went back to the mountain to plan another enterprise.

THE TRAGEDY OF BOSTON BRIDGE.

OSCAR R. MANGUM.

It was a beautiful morning in early October. The earth seemed to be wrapped in a golden sheet, for the green foilage all about on the numerous mountain peaks had changed to a richer hue. It was one of those ideal autumn days, the most glorious and yet the saddest of all the year, for one realizes that king winter has proclaimed his coming and gentle summer, with all her charms, is fast taking her flight.

Yes, it was on such a day as this that Lucie McMahon and her mother began their journey, which was to have so tragic an end, from the beautiful mountain country, where the water sparkles as the dew in the sunlight, and the life of the mountain maid is as free as the wind that fans her cheeks, to settle in the Yadkin Valley.

Mr. McMahon was engineer on this road and this morning he pulled his train with more pride than he had ever done before, even when he pulled "Vanderbilt's Special," for on it were his wife and only daughter, the fairest and sweetest girl of that sunny clime with bright laughing eyes and waving brown hair, a woman made after God's own pattern and not after woman's modern god, fashion. Never did he put so much of himself into his train. It seemed that every atom of it was alive and moving. Indeed, this morning, it was the "fiery steed" of the mountains as the lowlanders called it.

This train was the pride of his life. He used to say that he was never fully satisfied until he could feel her very heart-throbs, but when he saw the impatient quiver

of her very soul to bound forward he would gently take the reins in his hands until she slowed down. And this was his life and religion to care for those on his train as tho' every one were his own sweet child, and this he did with matchless skill.

Not very long after they started the train was staggering and reeling its way around the numerous curves and bounding joyously thro' the dark tunnels at such a speed that it caused Mrs. McMahon to cast an anxious look at the conductor. He seemed to understand her fears and said, smiling, "Gene can manage her. You are on his train and he wants 'Trilby' to do her best. Gene is the safest man on the road," and he passed on about his duties.

On and on they went flitting now and then by a country village until they passed out of the mountains into the famous Catawba Valley. But there was one dread ahead that loomed up before him as a horrible nightmare. It was Boston Bridge. Many times did he remember crossing it recently and felt it give and heard it crack. This trestle had been condemned time and again, but the company kept putting off the repair of it, until this time procrastination was a crime. And the public will never cease to be sufferers until the strong arm of the law shall seize these greedy corporations and compel them to care more for the lives entrusted to their keeping and less for personal gain.

The engineer almost forgot his fears as he sounded his famous "whippoor-will" blow and thought of how he used to woo his sweetheart with that whistle. But now they were on the bridge and without a moment's warning the rails spread, because of the rotten ties, and the train loaded with human souls rolled over into the

stream that the bridge spanned. Immediately shrieks and moans from the wounded and dying pierced the air and made the day hideous.

But by some miraculous means Lucie was only slightly hurt, tho' her mother was caught by a broken piece of timber and held fast. Lucie worked hard for her rescue but her weak hands could not wrench the strong timbers away. Presently she heard the sound of rushing water and lo! when she looked, the car was filling and in a moment, it seemed to her, the water was nearly over the mother's body. Lucie realized their peril, for the train had dammed up the swollen stream and soon they would both be drowned if help did not come. She cried for aid, but the sound of her voice was drowned by the roaring waters. They seemed to be forgotten--yet the water kept rising. Already it had covered the mother's body and only her head remained above it. Lucie, at last seeing that human ears could not hear their plea for life, thought of One that never did forsake His children in trouble, and cried: "O! God, I can't give mother up. She is all the world to me. Let me keep her."

Just then a hot tear fell on the mother's pale face and aroused her from a stupor. She looked into the eyes of her daughter, as the water began to rise over her face, and said: "Lucie, kiss me. I'll soon be gone. Tell Gene that I thought of him to the last, and you—" and a mad wave covered her face. Lucie in a frenzy pulled her face above the water again and the drowning mother murmured: "Good-bye." And again another angry wave buried her.

Still Lucie stood there half dazed, looking unseeingly ahead of her, not knowing what to do. But she was aroused by the water climbing up around her neck, and

as if panic-stricken she fought her way through the water to the door. On her way she stumbled over one dead man and saw another wash out of the window.

As she reached the ground she thought for the first time, "What if father is dead, too?" The porter saw her and hastened to her side.

"Jim, where is father? O! don't tell me that he, too, is dead." But she saw the dreadful truth written plainly upon the rough features of his honest face.

"Where is he?" she cried.

"Miss Lucie, you must not go. You are not able to bear the sight. Why you are pale as death already."

"Yes, I must. Lead the way."

He lead her to the mass of charred flesh that was the remains of her father, for he had been torn, cut and burned to pieces as the engine fell. But no tongue can express the sorrow of that girl as the truth burst upon her. She ceased her crying, and as she stood wildly staring at what was once the idol of her young heart, a wild scream burst from her quivering lips and she fell backward unconscious.

That afternoon she was borne away to the hospital, and that night one of the nurses, as she watched over the almost lifeless girl, noticed that the moon slipped from cloud to cloud as if seeking to veil its face from the awful results of that tragedy enacted while it was off duty. For the next morning they found her hair white like snow, bleached in a night by sorrow, as was said of Marie Antoinette, and a wild look gleamed from her eyes that told the sad story that reason had fled. Poor girl! doomed to a life ten thousand times worse than death as long as the brittle thread of life suspends its victim. But this was not all of that tragedy. That

day the emblem of mourning hung at the door of thirty different homes, and that many new-made graves told a story of suffering beyond the power of any mortal to describe.

Ah! the shame of it all. When will the suffering public be safe in travel, when these greedy corporations take into consideration the saving of repair money when human souls are at stake? When shall the hundreds of children made orphans, the scores of wives made widows and poor Lucie made an orphan, homeless, and a wreck for life, be repaid for the Tragedy of Boston Bridge? Time and eternity alone can unravel the twisted and gather up the broken threads and weave them together again, making all things well.

SANDY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

BY J. G.

It was a damp, cool night in the latter part of October. There had already been one or two heavy frosts which had forced the roughness from the persimmons. The ground was strewn with bright, various-colored leaves whose beauty all but surpassed that of the tender green leaves of May. The moon shone all night. There were heavy autumn mists every morning. In fact, everything seemed to indicate 'possum-hunting time.

"Boys," said Jake Boyd, as they were feeding the horses, "'spose we try that old grave-yard 'possum to-night. He is a fine one, I'll tell you. I saw his tracks down yonder in the road where that ditch comes out of the cotton-patch, just now when I came on with that last load of wood, and you couldn't have told them to save your life from a big nigger baby's tracks."

Jake made these remarks to his friend and co-laborer, Henry Devroe, and to the negro boy, Sandy Blount, whom they had hired to assist them with their share-crop. Jake and Henry were great 'possum hunters, the champions of the neighborhood, and they always carried Sandy along to climb trees or to hold the dogs.

Of course Jake wanted to catch the "grave-yard 'possum," but to a close observer that mischievous wink he gave Henry as he spoke showed plainly that something besides catching the 'possum was in his mind.

Before they left the stables the course of the hunt had been planned for the night. After supper Jake interpreted to Henry the meaning of that wink. He said that since all the crop had been laid by and cotton was

selling at *fifteen cents,* he felt as if he was obliged to have just a little fun. And poor superstitious Sandy, as fate would have it, was doomed to furnish this fun. The boy, as is characteristic of the Southern negro, had a great horror and aversion for grave-yards, especially after dark. So he at first hesitated and debated for some little time in the roomy recesses of his black cranium whether or not he should go. But a few words of persuasion and a little talk about "'possum sop and taters" soon made the darkey's mouth water, and as a natural consequence settled his hesitating and superstitious mind.

The three, with only one lantern and the faithful dogs "Jaseybel" and "Gypsy," left home soon after 10 o'clock. This is considered by experienced hunters the best time for catching an old 'possum, and just before daybreak the best for the younger ones. Evidently the older an opossum the more daring and venturesome he becomes.

The dogs struck the trail near the house and with an occasional low bark and loud yelp carried it in almost a bee-line to the persimmon tree in the cotton patch. Jake and Henry now thought they would miss the fun they had been so anxiously anticipating. But the 'possum was too old and experienced to risk his life up a little tree standing alone in an open field, so hearing the barking of the hounds and rightly guessing its meaning he cut short his supper of persimmons and started back for his hollow in the woods. The dogs, however, were too swift for him and soon "treed" him up a thick, bushy cedar just on the edge of the grave-yard. The boys now came up and were quite sure they had the old fellow at last; but somehow, intentionally of course, they had come off from home and forgotten the axe. Sandy was at once dispatched for it and told to hurry back.

While he was gone Henry went up the cedar, captured the game, and waited in the tree. Sandy returned almost out of breath, and so interested and enthusiastic over the bright prospects of bagging the big 'possum that he was also half out of his senses.

"Sandy," said Jake, "got the ax?"

"Yeah, here 'tis, I got it," was Sandy's response.

"Well, Sandy, come to think about it, 'twont ever do in the world to cut this tree down. It belongs to the church and is in the grave-yard *to boot*. I ain't quite willing to run the risk of having dead people and live ones, too, after me."

"Dat's right," said Sandy; "but—er—I kin clim' it if—"

"Up with you, then, Sandy; I thought you could," said Jake, chuckling to himself, for that was exactly what he was wishing for.

It is not matter of wonder that Sandy had not missed Henry, nor that he failed to observe that the lantern was not burning. His shoes and coat dropped off, as it were, and he was going up the tree like a squirrel. A gossamer wisp of haze now cloaked the moon, and Henry, touching the negro lightly on the head with his fingers, quavered mystically out of the shadow, "Come up a little higher."

Sandy fell to the ground as if he had been shot, but was on his feet in an instant and making for the house like "a streak of greased lightning," as Jake put it. But just as he sprang over the fence he jumped astride a white calf lying on the other side. The calf, frightened fully as bad as the negro, made a break for the bushes, bellowing and bucking as only a calf can do. This came near finishing the boy. He no doubt thought his time

had come at last, and that he was "going on to glory" riding a ghost.

Jake and Henry nearly split their sides laughing, and had all the fun they wanted that night; but they also unfortunately realized in a few days the sad fact that they had lost one of the best farm hands they ever hired, for Sandy, fled to parts unknown, has not been seen in that neighborhood since.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God in His allwise and inscrutable providence to remove from us and take to Himself our beloved brother and fellow-student, D. P. Robbins; be it, therefore,

Resolved 1. That we, the members of the Euzelian Literary Society, are grieved over the death of this faithful, industrious, ambitious and consecrated young man.

2. That we extend to his bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy in this sad bereavement, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, that they be spread upon the minutes of the Society and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and in the leading State papers.

E. N. THORN,
CHAS. A. LEONARD,
W. J. JONES,

Euzelian Society, Sept. 30. 1905.

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Change of Presidency at Wake Forest.

When Doctor Taylor offered his resignation as President of Wake Forest College, everybody acquainted with him and with the College regretted that the time had come when he felt the burden of the Presidency was too heavy for him. For his devotion to the institution and for his wise and more than competent direction of it during over a third of its long career, North Carolina Baptists owe a debt to him that they can never pay. His influence for plain living and high thinking, we venture to say, have been felt in every State in the United States, and in many foreign lands, and it will continue to be felt so long as men love truth and right, and so long as they believe that God gave His Son to save the world. In fitting terms *The Recorder* says of him:

"He has labored with the zeal and the courage and the faith of Waite; he has maintained the lofty spirit of Wingate, even so that it dwells within Wake Forest's walls in fullness to this day; he has presented the institution and its cause to our people with the skill and the enthusiasm of Pritchard; and to the virtues of these illustrious predecessors he has added a degree and variety of scholarship, of wisdom and progressiveness, all his own."

In November, 1882, Dr. Taylor left his duties as Professor of Latin to his colleagues, while he entered the field and undertook to increase the endowment of the College from $54,000 to $100,000. By the last of December, 1883, he had every cent of the amount in the treasurer's hands. This great work made it possible for Wake Forest to be all that it is to-day; for, just at that time the College was on the verge of financial ruin. At present we are not in danger of bankruptcy, but there is a pressing need for more endowment. An addition of $200,000 is necessary to enable Wake Forest to keep pace with other colleges in the State and to enable her to furnish the proper means of education for our people. Dr. Taylor has therefore entered the field again with the purpose of raising the amount just mentioned. This will probably be his last call on North Carolina Baptists for endowment and their last opportunity to show their regard and gratitude for what he has done for them and made possible for their sons. It is to be hoped that nobody will refuse to loosen his purse strings.

The Wake Forest Trustees have been congratulated on all sides for their wisdom in electing Dr. William Louis Poteat to succeed Dr. Taylor as President of Wake Forest College. They believed, and they have been supported in their belief by everybody else interested that a better man for the place could not have been found by looking the world over. Dr. Poteat is a scholar of the highest order, strong in body, has great executive ability, and he is characterized by a poise that is a matter of wonder and admiration to all who know him personally. As a scientist and a lecturer he has acquired a lofty fame, having recently addressed large audiences at Baylor, Colgate, and in London, and engaged to lecture before five leading Baptist Theological Seminaries in

America. He is a devout Christian who, to his own mind's satisfaction, has reconciled science and religion, and is therefore prepared to render invaluable service to those who have to come face to face with facts in the physical world which, if not rightly interpreted, might be a stumbling block to faith. The following paragraph from *The Recorder,* we trust, will be widely read and taken to heart by all who read it:

"President Poteat has gained Faith by Science and Science by Faith. There has been talk of his orthodoxy. Immature young men have charged up their half-baked notions to him. Like any other Scientist he has at times made utterances that were misread. How patiently has he waited! To-day the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, men who know him and who know the doctrine, true to themselves and true to the churches, present him to the Baptists of North Carolina as President of the institution that they guard as sacredly as ever holy altars were guarded, a brother whom they can trust, a Christian in thought and life, a Baptist true and loyal to all that Baptists hold dear."

Rejection of Poe.

When two mediocre poets were given places in New York's Hall of Fame and Edgar Allen Poe was again rejected, probably the first thought that flashed into every Southerner's mind on receiving the announcement was that the action of the board of electors was malicious and due to sectional prejudice. It must be remembered, however, that these same electors likewise rejected Bryant, Motley and Phillips Brooks, who are regarded by a great number of Northern people as little gods.

Two other reasons suggest themselves for Poe's rejection. Either he was not a poet of first rank, or the electors of the Hall of Fame are not capable of judging true poetry. It is surprising that such a question should arise;—one which seems to involve our national reputation rather than Poe's repute. These judges put us in

a bad light before the rest of the world. And as for Poe, when it comes to the judgment of one hundred New Yorkers, with less than a national reputation, as against the judgment of the greatest literary men in England, Germany, France, Italy, and America, that of the latter will be generally accepted. Poe has carved for himself a niche in the *world's hall of fame* and gained for himself a place in the heart of humanity which will last long after New York's Hall has crumbled into dust; also the very bones of the men who have refused to honor him.

The plain truth of it all, however, lies not in the fact that the electors were influenced by sectionalism, or that they are not men of more than ordinary ability, but in the fact that there is yet running through these men a strain of Puritanism which will not allow them to enjoy poetry for its own sake. Nothing is acceptable to them that does not have a moral tagged on at the end. They will like Poe better by and by as they drift further from the hard doctrines of Michael Wigglesworth and as they learn to love art for art's own sake.

College Athletics.

College athletics are being severely criticised from one end of the country to the other. The general opinion among parents seems to be that the real purposes of the college are made subordinate to sports, and that if something is not done to check the spirit of "commercialism" and professionalism, the college will by and by become a place for ruining rather than for building character. It is believed that football and baseball players, track-team and others who represent the college in an athletic way have to devote too much time to practice, as well as engage in an unreasonable number of contests; that students after

giving the whole of every afternoon to physical training are too tired to study when night comes, or are so much interested in athletics that they do nothing but sit around and talk. The professional coach also comes in for his share of the blame. His sole aim, it is said, is to put out a winning team; and in order to do this, he not infrequently shows an utter disregard for uprightness and even for good manners, and, therefore, defeats that for which college sports ought to be most useful,—namely, practical social morality. Much is also said of the campaigning of smaller schools for athletic material, of the brutality of our sports, and of various other things until one might be led to believe the present system of athletics is one of the greatest curses on the face of the earth. There is actually a number of people who advocate abolishing inter-collegiate contests altogether.

Mr. Lyman Abbott, however, while admitting—as everybody does—that much reform is needed, takes a more hopeful view of the situation. He says that the normal, regular, quiet and wholesome activities of the college receive little public notice, while on the other hand, the unwholesome and abnormal, the noisy and irregular incidents, are widely published,—due to the desire of newspapers to furnish something unusual; that nothing has done so much to blot out the hazing and boisterous lawlessness which were once so prevalent among American colleges, as athletic contests between the colleges; and that to abolish such contests in order to get rid of their abuses would be to burn the barn in order to kill the rats.

Here at Wake Forest athletics have been kept singularly pure. Professionalism and commercialism have not entered in, nor have our ball-players been allowed to waste a great deal of time, either as to practice or the

number of games played with other colleges. Our coach, we are sure, is an exception to the rule. The fact that he stays with us all the year and has the direction of every branch of our athletics, of itself largely does away with the bad influence that might arise if his business was simply to come for a month or two in the spring and train the baseball team. No one will say that he has ever failed to do his duty by our team, nor that he lacks ability as a baseball coach; and we believe now that if it had not been for unfortunate circumstances which were unavoidable and which arose at the "eleventh hour," our team would have been second to none other in the State—including even those that played professionals. And then, besides his excellent work with the ball team, Mr. Crozier gave athletics such an impetus as Wake Forest has not experienced for some time, and as director, he brought about nothing short of a revolution in the gymnasium work. He saw at once that those long drills were uninteresting and consequently were not beneficial. Accordingly he made them shorter and substituted various games which afforded as much or more exercise—and exercise that was exhilerating to the student and that made him forget his books and troubles for awhile.

Some drill work is necessary, we suppose, but we hope that the drills will be further curtailed, if possible, and that still more attention will be given to such things as will make the gymnasium so attractive that it will be unnecessary to force anybody to attend regularly. The one trouble about games is that there is not room in the house for a full section to be engaged at the same time. Some extra basket-ball courts could be made out of doors, however, and certainly our students ought and will give more attention to track-team work this year

than they did last. It is a shame, almost a disgrace, that Wake Forest, one of the oldest and most widely known colleges in the South, should continue to be represented in no other intercollegiate sport than baseball. Football is denied us, it is true, but basket-ball, hand-ball, track-team, and tennis are all open to us.

There is a single phrase often heard on the diamond that I should like to thunder into ear and soul of every man, new and old, at Wake Forest—"Wake up and get into the game!"

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

We propose to give in this month's issue a brief history of last year's graduating class:

Matthias Darling Austin, A.B., of Richmond County, is preaching near Portsmouth, Va. Mr. Austin was married to Miss Gertrude Dunn, of Youngsville, in the early part of the summer. Samuel Wait Bagley, A.B., Halifax, has a position with J. D. Boushall, '86, State agent of the Ætna Insurance Company at Raleigh. John Abner Barker, A.B., Robeson, is in business with his father, W. P. Barker, at Lumberton. Thomas Malcolm Bizzell, A.B., Wayne, is continuing the study of medicine at the Philadelphia Medical School. John William Cole, A.B., Davidson, is teaching near Lexington. Richard DePew Covington, A.B., Florence, S. C., is in business with his father. Marion Leslie Davis, A.B., Carteret; assisting in the Department of History and working for the M. A. degree. William Josiah Francis, A.B., Haywood, principal of the Clyde High School near Waynesville. Clement Tyson Goode, A.B., Cleveland, principal of the Graded Schools at Oxford. Walter Everett Goode, A.B., Cleveland, assisting as instructor in Bethel Hill Institute at Leaksville. Mr. Goode married Miss Essie Hamrick, of Cleveland County, a few weeks ago. John Steger Hardaway, Jr., A.B., Newman, Ga., teaching in the Graded Schools at Newman. Claudius Cooper Howard, A.B., Sampson, teaching at Salemburg. Was married during summer to Miss Berta Herring, of Sampson County. James Dallas Howell, A.B., Halifax, teaching and preaching at Hobgood. Judson Dunbar Ives, A.B., Moore, assisting in Biology and expects to take the M. A. degree at next commencement. Wingate Memory Johnson, A.B., Wake, pursuing studies in the Medical Department and intends taking M. A. this year. James Monroe Justice, A.B., a student at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Thurman Delna Kitchen, A.B., Halifax, medical student at the State University. Edward Long, A.B., Union, a student at Crozer Seminary. Calvin Greene Lowe, A.B., Wilkes, preaching in Wake County. Joseph Ray Morgan, A.B., Haywood, practicing law at Waynesville. Alfred Henderson Olive, A.B., Davidson, assisting in Chemistry and working for M. A. degree. Hubbard Fulton Page, A.B., Cumberland, at the head of the English Department in Buie's Creek Academy. Jesse Parker, A.B., Bertie, farming in his native county. George

Ammon Peek, A.B., Norfolk, Va., teaching near Hodge's Ferry, Va. James Dick Proctor, A.B., Robeson, studying law at the State University. James Robinson Saunders, A.B., Union, teaching in Mount Moriah Academy, Wake County. John Henry Vernon, Jr., A.B., Person, intends taking B. L. degree here this year. Thomas Lewellen Vernon, A.B., Rockingham, preaching near Tarboro. William Luther Wyatt, A.B., Wake, sick at his home in Raleigh, but improving, and will be engaged in business with his father. William Walter Stafford, B.S., Pasquotank, student in Richmond Medical College. Samuel Hill Yokley, M.A., Davidson, in Richmond Medical College. John Bascom Anderson, B.L., Buncombe, practicing law in Asheville. Buck Hillary Crumpler, B.L., Sampson, practicing law at Clinton. Thaddeus Samuel Ferree, B.L., Randolph, pursuing academic studies here. Thomas Jarvis Markham, B.L., Pasquotank, continuing study of law here. Frederick D. Swindell, Jr., B.L., practicing law temporarily at Beaufort; intends locating permanently at Wilson. Phillips Campbell McDuffie, B.L., Baltimore, Md., intends practicing law at Louisburg.

'03-'04. P. D. Mangum is at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

'04. Burton Ray is an assistant in chemistry at Cornell University.

'97. Gray R. King is superintendent of the graded schools of Wilson.

'98. A. C. Cree has been called to the pastorate of the Nashville Baptist church.

'01-'04. Isaac Newton Loftin is a divinity student at the University of Chicago.

'90. It was a regret to learn of the death of Edward F. Early, of New Berne, who died several weeks ago.

'03-'05. Paul H. Mitchell is continuing the study of medicine at Richmond College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.

'98. Walter Cohoon, who was reading clerk of the last State Senate, has re-entered college and is studying law.

'97. William Turner Carstarphen is achieving success in the practice of medicine at Garysbury, Northampton County.

'83-'86. Randolph Redfearn, one of the prosperous merchants of Monroe, visited his son in school and friends here last month.

'96-'97. John Speas, in business at Boonville, Yadkin County, was recently married to Miss Mollie Poindexter, of the same county.

'87. The main auditorium of the Ninth Avenue Baptist church of Charlotte, of which L. R. Pruett is pastor, is being completed this fall.

'03. Earl Fowler was here some weeks ago on his way to Chicago, where this year he will complete his course at the University of Chicago.

'71. John B. Brewer, president of Franklin Female Seminary, states that this year his school has experienced the best opening in its history.

'95. Robert W. Haywood, valedictorian of his class and who assisted in Latin and Greek here in '96, is making an able paper of *The Greensboro Telegram.*

'90. G. W. Ward spent a few days of last month on the hill. The college feels great pride in the record he is making as one of the leading judges of the State.

'99. Of course the college is proud of the honor that has recently been conferred upon John Charles McNeill in awarding him the handsome Patterson Loving Cup.

'96. Willis G. Briggs, on the editorial staff of *The Raleigh Post,* is one of the most forceful newspaper writers in the State, and one of the most prominent for his age.

'78-'82. William B. Pritchard is a celebrated nerve specialist in the North, and was called in to attend the Japanese plenipotentiary, who was ill while in this country.

'03. M. L. Harris has resigned his church near Tarboro to enter the Seminary and Thomas L. Vernon, '05, who has just recovered from a long case of illness, will succeed Mr. Harris.

'67. W. R. Gwaltney, college pastor for several years, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. He is in the pride of his usefulness and attributes his strength and vigor to the grace of God.

'71. The Winston First church, of which H. A. Brown is pastor, has recently added a splendid pipe-organ. Dr. Brown is said to be the most loved man in Winston-Salem and is a pastor in the true sense.

'90. John E. White, of Atlanta, Ga., was called upon by the best people of that city to lead a movement to bring about the adoption of resolutions such as would break up the gambling and pool selling at the fairs in that city. The movement was successful. It is a regret that some public-spirited man in this State does not lead forth a movement to crush such practices at our State fairs, which are, as conducted at the present, a disgrace to the State.

'71-'04. It is said that this promises to be the most prosperous year in the history of the Lenoir Academy under the administration of John A. White. Jesse W. Curtis, '04-'05, is assisting Mr. White in the Academy.

'83. Thomas Jackson Simmons, to whom was given last commencement by the trustees the degree of LL.D., has recently made another large gift to the Alumni Building, thus becoming the largest contributor to the handsome building.

'03. Theodore B. Davis, who was for awhile assistant pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, Raleigh, and spent last year at the Seminary at Louisville, Ky., is making a successful pastor of the Catawba, Olivet and Mount Grove churches in Catawba County.

'89. A true, quietly working minister of the Gospel is George P. Harrell, of Thomasville, and, speaking of him, *Charity and Children* says: "Rarely have we heard our pastor preach two richer or more suggestive sermons than those of last Sunday at the Orphanage."

'97. In its issue of September 26 *The Greenville Daily Reflector* contains quite a lengthy editorial on the Winterville High School, which G. E. Lineberry has brought to the front. The paper praises Mr. Lineberry and his school in high terms and describes his school as "a progressive institution that is the pride of this section."

'91. The following will explain itself: "Mrs. Eliza J. Joyner requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Virginia Green, to Mr. Robert Bruce White, on Wednesday morning, November eighth, nineteen hundred and five, at half after four o'clock, Methodist Episcopal church, Franklinton, North Carolina."

'92. Speaking of Malicus Addison Adams *The Biblical Recorder* says: "We welcome Brother M. A. Adams back home from Virginia —to the West Chowan, his churches being Winton (Chowan) and Union. He did well enough in Virginia, but North Carolina is the place for him. He has held three meetings since his return. Over sixty converts at Mars Hill."

'97. Robert N. Simms, a representative of the Raleigh Bar, and who graduated here with honors, was a welcome visitor when he addressed Professor John B. Carlyle's Sunday School class the third Sunday of last month. Mr. Simms was a member of the State Legislature of 1901, he was elector from the Fourth Congressional District, and is the founder of the Baraca movement in North Carolina.

While mentioning the fact that Charles Lee Smith, '84, has been chosen president of Mercer University, *The Biblical Recorder* asks if we may not boast a little, the new president of Furman, Edwin

Poteat, '81, the new president of Wake Forest, W. L. Poteat, '89, the new head of pedagogy in University of Virginia, William H. Heck, '99, and the new professor of medicine in the University of Virginia, Wm. Henry Whitehead, '77, all being Wake Forest men. We may.

'77. *The Recorder* has the following to say of William Henry Whitehead: "Dr. Whitehead's acceptance of the headship of the Medical Department of the University of Virginia is a well-nigh irreparable loss to North Carolina. In a time when our stronger sons are finding it well to remain with us, we part with such a man in genuine regret. In our University he has proved a master of medicine and an instructor of rare gifts. Moreover, his fine Christian character has been a steady light in that important centre of life. With Alderman, Whitehead and Heck in the ancient University of the Old Dominion, that institution will renew her youth and appeal with old-time power to North Carolina."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

The *Red and White* for September is before us, but it does not measure up to our expectations. "History Versus Fiction" is entirely too short. "How It Happened" has the distinction of being simple in the true sense of the word. The writer of "Won from the Sea" understands the art of stopping at the right time. A few thoughtful essays would add to the interest and value of the magazine. A careful reading of the proof sheet is suggested.

The October issue of *The Colgate Madisonensis* is poor. Had it not been for a few games of ball we fear the magazine would have failed completely this month. It is well enough to report games in college magazines, but it does not show much taste to carry it to the extreme. It is calculated to make one think that the magazine is troubled with that fatal disease, egotism. A table of contents would add to the convenience of its readers. We should be glad to see an evidence of more literary talent in the next issue.

In glancing over *The Trinity Archive* for October we find that it is still holding up its average. The writer of "John Hay, Author and Journalist," gives a brief sketch of Mr. Hay's career and success. It makes one almost feel as if he had been in this great man's presence for a short time. The story, "A Twentieth Century Rubicon," arouses our interest and leaves us to draw our own conclusions as to what David finally did. The poems in this issue are short but the quality makes up for the brevity.

Frivolous stories weaken the September issue of *The Stanford Sequoia*. The value would be enhanced by some well written essays. The October number in some respects is an improvement on the September number. "Pete and The Prodigal" is told in a clumsy way and the connection is hard to keep. The author of "Stanford Literary Tendencies" says that the *Sequoia* is deficient in sound articles. This can truthfully be said of many college magazines. The *Sequoia* furnishes us with the best poetry on the table. "The Golden Key" deserves special mention.

The September number of *The Baylor Literary* is small, but it is a credit to the institution. The author of "The Crisis and Hope of Russia" shows that he is familiar with the conditions of Russia. The subject is handled logically. He tells us that there is a better

day for Russia in the near future: "She lives no longer in a time of discords and uneasiness, but joins in the march of nations toward that day when universal peace shall reign." "Fine Arts in Education" is weighty. It is written in an easy and simple style. It dwells upon the importance of cultivating the three sides of man's nature—the intellectual, the aesthetic, and the volitional.

The Davidson College Magazine came promptly to our table, and we find much in it worthy of comment. The writer of "Passing" has hidden in him the very soul of pathos that stirs one to the depths. Hear him: "Time has done what powder and bullets could hardly do. The army of the South has sounded a retreat before the onslaughts of time; the once dauntless spirits are being at last subdued. The remnant of the grand old army of the South is passing—passing to an eternal home, free from the wars and conflicts of earth." We call that akin to pathos in its theme and expression. The oration, "North Carolina and Her Motto," is worthy of commendation. The world knows little of North Carolina's history just because we have taken no pride in it ourselves. But an awakening is coming. "A Double Prodigal" is a very commonplace story and resembles a day dream of a boy not out of his 'teens. "The College Man and His Four Years" is a sensible article. "Sing Me to Sleep" is a dear little piece that reveals the power of music. "A Menace to Americanism" is a rather dull oration, and besides, it is a timeworn subject hoary with age. The style could be greatly improved. All the poems are good, especially "Violin Symphonies." The editorials deserve special mention. They are thoroughly sensible to say the least of them.

This completes the exchanges on our table.

CLIPPINGS.

IN THE 'B' CLASS.

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary went—
'Cause Mary had the hives.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

MARY AND HER DOG.

"Mary had a little dog; his name was Peekaboo.
He followed her to school one day, and almost caught her, too!"

—*The Baptist Press.*

A PARODY.

At the good old supper time!
At the good old supper time!
I remember how we used to rush
To be the first in line.
I got my steak and you got yours,
And that's a pretty good sign:
That we were among the first ones there,
When the bell rang 'supper time!'

DEFINITIONS.

The Simple Life—"Doing your own work."

The Strenuous Life—Doing some other fellow's work.

The Modern Life—"Getting some other fellow to do your work."—*Smart Set.*

By a recent experiment it has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under pressure) with the following reaction: K I plus 2S=Kiss. Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive and the reaction violent.—*Ex.*

He: "But couldn't you learn to love me, Alice?"

She: "I don't think I could."

He (spitefully): Alas, it is as I thought, you are too old to learn."—*Ex.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

GEO. J. SPENCE, Editor.

—Mid Terms!

—Did you go to the Fair?

—Dr. Lewis Gaies has gone to his home in Atlanta, Ga., for a few days' visit.

—Miss Bessie Wilkins, of Winston, is the guest of Miss Ada Lee Timberlake.

—Mr. Archie Ward was on the Hill a day or two, giving us the hand of fellowship.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Sikes have returned from a visit to Dr. Sikes' home, in Monroe, N. C.

—Mr. Walter Mc. Keener and wife and Walter Mc. Keener, Jr., are stopping at the Hotel.

—Miss Maggie Allen, after a very pleasant visit among friends in Raleigh, has returned home.

—Misses Francis Covington and Lessie Proctor spent a few days on the Hill with Miss Edith Taylor.

—Mr. M. U. Sawyer, of Elizabeth City, was on the Hill during Fair week, visiting his son, Mr. P. G. Sawyer.

—Miss Mary Johnson, of the Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, was the guest of Miss Ruby Reid for a few days.

—Mr. Bob Camp, who is remembered among us as the successful manager of the Wake Forest baseball team of 1902-3, has recently been honored by being elected manager of the baseball team of the University of Virginia.

—Miss Eula Newsome, of Littleton, and Miss Makepeace, of Sanford, are spending a few days with Mrs. W. W. Holding.

—Miss Elizabeth Gulley, who is teaching in the Sanford Graded School, Sanford, N. C., is visiting her parents on Faculty Avenue.

—Misses Jessie and Rosa Powell have returned home after an extended trip North. Miss Petie Powell and her mother have gone to the springs at Saratoga, N. Y.

—Messrs. Ben. Suttle and Bussey Lattimore, of A. and M. College, Raleigh, paid their friends, Buford Williams and C. B. McBrayer, a pop call last Sunday, returning to Raleigh on the evening train.

—We are very glad indeed to learn that the *Wake Forest Weekly,* which all recognized last year as filling a long-felt need in the life of the College, is to make its appearance among us again immediately after Christmas. It is a good thing. It is worthy of your support, boys. Help it along.

—The Wake Forest tennis team, E. B. Earnshaw and H. M. Poteat, met and defeated the Guilford College team, R. C. Lindsay and C. E. Rabb, on Guilford's grounds, October 14. As will be seen from the score,—which was 6-0, 6-0, 4-6, 7-5,—the first part of the contest was rather one-sided. After the second set, however, the Guilford boys rallied and the fight for victory was so hot as to elicit enthusiastic and almost continuous cheering from the spectators, many of whom were ladies. Another meet will be held at Guilford, November fourth, and one at Durham with Trinity College, November third.

University College of Medicine

MEDICINE DENTISTRY PHARMACY

STUART McGUIRE, M. D., President.

PAULUS A. IRVING, M. D., Secretary.

SEVENTY-FIVE TEACHERS:

Twenty-six in Faculty; Forty-nine in Adjunct Faculty.

Member of Asociation of American Medical Colleges, Southern Medical College Association and National Association of Dental Faculties,

The University College of Medicine stands for the thorough education of doctors. It believes that an adequate professional training can be given only to those whose preliminary education has been good. Therefore, the requirements for admission to its classes have been fixed so as to encourage young men to fit themselves for professional study by a thorough academic and soientific training. Careful attention has been given by this College to the subject, and the authorities stand ready to give suggestions and advice to young men who desire to shape their courses of study with a view to entering upon the study of Medicine, Dentistry or Pharmacy.

All medical students are effected by laws passed in many States, regulating the practice of medicine. Students of this College, under present conditions of entrance and graduation, are able to meet requirements for admission to licensing examinations in any State.

For 144-page Catalogue address

WILLIAM R. MILLER, Proctor,

RICHMOND, VA.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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AUTUMN.

H. F. PAGE.

From whence such strange,
  Sad yearning in thine eyes—
This self-forgetting gaze
  Searching the sundown skies,
And all that range
  Of dim-vanishing hills
Lost in a swirl of haze?

Not thus wast thou
  That 'tense September noon
When 'neath yon vine's rich mass
  Of cluster-hung festoon
I glimpsed thy brow,
  And saw the poplar's crest
Blush gold as thou didst pass.

—Was it some old,
  Past pain unbidden come
With that vague heart-deep sigh—
  Some woe thou couldst not name?—
Or, didst behold
  Some tender lonely thing
Frost-drooped, wither and die?

Lone-lulled the lone
  Wind's strange unceasing wail—
A cold, wet leaf
  Adrift brushes thy pale
Brow, earthward blown,
  And in thine eyes I read
My own heart's nameless grief.

THAT NEWISH FROM 'WAY DOWN SOUTH.

ELI.

"He's coming to-day—or I suppose it would be more to the point to say to-night," remarked "Snooze" Andrews from the farthest corner of the room where the "Rosebuds" were meeting.

"Who?" asked a lazy voice from the vicinity of the window seat.

"Depend on 'Babe' for curiosity," said the first speaker. "The man I was talking about was that Newish from Alabama. Bill Marshall knows him, and says he is a perfect 'mama's baby'—the sort that gets sixteen dozen prizes at school, and thinks he's the whole thing, owns the world and several other things,—you know the type, there are some three or four dozen newish like that here now."

"Well!" "Crammy" Jones—the laziest man in college—was the next speaker. "Since I'm president of the 'Rosebuds,' I suppose it's up to me to make a motion as to what to do for the newish when he comes." He stretched out his long legs and glanced approvingly at his new boots.

"*I* tell you what!" roared "Babe" Brown—the man who looked like a combination of football hero and prize fighter—"I tell you, boys—"

"Let's hear the Babe," said somebody near the door.

"I tell you, fellows," continued "Babe," not heeding the interruption, "let's pile it on, rub it in, and show what the 'Rosebuds' are made of!"

"Good for the 'Babe'!" laughed the "American Beauty," who had not spoken before. He had carrot-colored hair, cat eyes, and his face was as he himself expressed it, "one huge freckle."

"Me too!" said somebody else, and then followed a brisk discussion.

This was at its height when "Snooze" consulted his watch.

"Eleven-thirty, boys," he announced, "and unless I'm mightily mistaken our young friend from Alabama comes in at one-fifty-six, on 39. Lucky that I heard Dr. Sparks tell the Y. M. C. A. fellow, Martin, to meet him—of course he meant the Alabama man—and then five minutes afterward Martin left on the three-o'clock for Warleigh, to stay until to-morrow morning, for I asked him. You all know how forgetful he is, and I'm sure he didn't make any arrangements for having the fellow met and carried to the hotel."

"Things are surely coming our way, boys," declared the "Bride Rose"—a woman-hater.

"I'm thinking about that quiz on 'phiz' to-morrow at nine," said "Crammy." "To tell you the truth, I have not looked at the thing, and we have those awful 'machines,' not to speak of those last chapters on 'electricity.'"

"Aw, break it off, old boy; you know the rest of us are in the same box—just wear a pleasant smile and do the 'Mrs. Wiggs act,' and you'll get along all stern, I'm sure." This from "Snooze."

"Well, all right, just as you say," replied "Crammy," rising. "It's time for this thing to break up, for I've got the 'Idyls of the King' to read before one o'clock. They ought to have been done a week ago, but I didn't have time, and Professor Dunlap said to-day he would 'ask Mr. Jones to give us an outline of one of them' in class to-morrow. I'm pretty sure it'll be that old 'Geranium and Enoch'—isn't there one like that?"

"Search me," answered "Beaut." "For my part, I don't

see why they had to write about the old heathen and their 'idols'—I think it's mighty curious, myself."

"Now," said "Snooze," as the five separated at the foot of the dormitory steps, "let's see if the 'Rosebuds' can't get busy!"

"The Rosebuds" were known to the faculty as "a little literary organization." Dr. Sparks had said on one occasion:

"I like to see in the student body such a spirit as is exhibited by a small part of the Sophomore class. They have organized a literary club, which unfortunately is called derisively by the other students 'The Rosebuds'—a great pity, I think, for of course such ridicule tends to discourage such laudable efforts on the part of the struggling band. Mr. Jones, the president of the club, tells me that they will study Browning this winter—["more probably 'blacking,'" came in a loud whisper from a rear seat in the chapel, but it fortunately did not reach Dr. Sparks' ears]—and I hope the faculty may on some occasion be allowed to attend the meetings," he continued, then wondered why certain members of the Sophomore class laughed and others blushed a fiery crimson.

* * * * * * * *

"Whew! it's cold."

"'Beaut,' swing on to that blacking, and be sure you don't drop it."

"Say, 'Snooze,' did you put in the soot and kerosene like I told you to?"

"Yes, but hush now, for I thought I heard the train blow."

"That moonlight surely does make everything look cold," remarked "Bride" in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, and there's the train—we must stay in the shadow and let 'Bride' go up and meet the man,—isn't that

the way you said?" asked "Babe," who always had to be told oftener than the others.

"Let the 'Beaut' go up to meet him—he's got a heap prettier manners than I have, and you know it," grumbled "Bride."

"Now, 'Bride,' is your nerves going to fail like that? I'm surprised at you." "Snooze" was getting very cold and rather cross.

"Well, I'll do my best—here she comes!" cried "Bride," as the splendid vestibuled train came in with a rush. Two short, shrill toots, a sound like a long-drawn sigh, and the train came to a full stop. Off came the porter, carrying a suit case, followed by a short, rather plump young man wearing a long overcoat and derby hat.

The train puffed out noisily, leaving the stranger standing alone looking about him.

"I wonder—" he said to himself. But he was not left to "wonder" long, for he was approached by a big, handsome fellow in a jaunty cap and flapping cravanette.

"Mr.—er—er, I am president of the Y. M. C. A."—here he stammered and looked wildly about him, for the stranger was looking at him in a rather incredulous manner. Then he cleared his throat. "And I've come to meet you."

"So good of you," murmured the newcomer. "Shall I introduce myself, or—"

"Don't scare yourself—I think I've heard of you before." The other shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you will be good enough to introduce *yourself* to *me*, then."

"I am Barton Chesterfield Stone"—the "Bride" liked to give his full name, he thought it sounded rather like a man in a book.

"Ah, well, Mr. Stone—what is the matter?" for the

"Bride" was making wild gestures toward the deep shadows at his right.

At this signal the four in waiting rushed forward. Two pinioned the unsuspecting one, while the others blindfolded and gagged him with handkerchiefs.

"This is outrageous, murderous!" he managed to choke out, but a hand was laid gently over his mouth. Then, after a hurried consultation, "Beaut" and "Snooze" disappeared, returning soon afterward dragging a wagon by the shafts. In this they tumbled the victim, who struggled wildly. "It's a mistake, a dreadful mistake!" came in choking accents from under the handkerchief.

"No mistake, my fine young sport," replied "Crammy," climbing into the wagon beside him, while the others started to pull it. "Your nice little 'rep' has gotten here before you have, you see, and we thought we had better take a little starch out of you at the beginning."

There was much struggling on the part of the victim, but after finding that it was all to no avail, he calmed down, and the rest of the journey was accomplished in silence, but with much jolting, for the road was rough.

Finally they reached their destination—an old mill-pond about a quarter of a mile from town. Here they stopped, and lifted the trembling captive from the wagon and laid him on the grass.

"Now," said "Snooze," as the crowd seated themselves in a circle on the grass, "you can just do what we tell you, *newish,*"—here a violent struggling was visible,—"or—you see that pond over there? It's not a nice night for a ducking, but I guess you'll have to submit to one unless you do exactly what we tell you—*we* are the 'Rosebuds.'"

"Yes," continued "Crammy," "and the 'Rosebuds' are the crowd who see to it that the newish stay where they

belong, do as they're told, and all that sort of thing, you know. We give a good dose to you all at the start, just to show you a few things, but there'll be more to follow unless you walk a chalk line. Now, boys—'Beaut,' you may start off."

"Beaut" arose. "Now," he said, "we're going to take that handkerchief off your eyes and mouth, but if you say a word except when you are told to speak, into the pond you go!" He began to unwind the handkerchief. "Now I am going to whistle 'Georgia Camp-Meetin',' and you must cake-walk for us. Show us the way they do it 'down home.'"

The tortured one started to protest, but the little kerosene lantern showed the black icy waters so near at hand, and he was obliged to obey. He staggered to his feet and ambled about in an awkward, shambling fashion.

"Now you may stop," cried "Babe," after the crowd had laughed themselves sick. "It's my time, and I want to know who your girl is." He grinned at this, he thought it very clever.

The man stammered and blushed.

"I haven't got one," he cried desperately.

"Aw, you can't fool us—tell us, and hurry about it!"

The man still hesitated.

"Take hold, boys."

"No, no! I'll tell you! It's Miss Maxine Elliott—Julia Marlowe—I mean—"

"Now, look here," cried "Babe," "we want the truth this time." He pointed gloomily toward the pond.

Beads of perspiration were standing on the poor man's face. He cleared his throat, and said faintly—

"Miss Jarvis."

"First name?"

"Emma."

"Are you all engaged?"

"Oh, I say now—"

"Quick!"

"Yes."

"When is it to be?"

The desperate man gave the date, which "Babe" recorded in his note-book. Then he decided that his turn was over. The other boys made their victim sing, dance, and everything else they could think of.

When every one had had his "chance," "Crammy" turned to "Snooze."

"Where's the blacking?"

They rubbed it in, it is needless to say, and then "Crammy," looking at his watch, said, "It's half-past three, and I guess Newish wants some beauty sleep—I know I do."

The ride home was uneventful—they left the "Newish" on the hotel porch, after untying him, and the last they saw of him he was rubbing his ebony-colored face vigorously with his handkerchief.

Chuckling with delight at the marked success of the evening, the boys separated.

* * * * * * * *

"Crammy" and "Snooze" got to chapel just in time to be marked present the next morning.

Will Marshall, one of the Sophomores, leaned over and said in a loud whisper:

"Say, that newish from Alabama isn't coming."

"*What!*" cried both boys at once.

"Went to Clinton College instead. Why, what's the matter?" for the two boys were talking excitedly and both were pale.

Just then there was a stir at the back of the chapel. Dr. Sparks was marching sedately in—a plump gentleman leaned on his arm. The latter's face was red—unnaturally so, in fact, and perhaps a trifle raw!

"Oh," groaned the boys in unison, "it's—it's—"

And just then Dr. Sparks began to speak:

"I have the pleasure of introducing to you the new Chairman of the Faculty, Dr. Hart, of Chicago University. He was elected last week and will enter upon his duties immediately. This is perhaps news to most of you, as we have thought it best not to make it too widely known. And now," he cleared his throat that he might be perfectly understood: "I want to ask that the 'Rosebuds' meet me in my office immediately after chapel!"

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE—A STUDY OF HIS WORKS.

EARLE GORE.

The 26th day of February, 1564, saw the birth of him who was to be a worthy forerunner of Shakespeare. His early life, which was plain and uneventful, he spent among his Kentish hills and fields. With these same hills as barriers surrounding him it is probable that no messages from the outer world disturbed the serenity and peace of his existence. What dreams he may have had as he wandered at will over the fields, or sat in the "Church of St. Maries," which was frequented by princes and ambassadors from the continent to the court of Elizabeth, is only a matter of conjecture. Perhaps these happenings may have served to fire the ambition and destroy his contentment in present circumstances with the desire to be one in the world of men. The facts in regard to his boyhood, however, are meagre.

His education began at King's school, Canterbury. There he prepared for the higher curriculum of Corpus Christi College, where he matriculated as a pensioner in March, 1581. He spent three years there, receiving his Bachelor's degree in 1583.

After leaving college little is known as to the manner in which he spent the few years before he began to publish his plays. This is due to the lack of reliable evidence. According to the unsupported testimony of some, he became a playwright and actor; and, since in this way he may have acquired valuable training for his life's calling, it is very probable that his time was spent on the stage. It has also been asserted that along with other free-lances of the time, he entered the army and saw service in the Low Countries. This assertion,

made by one Col. Cunningham, was founded on "Marlowe's familiarity with military terms and his fondness for using them"; and on the fact that "at his home at Canterbury he was in the very track of the bold spirits who followed Leicester and Sidney to the wars of the Low Countries." Young Marlowe's spirit may have been touched by the desire for adventure which enticed Englishmen into all parts of the world.

About 1588 the first attempt of this youthful poet resulted in the publication of Tamburlaine. Hampered by no false modesty, his verse flowed without any hesitation in his first creation. He was superior to the trammels of custom and of the niceties; he cut loose from old standards and sailed forth upon an untried sea with all the confidence of a more experienced mariner. His earlier works breathe throughout with the possibility of the superlative—boundless power forms the keynote of Tamburlaine. His blank verse bounded along with a vivacious lightness which is a strong contrast to the lumbering progress of his predecessors. It is, indeed, a long stride from the imperfections of Beaumont and Fletcher to to the superiority of Marlowe's "mighty line," which in its highest perfection was destined to become the life-blood of English literary art.

The material for Tamburlaine—for Marlowe had no power of creative imagination—he found in Pedro Mexia's Spanish life of Timour, which was published at Seville and translated into English; and as a help he appears to have consulted freely the Vita Magna Tamerlanis of Petrus Peroudinus. The play borders more on the epical than the dramatic. It can not be said, properly speaking, to have a plot; the action ends with Tamburlaine's natural death, and the play is but a delineation of his conquests. There are no finely-drawn char-

acters. Tamburlaine is the one interesting figure, and Marlowe gives all his attention to the picture. With all his bombast, Tamburlaine shows real sincerity and a touch of humility which tells him that he is but the instrument of a Higher Power,

"Whose scourge I am, and Him will I obey."

Second in list of his plays and not long after Tamburlaine appeared The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus. The origin of the story may be traced back to a mere legend. Faustus is disgusted with the uncertainty of human knowledge, and the empty results which the learned professions yield at their best:

"Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physics are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three."

His inquiring mind was seeking a shorter cut; and he finally settles upon necromancy or magic—the Black Art—as the profession in which he can attain to the wealth of knowledge which is his supreme ambition. In short, he sells his soul to the Devil in return for the services of his minions for a period of twenty-four years. After all his dreams of great deeds he can do nothing with his gift. He exercises supernatural power in a small way, and finds nothing worthy of himself until he calls up Helen. The time finally comes when he must fulfill his part of the contract; and in the description of this scene Marlowe surpasses himself.

This legend seems to have appeared about the sixth century, and to have come down to later times in various forms. In El Magico Prodigioso by Calderon, it is used in one form. About the sixteenth century the character was identified with a Dr. Faustus, who practiced necromancy, and who was, of course, thought to be in league with the Devil. The story first appeared in the Volks-

buch, published by Spiess in 1587; and soon a translation appeared in England as The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus. To this evidence points as the source of Marlowe's play, which was probably the first dramatic presentation of the story. This version gained rapidly in popularity not only in England but also on the Continent. It was acted in Germany by an English company in 1608; and for two centuries it did not lose its power to arouse the interest and hold the attention of an audience. In a modified form this is the version from which Goethe began his work on the same subject—Faust.

One characteristic of the play is the absence of the horrible, that is, of the materially horrible. In this is shown the influence of the Renaissance, which insisted on the elimination of images of this type. Some revisers of Faustus contrived to introduce a plentiful supply of horrors in the death of Faustus and the description of Hell. Marlowe's conception of Hell is well said to be loftier than Dante's or Milton's. The reply of Mephistophilis to Faustus' question, "How comes it that thou art out of Hell?" shows more plainly than much explanation the sublimity of the conception:

> "Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it:
> Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
> And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
> Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells
> In being deprived of everlasting bliss?"

Though this, as has been said, was out of line with dramatic tradition, it shows the loftiness of his purpose; and it towers mightily beside the low horrors of Hell as depicted by his revisers. Marlowe clothed his works in a manner strikingly his own; his very soul is in them, and the deepest secrets of his heart are uttered.

Having depicted the passion for unlimited power and

the passion for unlimited knowledge, we now turn to a picture of the passion for unlimited wealth. The force and freedom of the verse of the Jew of Malta shows a great advance toward technical perfection; and this is so marked that Mr. Swinburne says that "only Milton has surpassed the opening soliloquy of Barabas," which so picturesquely describes the poetical side of money-getting. Had the Drama but proceeded as it began it would have far surpassed anything he had previously attempted. After the second act, however, the play declines; in fact, the action seems to go mad along with Barabas. Notwithstanding this fact, there is a rough-and-ready rush about even the remaining acts which somewhat redeems them. Barabas' hand is against every man, and he takes revenge with a stolid indifference to the enormity of the destruction he causes.

In the midst of the vaunting speech of Barabas he is summoned before the lords of Malta. The Turks have presented a claim for arrears of tribute which they are unable to meet. By a happy suggestion the Jews are called, and indented for half their property. In view of the penalty attached to a refusal of this aid, Barabas' countrymen accede to the demand; but Barabas refuses, and is deprived of all except ten thousand Portugal pieces which he has hidden in a secret place in his house. His daughter enters the house, which has been converted into a nunnery, as a nun, and secures the money for him; but becomes a Christian in earnest. From this point the play becomes extravagant caricature. Barabas poisons the nuns, his daughter along with them, and finally meets his end by being precipitated into a boiling caldron which he had intended for a Turkish prince. The Jew of Malta seems to be Marlowe's own invention, and he needed a prescribed subject with its restraining

influence; else his impetuosity rushed him into extravagance.

In his next play Marlowe, as it were, gathers himself together; and, restraining his impetuous genius, redeems himself in this Edward II., which is the summit of his art. It has not, indeed, the lofty conception of his other works, but the action is better managed. It has not the slack and disconnected action of Faustus, nor the melodramatic of the Jew of Malta. Here he follows history faithfully; and in this, probably, lies the secret, for he has a natural check upon his extravagance. He draws with clearness and correctness the weak and amiable character of Edward II. Few could depict Edward as Marlowe has; and few could have made the pathos of Edward's fall and murder so poignant.

Why is Marlowe considered the founder of the English Drama? Gorboduc had been written in blank verse twenty-five years before, and there had been other essays written in the same manner of expression. But it is a far cry from the lumbering movement of Beaumont and Fletcher's productions to the free and easy flight of Marlowe's verse. The sentences of Gorboduc almost always end with the line, and the accents occur in the same place. The variety of Marlowe's blank verse is its chief characteristic. End-stopt lines are few, and the accents vary throughout. Dramatic unities had no terrors for him; the action of Faustus requires twenty-four years, and the scenes occur in several different countries. Among his faults—for he had faults—were those of youth: lack of restraint and exaggeration.

As above mentioned, he is the only dramatic poet of his age who can be measured with Shakespeare. Had he lived, with his inclination toward philosophic thought he might have become, in some respects, a worthy rival.

In the delineation of character he had not the keen insight of the greater dramatist; the nice distinctions necessary, and the knowledge of human nature required were things entirely lacking to Marlowe. Nor with his lack of humor could any comic masterpiece have proceeded from his pen. But if, for all time, his success as a dramatist were forgotten, his fame as a poet would still be sufficient to gratify the ambition of the most exacting. The Passionate Shepherd is one of the most faultless lyrics and one of the loveliest fragments in the whole range of descriptive and fanciful poetry; and this alone would have secured him a place among the great men of his epoch. It vibrates with pure fancy and radiant melody without break or lapse. His Hero and Leander stands far ahead of the work of any possible competitor between Spenser and Milton. He was the leader among poets. To what heights he might have attained in the Drama as well as in poetry we can not guess, but he wrote his own epitaph when he says of Dr. Faustus:

> "Art is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

By some he was not accorded the praise which seems to have been his due, but on account of his alleged atheistic doctrines was laid open to aspersion. His contemners did not have any well-founded reasons for their severity, since his most bitter and unrelenting enemy was hanged just a year after Marlowe's death; and the list of charges, published by Ritson, one of which was that he was a propagandist or apostle of atheism, is hardly a document which can commend itself to anyone's confidence. When men like Sir Walter Raleigh, Marlowe, and others less memorable, have dared to depart from the beaten path of custom and tradition and accom-

plish something there have ever been those who were ready to cast a stone.

After such a life as his it is sad to chronicle the manner of his death. When in 1593 the plague swept over London many authors, actors and others fled to the country. That Marlowe was at the little village of Deptford in May we know. Here Marlowe, at the age of 29, was killed by a serving man in a drunken quarrel over kisses bought from a courtesan. He lies buried in an unknown spot beneath the towers of St. Nicholas.

THE CONFESSION OF A BLOCKADER.

[The following story is substantially that told me some time ago by a blockader, as he is known in his own community. Elsewhere he would be called a moonshiner. He is about fifty-five years old, of stout, vigorous frame, and has a large face covered by a rather full growth of short German-like beard. Beneath his beard his cheeks glow red, as if somewhat fired by the product of his still. He has a strong eye, with something of an untamed wild look in it, and all in all would be rather a dangerous man to encounter. He is a man of considerable property, has an excellent farm, is industrious, seems to be a good neighbor, and is chairman of the school committee in his district.]

Yes, I am what people call a blockader. They say I make whiskey and pay the Government no tax. This tax on whiskey is all wrong. Their trying to make us pay it is the greatest imposition any government ever put on a free people. If we can not take our own corn and make it into whiskey if we want to, then I say we are not a free people. It is all the Yankee doings. Before the war anybody could make whiskey that wanted to. Then you could get good whiskey for forty cents a gallon. Then you hardly ever saw a man drunk. The whiskey was pure and did not hurt anybody. Now people go to the barrooms, or order from Virginia and get doctored whiskey. I know a way to make ten barrels from one. I know how to make two gallons from one, and hardly anybody could tell it. But I never do. I believe in giving a man just what he pays for.

I have been in the whiskey business now about thirty years. I used to sell it from wagons all through the southern and eastern parts of this State. The people down there may pretend to be prohibitionists, but they always bought our whiskey and said nothing. We used to fool them sometimes. They were great people to want

brandy. We never could get enough for them, so we used to mix one gallon of brandy and five of whiskey and sell it for brandy. I remember once just out of Raleigh an old fellow stopped us and asked for brandy. He seemed to think that he was a great judge. He would sip our liquor, hold it on his tongue, smack his lips, and then do it all over again. At last he pronounced it the finest brandy he had tasted in years. We sold him and his friends all we had, eight gallons, for just twice the price of whiskey.

After a while it got to be risky to peddle from wagons, so for the past twenty years I have only made what I could sell at home. I have got into trouble only once or twice. I will tell you about that directly. I have had but two stills cut up. I never bought off the revenues. Some of my neighbors used to do that. One man I know, and you, too, put up a still several years ago. The first thing he did was to go to the county-seat and see W— M—, a revenue officer, and make terms with him—twenty-five dollars a month and the revenue officer would see that he had due warning of any raids. This man ran on six months night and day and never got into trouble. He was often reported, but before the revenues would come he would get a message: "It is going to rain; if you have got any fodder out you had better take it in." When the revenues got there they would find only the place where the still had been; then they would go up to his house, get a good turkey dinner, and as much whiskey as they could drink and carry. In a day or two his still would be running again at full blast, and the skunks who reported him would miss their ten dollars. This is what they get for reporting. But I never believed in buying them off; I meant to stay in the business a long time. Besides, most revenue officers are

scoundrels, and you never know when one is going back on you. They will give you up every time if they find out they are about to get caught up with. I have had only two stills cut up, and lost no whiskey. I have been reported only twice. It is no wonder that some men get reported. They let a crowd of rowdies and drunkards hang around their stills and sell whiskey to anybody they can get a dollar from. They will even sell to the young boys of the neighborhood. I found out long ago that none of these things will do. I am as private about my stilling as I am about my plowing. The rowdies know it is dangerous to hang about my still and so leave me alone. If you sell whiskey to young fellows you may expect to get their mothers down on you, and when they get down on you they report you. I believe that more stills are reported by women than by men, and sometimes I do not much blame them.

I said I was reported twice, but my neighbors never did it. The first time it was this way: I was chairman of the school committee, and we got a man to teach our school that was no good. It was not our fault. He had a first-grade certificate, and I thought any man that had such a certificate from Mr. L— was all right. But he was no good at all. He could not calculate how much land is in a square field, and I say that any man that can't do that ain't fit to teach school. Why my Jennie can do that, and she was only fourteen last August. More than that, he was just letting the children do as they pleased, and you let children do as they please and they won't learn. All the pay-trons were making complaints to me. I got tired of it and called a meeting of the committee, and we all decided that the teacher must go. As I was chairman I had to tell him. He did not seem to get mad, but was just as meek as Moses. I felt sorry

for him, and gave him a quart of the oldest whiskey I had as a kind of consolation. Well, he went off and told his brother-in-law about it, and gave him a drink of the whiskey. The brother-in-law got mad right, and reported me. Of course they could prove nothing, but the commissioner bound me over to court at Raleigh, without one particle of evidence against me. This revenue business is the cheatingest thing in the world. If a commissioner lets you go he gets nothing, but if he binds you over he gets five dollars even if you come clear, and that was the reason I was bound over.

The next time, a man who lives ten miles off came and got some whiskey for his sick baby. He found me at my still, so there was a good case against me. I was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of three hundred dollars or to stay in jail for three months. It was in the winter, my wheat was all sowed, and my boys could get up wood and feed, and I could trust my wife to look after things, so I decided to stay in jail. They sent me back to this county. I found that this three hundred dollars was the easiest money I ever made. Of course I only saved it, but it amounted to the same thing. I got good board, and I will say this for Sheriff T., he was as kind to me as he could be, let me see my friends when they came, and he would often come down himself and talk with me, and help me drink the whiskey the home folks sent me. If ever I get a chance I am going to vote for him. Some folks said that they would have been ashamed to lie in jail and would have sold their farm first. So would I, if I had done anything wrong, but I was suffering in a righteous cause. None of my neighbors think any the less of me. I am still chairman of our school committee. When my neighbors want a favor they come to me just as they used to. I have sent word

to the man who reported me that if ever he sets foot on my place again it means death. He does not even let me see him.

I said that I have had two stills cut up. It is always easy enough to get a new one. We get them up at Winston. The last one I got is a hummer. She boils ninety gallons of beer. The first time I filled her and put on the cap, she began to make such a noise that I feared an explosion, and stepped off a piece. But she was all right. When I ventured back she was pouring a stream into my doubling cag as big as a pencil. It is no trouble to make your ten to twelve gallons a day with her. I just believe that any revenue officer that would dare to stick a pike in her would get hurt mighty bad. Oh, she's a hummer, I'll tell you.

I now still only about twelve weeks in a year, six weeks before Christmas and six weeks before harvest. I never keep whiskey at the house or at the still. I have barrels hid out in which I store it. Nobody has ever stolen any from me. I never sell any outright. When anybody comes and wants any I tell him where to leave his jug and money; then I get it and fill it and leave it for him in the same place. I charge one dollar and a half a gallon for it, which is cheap enough for good whiskey, as dangerous as it is to make it. Nearly everybody in your section buys from me. I'll tell you old Jonas likes a dram, and Tom, he likes it too. They get only two gallons each a year, one gallon at harvest the other before Christmas. The prohibitionists are my best customers. They always send the money and send a big jug.

I am getting old and have been intending for several years to quit the business; I have kept at it just because nobody else would take it up, and somebody in the

neighborhood ought to make a little. But I am really going to give it up after this season.

My wife is a member of the Baptist church, and I always give two dollars a year to her preacher, and fifty cents to the orphanage. There is no church of my persuasion in reach, so I am not a member of any church. I am by faith a Primitive Baptist.

THE OLD MAN AND JOHN.

It required a good bit of nerve, but then in his business that is a part of the stock in trade. The house looked impenetrable, but even in the grand art of theft, as well as in the more honest marts of trade, the theory holds good "that where there's a will there's a way."

The way was rather circuitous, and exceedingly dark, and twice he had stumbled already, and made such a clatter that he stood still five good minutes before he dared to move.

After reaching the first story window it was plain sailing, just ambling up the fire escape, as he had seen the firemen do. It was a long way up, but the game was worth the while, though it was a bit inconvenient that the old man kept all his valuables in a safe on the fourth floor. He reached the last landing safely, then carefully selecting the instruments necessary to open the safe, he crept up on the roof and dropped thro' the open sky-light.

It was warm, else the sky-light had not been open, but he knew it would be, for he had planned it out all very carefully. He paused a moment after reaching the carpeted floor, and with his bulls-eye lantern looked at his watch. It was 3:15. According to all the laws of nature the old man was enjoying his best and soundest sleep. He crept to the door; it was open, and thro' it he heard the regular inhalations which betoken sound slumber. He felt his courage returning; the coast was clear.

At 3:18 he had finished half the combination on the safe; it was a bit long, but he did not mind that and then the diagram was there before him, for he had copied it down carefully, and there could be no mistake.

Suddenly he became conscious that something was

wrong. He seemed to feel another presence in the room and instinctively he paused.

"You seem to have forgotten the combination, John."

There was sarcasm in the old man's voice.

"The money and jewels are all in there; but I haven't opened it lately, and I guess the dials are a little rusty."

He almost ceased to breathe and he felt of his heart to see if it still continued to beat. The cold sweat stood out on his brow.

The old man went on: "I am disappointed in you, John. I have given you every opportunity to make a man of yourself, paid your way thro' Harvard, got you into society, though it took barrels of money to do it, and this is the way you have of showing your gratitude. Come back to rob the old man, eh? John, your mother always laid so much by you, and her last words were about you—'make er man out of him,' she said. Those were her last words, John."

He sniffed unconsciously.

"Yes, you ought to cry, John. If you've got any heart about you, anywhere, you'll come back and live with the old man; he's getting old, and needs you, John."

He paused a moment, and the man at the safe moved uneasily!

"How much do you owe, John? I guess it's a pretty big amount, 'cause gambling costs heavy, but maybe the old man can stand it."

The man on the floor had gotten up. He tottered when he tried to walk, and a great lump arose in his throat.

"Say, John, how much is it?"

The burglar regained his presence of mind as if by magic. "$7,500," he murmured hoarsely.

The old man arose in his pajamas, and kneeling before

the safe gave the dial several skillful turns, pulled the door open, and counted out ten crisp thousand dollar bills and placed them in the burglar's hands.

"Here, John, is ten thousand, but first, John, I want you to promise me you will give up gambling and come back and live with the old man, won't you, John?"

"Yes," huskily.

The crisp bills fell into his hands and he slipped noiselessly out of the room, down the heavily carpeted stairs, and out through the front door into the night air.

The rising moon peeped over the treetops. Out of the shadows a man joined him.

"Did the governor give you any trouble?"

The man did not reply, but watched in silence his companion count the money.

"Whew! ten thousand bucks; nice chap you are. This will set me on my feet again and give me a little pin-money for the races next week. Here," he continued, holding out a hundred dollar bill, "is something for your trouble."

The other man mumbled a low oath. "No," he replied, "keep your damn money. The old man wants you to come back. Cried like a baby; said he needed you, and promised to keep your ears above water if you'd let him. Better take the old man's advice and give it up."

The other man broke out into a loud guffaw, "Well, dam me, who are you to preach to me like I was a two-year old?"

The robber had withdrawn and dived into the darkness of an adjacent alley. The other paused a moment, thrust the bills into the pocket of his evening suit, lighted a cigarette and walked rapidly down the boulevard whistling.

THE ROLE OF BACTERIA.

CHAS. A. LEONARD.

"Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And unconfounded in their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
The cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their very purposes,
And works of love or enmity fufill."

—*Milton.*

Not everyone of us realizes that all about us are myriads of little living creatures—invisible because inconceivably small—but ready and able to promote our welfare or bring about our destruction.

Bacteria are more numerous in the summer months than at any other time. In the autumn as the temperature begins to fall they do not thrive so luxuriantly, and hence their numbers diminish. It is for this reason that meat is more easily kept sweet and pure during the winter months; but as a whole these minute organisms may be found in all parts of the world. They are, however, not so numerous in the atmosphere above salt water. The number always depends upon the surrounding conditions or relative purity of the atmosphere. They are more numerous in the cities than in the country. In the slums of cities, they should, as a whole, be regarded as friends, for they act upon foul, unhealthy and decaying matter and purify it as ozone cleanses the air of its impurities. In fact, life upon the surface of the earth would stop without bacteria. Dead highly-organized organic matter would soon cover the earth

instead of being converted to inorganic by bacteria as is done at present. The different forms of life on earth are dependent upon each other. The animal kingdom lives upon the vegetable and then it is the part of bacteria to break down the organic and change it into inorganic so that it may again be used by the vegetable organisms.

Although there are infinitely more of these creatures in the world than all the visible plants and animals combined, still it was not until comparatively recent years that bacteria were known to exist.

A Dutchman, Leenwenhoek, not himself a scientist, but an apprentice to a weaver, in 1683 decided definitely that he had found very small particles which heretofore had not been shown to possess life, though minute organisms had been noticed before this time. He reported his discovery to the Royal Society of London. The distribution of this living matter was studied and it was found to be present in soil, water and air.

It is no wonder that bacteria had not been discovered earlier for only until recent years have our powers of magnifying been sufficient to enable us to observe so minute organisms. And it has been proved that bacteria exist which are even beyond the present powers of the microscope. They are, of course, the smallest forms of living matter known.

Many of those that are visible exhibit active movements due to extremely delicate flagella, or hair-like structures, projecting from the cell wall. Some of the larger cells, however, show a creeping movement, which is thought to be due to protoplasm surrounding the organisms.

Reproduction is mainly by transverse fission, and under favorable conditions a single cell is able to give

rise to seventeen million in twenty-four hours. This accounts for the extraordinary multiplication in decomposing organic matter. Many produce at the end of the growing period special resting spores which are so small that they may be carried in the organisms of small insects.

These spores are very resistant and can sometimes endure without injury for several hours a temperature above boiling point. It is for this reason that it is necessary to heat very highly fruits and vegetables that we desire to preserve. If the spores are not killed in this way they will burst out from the cell walls in which they have been formed and begin at once to divide, thus starting a new generation of bacteria which produces fermentation. That they are the direct cause of fermentation and decomposition is shown in all devices of preserving organic matter, and the fact that they are the principal agents in organic decomposition makes their enormous importance in the economy of nature more evident.

In many instances where it is desired to encourage their growth or bring about their destruction, it is necessary to know to which of the three classes they belong, whether spherical (termed *cocci*), straight rods (*bacilli*) or spirally curved (*spirilla*). It is often difficult to determine to which group specimens belong. Their functions and other characteristics have to be considered—color, shape, size, motion, colonization, grouping, quality of pigment produced, formation of gases, and material on which they thrive best. Some groups liquefy gelatine, while others do not.

The normal coagulation of milk is due to acid produced by bacteria, and in some cases fermentation is caused by the production of spores, giving to the milk a greenish tint which is highly refractive.

We have thus already seen that both health and disease are in great part dependent upon these small creatures. It would probably be difficult to determine whether they are more beneficial or detrimental to other living matter. One of their functions which is essential to plant growth is their assimilation of nitrogen. Water and carbon dioxide are already in condition to be used by the green plant, but it becomes the duty of bacteria, which are on the roots of various plants, to prepare the nitrogen.

It has recently been found that some of the most effective poisons may be formed by means of bacteria. This is especially true in the case of rats, the principal carriers of the bubonic plague.

In the vegetable kingdom all decay and disease is more or less due to bacteria and their allies. Some instances in which they produce germinal diseases of plants are Bacteriosis of Tomatoes, Black Rot of Cabbage, Pink Bacteria of Wheat, Cotton-root Rot, and numerous other common diseases. But we are probably more interested in their effect upon the human body.

It has been proven that one thimbleful of dust taken from the streets of our larger cities may contain from nine hundred to a hundred and sixty millions of bacteria. Remembering the rapidity of their growth and the fact that in such amounts can be found among these bacteria disease germs, such as consumption bacill, lock-jaw or tetanus bacilli, bacteria associated with diphtheria and typhoid fever, pulmonary affections, and various septic processes, is it strange that there are so many such diseases in our large cities? Such, however, is the appetizing menu furnished us for our delectation by dust; and the fact that no other group of organisms is capable of existing under such different circumstances accounts for the ease with which we contract such diseases.

An instance has been cited where diphtheria bacilli were found on a wooden toy taken from the room of a sick child six months after the child had diphtheria. Another instance is where lock-jaw ensued from the use of some old cobweb to stop the bleeding of a cut.

It has been declared by a high official body that "tuberculosis sputum is the principal agent for the conveyance of tuberculosis from man to man." It is for this reason that steps are being taken to prevent the practice of indiscriminate expectoration in public places.

It is interesting to learn that these minute and primitive forms of vegetable life, seemingly so scantily equipped for existence, should be able to withstand conditions to which vegetable life in more exalted circles so frequently succumbs. Numerous bacteriologists, however, have confirmed the fact that hailstones as they descend from the heavens, contain bacteria, and that snow, the emblem of purity, is but a whitened sepulcher, and will, on demand, deliver up its bacterial hosts.

WASHINGTON IRVING—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

GEORGE J. SPENCE.

In the spirit of hearty enthusiasm, not less than local attachment, does Washington Irving thank God that he was born on the banks of the Hudson, for that and the surrounding country possess all the charms requisite to inspire the fancy and attach the heart. The glossy expanse of its broad surface, the blue waving line of its distant hills in the twilight, the splendid lines of its surrounding foliage in autumn, all these utter a mysterious appeal to the imagination.

This charming author, although so obviously adapted by natural endowments for the career in which he has acquired such eminence, was educated, like many other men of letters, for the legal profession. His health would not admit of a close application to his work, and it made him of a meditative and almost melancholy disposition, though at times he evinced something of that rich and peculiar humour for which he has since been famous. And so he spent the most of his younger days rambling around and gathering up those traditions and receiving those impressions which he has since made immortal.

Washington Irving may truly be called the "Father of American prose," because he is the first to break away from the old and staid ideas of such matters as Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, and it is only when we compare his works with their cumbrous and Puritanic writings that we can rightly appreciate what he has done for American literature.

But we do not have to read what Irving has given, in the light of the time when it was written, to enjoy it.

All he wrote is read with the same interest to-day and is just as enjoyable as when it made its first appearance.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. His first appearance upon the stage of literature was in a series of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the Morning Chronicle in 1802.

He then went abroad for his health and on his return to the New World he began his "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker." This work is undoubtedly the monument of his genius, the most orginal and humourous work of the age. Everybody knows the little Dutchman in blue breeches and cocked hat as one of the permanent figures in the gallery of literary portraits. And Irving tells us in this semi-comic history "that the burgomasters were generally chosen by weight, and not only the weight of the body but likewise the weight of the head—as the body is in some measure the image of the mind. And, says he, whoever hears of a fat man leading a riot or hurdling men together in turbulent mobs?"

The history has a substratum of truth, but is openly a good-natured burlesque upon the old Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island. The humour and the gravity which mark it are alike irresistible. It may be doubted if there is in the language a more delightful or more perfectly sustained piece of drollery. In the United States it was universally read, and even now it is to the American people as real in its way as the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan.

Although Irving was an essayist, historian and a teller of tales, yet he will be longest remembered as a

humourist. Of his history of New York, although keeping close to the truth in many respects, humour is the predominating quality, and it is difficult to find anything which possesses it in a higher degree. His humorous writings are different from nearly all others. Even in his humour the governing attitude of his mind is taste, and he presents nothing to the public before it has been polished with the skill and care of a lapidary.

In all his works it will be impossible to find a word that shocks the fastidiously refined by its vulgarity, yet there is in them no lack of freshness and freedom. In his vivacity he is never unguarded, in his gayety he is never unchaste. His rich humour, fine sentiment, and delicate perception are apparent in almost everything he has written.

While he was engaged in writing his humourous history of New York, a sorrow came to him which he carried with him to his grave. In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Matilda Hoffman, a beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of the lawyer with whom he pursued his studies. Death took her from him. Separated from her by her untimely end he remained all his life faithful to her memory. And hereafter we can trace in all he writes, a tenderness and chivalrous deference towards women which we had not noticed before.

But there was still another trial in store for him. In 1816 the firm with which he was connected failed and Irving turned to literature for support. The first result of this definite choice of his career came in the shape of the Sketch Book. All the pieces in this miscellany have a certain charm, if for nothing else, certainly for their kindly touch and purity of style. He has given us but little of the romantic kind and less perhaps to show the possession of the inventive faculty, but in The

Sketch Book, he has given us The Wife, The Broken Heart, The Widow and Her Son, and The Pride of the Village, which prove, however, that he could summon tears from their fountains as easily as he has awakened smiles in his History of New York. Certainly nothing can be more touching, more beautiful, than the devotion of that courageous and tender wife, Mary, to her husband in the time of adversity. And when we read The Broken Heart, we have only to put Irving in the place of the woman, and we can read his own disappointed life, his own broken heart, grieving over the death of his betrothed. In The Widow and Her Son, we have as complete a word picture of human sorrow and bereavement as it is possible for man to paint.

But undoubtedly the vitality of The Sketch Book depends upon the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle, two charming legends of the Katskill Mountains, which are as familiar to the average school boy as his A B C's.

Irving's most successful attempt at story telling is contained in his Tales of a Traveler, written by him while sojourning in the old frontier town of Wintry.

As he says, "I am an old traveler, I have read somewhat, heard and seen more and dreamt more than them all. My brain is filled, therefore, with all kinds of odds and ends," and then he proceeds to give us samples of his odds and ends from Kidd, the Pirate, down to The Spanish Banditti; no two of these stories being concerned with the same theme.

The Astoria is concerned with the adventures of the traders of the Northwest Fur Company among the Indians of Canada, and tells of their perilous positions and hair-breadth escapes. It is not an original undertaking but is founded upon journals kept by the traders.

The adventures of Captain Bonneville of the U. S. Army, is along the same line as The Astoria, giving in detail the adventures of the daring captain among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

Irving's middle life was spent in writing that which was of a more solid nature than he had heretofore attempted. While attached to the American Legation at Madrid, he wrote The Life of Columbus, The Companions of Columbus and The Conquest of Granada.

While residing at an old Spanish palace, he wrote the Tales of the Alhambra. In all of these works we miss both the humourous and the pathetic elements.

Irving's latter years were spent at Sunnyside on the Hudson. Although now past fifty, still he continued to write unceasingly, and he gave us his Life of Goldsmith and the Life of Washington as his last contributions to literature. He died in 1859, just one year from the time he had finished the Life of Washington.

AN ECLIPSE.

OPAL RUBY.

I.

In a little high school village nestled among the mountains beyond the Blue Ridge, lived a very beautiful and interesting girl. One could scarcely help loving Irene Moss. She was so full of kindness and gentleness and withal, of a merry nature that would drive the clouds from the most morbid mind. Besides this she had a decided talent for art and her parents had determined to give her the best chance possible there and later to send her North for further study.

Life there was very lively at times, for most of the boys were termed as "village beaux," and made it merry for all the girls with an occasional chestnut hunt, mountain rove, or snow sleighing. But there was one exception. Fred Moreland was a man of one idea—and that idea was Irene Moss. He, being several years her senior, had loved her from a child. And she ever remained to him his first and last conception of a pure woman. As for Irene, she had always looked upon Fred as a brother. She could not imagine life without him. Fred had helped her build play houses, and they had played being grown-up people in them. Fred had helped her upon the horses and had mended her broken toys. Fred had come to the exhibit and had praised her first piece of art; and afterwards she had given it to him to keep "for them." Indeed, Fred had become part of her life.

II.

One autumn afternoon they wandered out on the mountain side among the chestnut trees, and there listened to the noise of ceaseless toil that had wrapt the earth in

deathless harmony. Men were busy everywhere storing fruits of the earth for future needs, while beasts in untaught wilds were doing the same. Now and then, as they passed through the dense forest, a little squirrel would hie away to his den with his mouth filled with a hickory nut, or a rabbit would be scared by their sudden approach out of the warm bed that he had made, and over them they could hear the flop of many wings as the birds take their southward flight. The winds breathed mournful sighs over summer's swift decay and at each breath flung showers of golden leaves across the pathway. Indeed, "the melanchŏly days" had come, but these young people did not look upon them as such. They were happy and the fall of the year to them was not a funeral of nature's dead, but rather the joyous preparation for spring's glad burst of life and beauty.

Into this little rustic paradise Fred had tempted Irene that he might tell her a little secret of his heart where none could hear his faltering words, and where the birds might sing a sweet accompaniment to his story. After wandering here and there, they finally sat down on the broad roots of a large chestnut tree. Now and then the restless wind would shake the tree and shower the nuts down on their heads to remind them that they were really alive and not in fairy land.

Fred broke the silence by saying: "Irene, I have something to tell you, will you listen?"

"Why, Fred, what a silly question! when did you ever hear of a girl refusing to listen to what her friend had to say to her?" and her smile broke into a merry little laugh that shattered the stillness that had enveloped them.

"But—but that doesn't include me," he stammered.

Just then a young lady passed down in the valley sing-

ing of her old love days with all the freshness of her young heart. Her song was an old mountain ballad which to a trained ear would have been nothing but a jungle of words, but to her it was the very soul of sweetness, for it brought back "days that are no more."

As the notes of the singer died away in the distance the lovers became more serious. Their hearts thrilled with the sentiment of the girl's song, and there in the stillness, save for the sad twitter of the birds bidding their friends and homes good-by for the long dreary winter, Fred told Irene the oft-begun story of his love—his first love—with halting and broken sentences, yet she understood them.

"Fred, I dreamed of you last night. O, the sweetest little dream! And in it you told me just what you have this afternoon. I knew you would. O, Fred, can I trust you fully?"

"Yes, Irene, *forever.*"

They wandered away home that afternoon and forgot all about the chestnuts. Everything seemed transformed. Indeed they were living in the Indian summer of their lives. And would that these days could last longer when we are too young to be bound by the serious picture of cold prosaic life from true sentiment, and when love is too pure to stoop to insincerity!

III.

The year soon passed away—it seemed but a day since their chestnut hunt—and the time came for parting. Fred was to enter college. The realization of the separation that his new life must make between them came as a shock to Irene, when he came to bid her good-by. She had long been familiar with the thought, but the certainty came—as certainties do—with as sharp a thrust as the most unexpected blow of fate.

The early harvest moon gleamed red in the misty east, that night, as they strolled aimlessly out on the wide lawn in front of her home, and at last sat down upon a large flat rock just under the edge of a rose bush which at each breath of the air shed a shower of petals over their heads. There he told her again, his oft-repeated, yet ever new message of love and won from her the promise of loyal devotion until he should finish college and return for her as his sweetheart for life.

"Now, I must be going," he said as he arose. "The moon has been our witness to-night and will be our companion in days of separation. Every night it shall bring me a message from you."

"But, Fred, what is the matter with the moon? It looks as if some huge monster had bitten a piece from its side. O, I know, its an eclipse!"

"And what if that is a picture of our love? Will it shine for awhile and then be eclipsed? O, Irene, will you be true when I am gone? Will you promise?"

"I do promise. And everytime I see the moon it shall remind me of my promise. Yes, I'll be as true as yon stars that shine. My love fail! Never! Love is eternal —born in Heaven and will last through eternal ages. Fred, true 'love never faileth.'"

"God grant that it may ever be so," he said as he pressed her to his heart, planting a kiss upon her lips; then he was gone.

As he ascended the steep hill opposite her home there was a silent figure standing by the window of her room straining her eyes trying to catch the last glimpse of her lover through the moonlight, but now he was in the silent forest—lost from her view.

IV

Four years passed quickly by and now it was just a little while before Fred's graduation. He should have been happy for he had done well in his college work, but instead he was miserable. As he came to his room the wind almost took his breath, for it was blowing furiously. The trees on the campus sent up an unearthly groan as if some monster was about to tear them in pieces. It was a terrible night and the fury of the storm seemed to increase every minute that passed. But there was a far greater storm raging in his soul. For weeks Irene had been growing more careless about answering his letters until at last she waited so long that he went to see her, down at the Woman's College. When she came in he felt that he was in the presence of a stranger. Her whole being seemed changed. She was not the same Irene he had left a few years before. When he came away, he wrote to her setting her free and requested that she burn his letters since they had ceased to bear the message that was intended.

This was the answer he received that evening, and if he had read it one time he had a dozen:

Dear Fred:—I am heart-sick. I don't know how to write you. But this much I will say: perhaps it is better, as you suggested, that we be only friends. Really I can't understand myself. I don't love you as much as I did. But don't think that you are giving me up to another. Far from it! I can't say that I really love any one. I must put my career above the wishes of my heart.

Now, Fred, I want you to forget that you ever cared for me. Just think of me as your little friend and treat me as such, and then some day, if you don't cease to care for me, come back and then perhaps we will understand ourselves better and find that we love each other with an everlasting love.

You may burn my letters. I have burned yours, though it seemed that I was burning my very self, but the one message that each contained could not be burned. I will keep that.

Good-bye. Irene.

"If you don't cease to care for me, did she say? O, that I could forget her! But no! For it was she that taught my eyes to see the beauty of a pure woman. It was she that first taught my heart the rapture of love, and caused my faltering tongue to speak those words, the sweetest music ever known to a human soul, 'I love you.' But she doesn't care for me, I fear. Ah, that freezes me. Yes, I'll smother that passion and be a man even though it crushes my heart in doing so."

He took the letters and read them one by one, and cast them into the fire. Sometimes a tear drop would blur them—but no matter now! All is lost! As he threw the last one in the fire, the wind that had been howling as hungry wolves about his door, grew quiet. A solemn stillness seemed to steal over the earth, but little slid into his soul. At last all the pent-up feelings of years burst loose and he fell by his bed with his face between his hands, and uttered a prayer in one heart-rending sob for strength to face the blank future.

V

Several years more passed in their rapid flight, but in the meantime, Fred and Irene had lost sight of each other, yet he still remembered his "little western flower." These years had wrought a great change in his life. For after he graduated from college, where he won many honors, and had done special work in a Northern University, he became instructor in history, his favorite study, in an academy near New York. One day, just before Christmas, he was in the city for the purpose of studying a famous painting in an art gallery there, on which he intended to lecture. And as he passed out his eyes caught sight of a painting that had something about it familiar to himself. It was a youth and a very innocent

looking girl, with a blue dress trimmed in white braid, standing by his side on some rocks in a creek. Her slippers were covered with mud, and the youth very gallantly had stooped to wash them as she held out her little foot, smiling. Now and then the mischievous fellow would flirt some water inside the slipper as he washed it, but she would reprove him so sweetly that he would do it again to receive another reproof.

He called a clerk, and asked her about the picture. She said that it was painted by a Southern girl, and added: "The boy there on those rocks was her first sweetheart, but by some means she mistreated him and they bade each other farewell. She has not seen him for several years, though some say that she loves him yet. You see quite a little romance is connected with it. These Southern girls are full of that, you know."

"I will take the picture. But say, can you tell me where I may find this lady?"

"Yes, she is up in the studio now...Come this way."

"Why, Fred," Irene gasped, "what are you doing here?"

Their eyes met and she knew before he answered. "I have not ceased to care for you Irene, so I have come back."

"But how did you find me in this crowded city?"

For answer he unwrapped his picture, that he had purchased below, of the couple in lover's paradise. "I found that and now I have found you."

She blushed crimson, hesitated, and then laughed, but not very successfully. "How naughty of you to come all the way up here and find out my secrets."

"Irene, the lady below said that you were thinking of going away. Where are you going?"

"O Fred, you cannot imagine how dull this fall has been! My painting has paid me so little that I am forced to give up this place. I don't know where I am going exactly."

"How simple it would all be now," he burst out, "if you only cared. I am now teaching near here and I have enough—we wouldn't need to wait—if you only cared as you once did."

"But there is Swannie," she said almost unconsciously.

"Swannie?"

She blushed deeply and stared with unseeing eyes at the picture she had been painting. "She wrote me that you came to see her very often before you left down there. Others said that you were in love with her."

"Why, I went there to talk of you. She was the only girl in the neighborhood that heard from you, and you had been such dear friends. You hoped it was true, I suppose. But, Irene, I did try to forget as you asked me, though I couldn't. Something in my heart of hearts would not let me. Now I have come."

"I am so glad," she cried breathlessly, "that you don't care for Swannie and that you have not ceased to care for me. I have been so miserable ever since I asked you to. Fred, I know now that love is eternal—born in Heaven and will last through eternal ages. It is so sweet to think that 'love never faileth.'"

* * * * * * * * *

Fred went with her to her boarding place, and as they entered the hall Irene saw a letter lying on the table. When she saw the address she tore it open eagerly. She glanced at it, blushed and handed it to Fred.

He looked up gravely. "It hasn't come too late, Irene. I will yet again crush my heart rather than interfere with your career."

"My career!" She laughed and pressed her face close against his arm. "O Fred, do you suppose a position with an art company or anything else could make any difference now? My career shall be to love you and make you happy. I am glad that I have been lonely and a little unsuccessful so that I may learn what real things are and cease to chase the shadows."

INSECT HOMES.

J. D. IVES.

Insect homes may be divided into two classes, those built by the individual and those built by the community.

The number and variety of insect homes is almost limitless. Some excavate under ground chambers, some make their habitation in different parts of vegetation, some build their homes from clay, or sand, some from leaves and twigs, and some even make their homes from excretions of their own bodies. The labor which some of these little insects have to undergo before their dwelling is completed is well nigh beyond conception. Then again, homes are made with but little or no extra exertions.

The hermit homes of certain kinds of bees as the Miner, the Carpenter and the Mason Bees are quite interesting. The Miner Bee often selects soil that is hard in which to burrow. The burrow is usually dug in a perpendicular direction for several inches when it takes a sudden turn and forms a rounded chamber. Here the bee deposits pollen mixed with honey, and lays a single egg. Creeping outside she closes the opening and leaves the egg to hatch in due season. The Carpenter bee usually selects an upright piece of wood and with her powerful jaws commences a process of boring. She sinks a tunnel of not less than twelve or fifteen inches and about half an inch in width. This finished, she deposits an egg at the bottom along with some pollen and honey and covers it with a ceiling at the height of nearly an inch up the tube. The material

of fibers for the ceiling having been obtained in the process of excavation. This is continued for nearly the entire length of the tube, which she closes to prevent the coming bees falling victims to some enemy.

The Mason bee collects sand and small stones which she glues together forming a cell about an inch long and half an inch broad. After having erected and stocked ten or twelve she covers the whole with a sort of roof composed of coarser material. Then she flies away, leaving her posterity to their fate.

An interesting home is that of the larva of the Bagworm moth. It is composed of little twigs which are attached to each other by silk. The twigs are so woven in the cocoon that it is difficult to distinguish them from the tree on which they are found. They are like snails in that the insects carry their homes with them. I have often found their homes attached to arbor vitae and willow twigs. I have also found them attached to locust, sweet gum and even pine trees. This summer while walking through the woods I was almost sure that I saw a piece of bark moving up a tree trunk. But on examination it proved to be one of these bagworm larvae. When the caterpillar walks only its head and thoracic segments protrude. Its prolegs are used for holding to its cocoon. When frightened the insect withdraws into its cocoon, and if attacked closes the opening as it retreats. If on a branch, it will press the mouth of the cocoon against the branch so firmly that it is closed effectually. When about to turn into a pupa the larva fastens the cocoon to some twig with its silken threads and retires within for the pupal sleep.

We are all acquainted with the ant-lions which may be found in their funnel-shaped pits patiently waiting for a stray ant or other prey to pass by. The sides of the

pits are as smooth and as steep as the sand will allow, at the bottom only the jaws of the insect can be seen. I have often watched these little insect larvae as they patiently wait for their prey. If a luckless ant once gets over the edge of the pit it immediately begins to slide down. The insect at the bottom seems to be aware of the ant's presence, as it throws out sand which brings the victim more swiftly to its destruction.

The galls which we see on various trees, but especially on oaks, are due to certain kinds of insects laying their eggs in the tender tissues of the plant. All parts of the plant may be infested by them, the leaves, the buds, the trunk, the twigs, the roots, the fruit and even the flowers are not exempt from their attacks. The insect after selecting a proper place thrusts her ovipositor into the plant and deposits one or more eggs. She then spreads a small quantity of secretion over the wound, which so irritates the plant's tissues as to cause the abnormal gall growth.

Of social homes perhaps those of the ants are the most interesting. An afternoon would be well spent if one did nothing but sit and watch the ant's nest. It would be found that these insects have developed courage, patriotism, loyalty, and never-failing industry; but it would also be found that war, pillage, slavery, and an utter disregard of the rights of other communities and individuals are prevalent. Ants make nests and burrows which are real houses and cities, and even roadways to and from their settlements. They fight both singly and in well disciplined armies. They are democratic in that they labor for the good of the whole; the feeding of the queen mother, the nursing, carrying and feeding of the young, the building of new chambers, the tending of their flocks and herds, the defence of the nest, or the formation of new colonies are done together without confusion or disorder.

The home of the hill or horse-ant furnishes a good example of an ant's nest and the habits of ants. At an early hour in the morning all will be still and quiet on their little hillocks. But if the day be fine, soon a number of large openings are made and all becomes alive and active, but as night comes on each one is again carefully closed. If the day should be rainy the portals are kept closed and if it is cloudy they are only partially opened. They seem to delight in an open air life. During the day they are on the outside seeking for food or employed on the exterior of the dome until darkness comes on. They wander about seemingly fearless of being attacked by enemies, but by night each one is within its home and the entrance is safely closed.

Sometimes females are conveyed to new situations where they become the founders of new colonies. The first thing they do is to commence mining, and after much strenuous labour a cavity is formed. Day by day new chambers, then new stories of chambers are added. Meanwhile the young receive the tenderest of care. In the morning they are carried to the upper rooms where the sun's heat penetrates and at night they are carried to the lower chambers so that a uniform temperature may be maintained. When full grown the majority of ant-larvae spin silken cocoons. At this stage they are often wrongly called, as a little thought will show, ants' eggs. When they are nearly mature the workers tear open the cocoon and set free the now perfect creature, the immature ant being incapable of freeing itself from its covering.

"The relationship between plant-lice and ants has been often described and is one of the most fascinating topics in the whole field of nature study. The honey

dew which is secreted by plant-lice is greatly enjoyed by ants, which in a surprisingly intelligent way care for the plant lice, drive away their natural enemies, carry them bodily to better feeding grounds, recognize the necessity for migrations at times and assist in these migrations and actually prepare locations in advance of transportation." "They also carry the plant-lice eggs into their nests, and keep them sheltered during the winter, and then carry the young plant-lice out and put them on plants in the spring. The term which is frequently applied to these aphids, viz., 'the milch cows of the ants,' is a very appropriate one."

The Humble or Bumble Bees usually build their homes in open meadows and pastures, sometimes where the soil is entangled with roots, at the border of copses, or among moss-grown stones. It occupies a shallow cavity in the ground and has a low vaulted dome to a height rarely over three or four inches above the surface, and is composed generally of fragments of moss woven so as to harmonize with surrounding objects.

We have often seen and admired Wasps' and Hornets' nests. In fact some of the wasps' nests for daintiness and delicacy constitute the most beautiful example of insect architecture. The essential part of a wasp's nest consists of a papery comb formed of hexagonal cells. In the more complicated nests there is a series of combs placed one below the other, and the whole is enclosed in a case made of many thicknesses of paper. The nests are suspended from branches of shrubs and trees or from fences and roofs. Some of the smaller species build their nests in the ground and under stumps.

Whatever the form of insect homes in each case a remarkable instinct is shown in the selection and arrangement of their various abodes for the best preservation of the species.

"THE MYSTERIOUS THIRTEEN."

P. Q. BRYAN.

"'Twas evening. The fast setting sun lingered a moment above the crest of the Blue Ridge, reluctant to leave the world to the dark deed which night had in store for it. The languid moon, rising in all its splendor, looked down upon the quiet earth only for a minute. Soon it was enveloped by squadrons of white clouds hurrying across the azure sky. The swallows and martins, out for an evening meal, had satisfied their ravenous appetites and had returned to their nests. All of the birds had long sought their roosts, and their noisy twitterings had ceased. The owl, aroused from his reverie by the rapidly rising moon, smoothed down his plumage and began his nocturnal vigil. The mosquitoes, after their long slumber, began their night wanderings, while the fireflies commenced their struggle with the night, endeavoring to displace the darkness with their brilliancy. The croaking of the frogs and the chirping of the crickets proclaimed the reign of night.

The darkness had scarcely obscured the earth before a mysterious person stepped forth from his hiding place and gave three shrill whistles. For a moment all was silent—a deathly stillness, it seemed; then came floating through the night a long, slow whistle in response to the call.

The first whistler was none other than the leader of the band of White-Caps, known as "The Mysterious Thirteen." The second whistler was the sentinel on guard, for indeed it was the night of the quarterly council of the White-Caps.

"Halt!" ordered the sentinel, leveling his pistol at the newcomer. "Advance and give the pass-word."

"Justice," replied the leader.

"It is well; pass on," said the sentinel.

The chief advanced by a concealed path to a small house in the edge of a swamp, rapped lightly three times on the door, and gave a low whistle. Presently the door opened and the chief entered the house. It contained two small, low rooms, offering no ingress for the light of day except one door. One room was perfectly empty except for two long cedar benches and a table on which stood a ballot-box; the other contained besides a table, on which was burning a dim light, two plain cedar benches and a chair for the chief. On these benches sat eleven masked men, disguised in white flowing robes and wearing on their heads snow-white caps. In a corner near the door stood a white banner, bedecked with white tassels. At the top of the banner was inscribed the word "Justice," in the center was an angel holding aloft a pair of scales, while at the bottom were two words written in gold—"White Supremacy."

"Turn up the light," commanded the chief, as he strode heavily across the room and seated himself in the unoccupied chair.

"Are we all here?" he interrogated.

"We are," replied twelve gruff voices in unison, for there were twelve of them now, the sentinel having come in.

"Now for business. Who is the criminal?" he inquired.

"A stalwart African," answered the witness.

"The charge," he questioned.

"Murder of a child," responded the witness.

"Let the evidence be given," he exclaimed.

After all available evidence had been given, he con-

sulted his watch and said, "The sentinel will stand guard, the jury will retire. In three minutes let all return."

The chief seated himself in the chair, rolled and lighted a cigarette. Presently he began to make himself comfortable. Again he consulted his time-piece and found that the three minutes were out. He was growing impatient at the delay of the jury, and he puffed at his cigarette viciously. Again he noted the time and found that the jury had been out four and a half minutes.

"By Jove! they are taking their time," he ejaculated, as he lighted his second cigarette and made himself more comfortable in his chair. But just then he brightened up, for the door between the two rooms quietly opened and the eleven jurymen walked slowly to their seats.

"Your decision?" mumbled the chief, with something of a question in his voice.

"Eleven black balls," said the jurymen in unison.

"Guilty! The vote is unanimous! Fate has decreed that he should die," exclaimed the chieftain. "Comrades, you have done well. Remember your vows of faithfulness. Be strong, be courageous, be loyal. To-night you must prove yourselves true. Remember the time and place of meeting. Let us take the vows of faithfulness and adjourn."

The chief then received the vows of faithfulness from each White-Cap, strode heavily across the room, lifted the latch, and opened the door. His followers then passed out in single file, each lifting his snow-white cap to the chieftain as he passed. The chief then blew out the light and locked the door. Pausing a moment on the steps, he uttered the same signal as before. A few

moments passed, then the response came. He then advanced at the signal. The same challenge met him as before. Having given the pass-word, he inquired, "Where is the remainder of the band?"

"They are waiting at the edge of the woods," replied the sentinel.

"Are they mounted," asked the chief.

"They are."

"It is well; let us be going."

Then suiting the action to the word, the chief mounted his white charger and rode in silence through the swamp by a picked path to the edge of the woods, closely followed by the sentinel on a roan horse, somewhat smaller than the chieftain's. Presently they came in sight of the cavalcade, mounted and stationed in the middle of the road. Not a word was spoken. The procession moved on with the chief in the lead. The march continued to the cross-roads, where they separated in silence, each seeking his own home.

The waning moon looked down on this ghastly procession as with a feeling of awe. The stars seemed to cease their bright sparkling, only sending out a shady, uncertain light. Weird shadows darted across the road and mysterious figures seemed to inhabit the woods. The frogs and the crickets ceased their nightly chantings, and the owl from his perch in the long pines failed to challenge them as they passed, frozen with cold fear.

* * * * * * * *

The distant clatter of horses hoofs rent the chill night air—not an unwelcome sound to two men waiting by the roadside with their ungainly prisoner. The band of White-Caps hardly paused for these two of their number to join them, but swept down the lonely road—their long white garments, which fluttered in the wind, giving

them the appearance of ghosts, and came finally to a spot to which the requirements of justice—such as the White-Cap band conceived it to be—had before now lent a deep horror. The banner bearing the brief motto —"Justice"—was planted; the prisoner taken from his horse; and—just then the moon dropped behind the trees and was hidden, too, by thick clouds, so that what followed could not be seen—as was right it should not.

MAX STOLPRIAN.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by T. B. ASHCRAFT.

There is a certain misfortune in the world that people, to be sure, do not call a misfortune, and yet it is one. I am the living example of it.

My father—God rest his soul—kept me diligently at school; I learned something, although our town schools were at that time pretty badly managed.

It was said of me everywhere: "Mr. Max Stolprian is quite a clever man, but—he can not get along, he does not know how to adapt himself to the world; he does not know where to stretch out his hands and feet. Otherwise he is a good, worthy man."

Thus people speak of me. Do you notice now wherein I was lacking? I was neglected in my bringing up. I was in school and diligent in my work, but my clothes were not cleanly and in order. I was pious, obliging, honest, but shy, especially so when strange people came. I did not know what to do with my eyes when a stranger spoke to me, and instead of conducting myself in an urbane, polite way before the ladies, I stood there stiff and dumb.

Among many other pieces of hard luck which I brought upon myself through awkwardness, belongs also this, that I have become an old bachelor; am now fifty-two years old and have no wife.

As soon as my Aunt Sparhafen died, and I, as her only heir, had become tolerably rich, they proposed to marry me in my thirtieth year to a maiden who was beautiful, domestic, virtuous and well-to-do.

I liked Miss Barbara; the affair was to have been all

arranged; I was to become better acquainted with Miss Barbara; so I was invited by her cousin to a dinner party where she was to be present.

I did not like to go into high society, because I was shy and timid through bad rearing. But what would one not do to please Miss Barbara?

I dressed myself in my Sunday holiday clothes: white silk stockings, a new hair-net, an apple-green coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons—enough, I was as elegant as a bridegroom.

When I came to my cousin's house, my heart was thumping for fear, as if I had a blacksmith in my breast. "Oh, I just hope there is no large company invited!" thought I. "I only wish it all over!"

Fortunately I found my cousin all alone. He was in his room making out a bill. "You come a little late, Mr. Stolprian," he said. I made twenty scrapes and bows left and right, laughed with anxiety, in order to appear friendly, and was thinking only of the big company.

When my cousin had finished the account and was looking up for the writing-sand, I sprang towards him very obliging, wanting to scatter the sand on the paper. I seized the ink-stand instead of the sand-box and poured a black stream of his best ink on the nice account. I thought that I would have to fall into a swoon from fright; in my confusion and haste, I took my snow-white handkerchief out of my pocket and wiped it up.

"Why, why! what causes you to do that, Mr. Stolprian!" my cousin smilingly cried to me, crowded me back with my black and white handkerchief, and put his business in order. Then he led me to the room where the company had already gathered. I followed after him, however then all of my assurance was gone, and by

a glance downward I noticed, not without horror, an ink-spot as large as a dollar on my left white silk stocking.

The door of the room opened. I, a stiff, clumsy fellow, wished to appear quite nimble and gallant, and acting as if I were graceful and light-footed, I hopped into the large room; I made bows backward and forward, scraped with my feet to the right and left, and did not at all see that close in front of me stood a maid who was just on the point of carrying pastry to the table; she plunged her head against my back so that the costly pastry fell from the dish upon the floor, and still I walked blindly forward with my greetings and bows.

What compliments the company made about me, I don't know, for I had not looked up to observe their mood, but continued with my scraping and bowing till a new misfortune put an end to my politeness.

In my ardent greetings I had advanced as far as to the pastry which was still lying there, because the maid was far from being recovered from her terrible fright, and was looking with staring eyes on the masterpiece of her skill in cooking, without picking it up.

Then in the act of making a new scrape and bow, I plunged my ink-spotted foot into the pastry,—I saw nothing, for everything had become blue before my eyes on account of my feverish anxiety to appear sufficiently polite. I slipped right into the pastry, and fell my full length on the floor. In falling I pulled down two chairs with me, by which I tried to catch myself, and a young and pretty girl who was on the point of sitting down in one of them, lay with the fallen chair beside me on the floor.—Oh, heavens, and that was my Barbara!

We got up. My cousin made a joke out of the whole affair. But it was useless for him to joke. I should have liked to cry, and was ashamed almost to death. I

stationed myself by the stove and did not say a word in excuse, but because all tittered and laughed at me, I laughed also and took a furtive look at the smashed veal pie.

Dinner was ready at last. My cousin was so gallant as to seat me beside Miss Barbara. I had rather to have eaten beside a fiery mountain than beside this beautiful good maiden.

Then the soup was handed around. Miss Barbara offered me a plate full—I could not possibly accept it. She did not yet have any soup. Therefore I very urgently begged the beautiful maiden to keep the soup, and was looking earnestly into her beautiful, blue eyes, and not at the plate, and the boiling-hot soup flowed over little Barbara's lap and clothes, and when I pulled the soup back quickly the other half came into my lap, over my napkin and clothes. It was pretty equally divided. I have never forgotten it; I can still see it as plainly as if it happened to-day.

The good little Barbara left the table. I stammered an apology. They consoled me and gave me another plate. Meanwhile my trousers were smoking from the warm soup; I buttoned to my vest a corner of the table-cloth instead of the napkin. Little Barbara, however, had to change her attire. She came again and I apologized to her as well as I could.

As soon as I saw that she was laughing in a friendly way, I felt all right again, and dried the cold sweat from my face, of course not with my hand but with my handkerchief.

But the miserable handkerchief!—I had completely forgotten about the ink. I rubbed ink over my whole face by wiping the sweat so that, when I put my handkerchief back into my pocket, the whole company saw me changed into a Moor.

Then once more rose a great laughter and clamor. Out of politeness I also laughed a long while with them, not knowing the cause till I noticed that the women seemed to be afraid of my terrible, inky face. Now for the first time I saw that the handkerchief had made me a clown in the play, and I must have had a frightful look.

Being much frightened I hastily sprang up from the table to escape to the kitchen and wash my face. Then I pulled the tablecloth behind me, the corner of which I had fastened to the buttonhole of my vest. All the plates, roast meat, knives, forks, glasses, spoons, and so forth, pursued me as I dashed out of the room with a great noise. The guests sat with open mouths, as if petrified, and saw the magnificent dishes disappear all together before their eyes.

At first when I saw how all the dishes and plates were following behind me, I took it for witchcraft till my cousin sprang with both feet on the tablecloth. That tore the corner from my vest.

I, however, was in a full gallop and did not stop in the kitchen but went down the steps, over the street and into my house. For four weeks I did not allow anybody to see me. From that time on I could not think of marrying without a sense of dizziness, and could not think of a dinner party without having cold chills.

I myself laugh now at my awkwardness. But my story may be serviceable to many of our young fellows, not as an example, to be sure, but as a warning and admonition.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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From the Student's Point of View.

It is remarkable that such a deplorable state of affairs as exists now in nearly every North Carolina College should receive so little attention from trustees, faculties, and students.

Not many men go to college for the mere pleasure that college life affords, and not a great many go simply because their parents require them to go; on the contrary, the vast majority who enter college have in view the serious purpose of educating themselves.

College professors are teachers not because they are incapable of doing anything else, nor for the reason that the profession is a lucrative one. Everybody knows what small salaries teachers are paid—and ought to know how much of their salaries they have to *give away*. Men teach because they love humanity—a spirit of altruism *compels* them to teach. And but for this same spirit how many men would care to be trustees of colleges?

Granting, then, that the student goes to college to learn and that the teacher is there doing his best to help him learn—all just as the trustee would have it, why is

so little accomplished? Why do most students regard their teachers as task-masters and a large number of them fairly hate the men who strive to do them good? Why are there in nearly every college about as many "ponies" as there are text-books with which "ponies" can be used? When exercises are to be handed in, why do two-thirds of the class copy the work of the other third? Why are so many themes simply rehashes of what may be found on the library shelves? Why are debates and orations made up of a few sentences copied out of books and magazines? Why are so many students so strongly tempted to cheat on examinations? Why is it that there are at Wake Forest College to-day men who lock their doors on Sunday and whisper to each other, "What would my father say if he knew I was here studying on the Sabbath?"

The answer to all these questions and to more that might be added is this: The North Carolina colleges are trying to advance at too rapid a pace. We have suddenly realized that we are behind the colleges of other States, and the desire to "catch up" has already become more harmful than the "desire to win" which in football circles is so widely criticised. Our colleges, however, will be obliged to wait on our primary and preparatory schools. They can not compete with the New England colleges so long as the education of the little children of North Carolina must be left to boys and girls who, while they do the best that they can, are often not more than

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

A people can not be educated in a day. Dr. Holmes, commenting upon the criticisms of Elsie Venner's rearing, says: "There are people who think that everything may be done, if the doer, be he educator or physician,

be only called 'in season.' No doubt—but *in season* would often be a hundred or two years before the child is born." If students do the work that is expected of them in colleges at present, they must be descended from several generations of thinking men, they must have had good educational home influences, and good primary and high-school training. North Carolina as a State has not reached this stage of development yet. Every college professor of mathematics knows to his sorrow what a large per cent of his classes are deficient in the fundamental principles of arithmetic and algebra; and on account of this same deficiency the professor of chemistry experiences great difficulty in teaching the simplest problems in chemistry. The same is true in physics. The teachers of English are tempted to hold up their hands in horror upon finding that not a member in certain classes has read this or that book. The teachers in other departments make discoveries equally as distressing to them.

Such, in part, is the state of affairs existent in North Carolina. Many students—and they are not pessimists—feel that too much is required of them, that only those who have had exceptional advantages can begin to do thoroughly all that they are asked to do—long lessons, frequent exercises and themes, and *parallel* reading in connection with nearly every course of study. The student soon becomes a mere drudge, every spark of originality in him is stifled; he finds no pleasure in his work, winces every time a lesson is assigned until he falls into a state of "I don't care," which the less moral express in somewhat stronger terms. As before said, he has, almost before he realizes it, a strong antipathy for the men to whom he ought to look for inspiration to bring out the best that is in him. The one great advantage

which it is possible for the small college to have over the great university is that the professor in the small college by his close connection with his students may exert an influence the value of which can not be estimated. But when a class feel that the lessons are too long or too hard, their work amounts only to drudgery and their professors become only taskmasters. One does not like to pay so dearly to be taught to drudge, when the world everywhere offers free lessons in drudgery. It is true that the college drudge is rewarded with a degree that usually guarantees a position of some kind, but a job and an education are two different things. And if people only knew how little a college degree means sometimes, the job might not always be so certain.

Some of us feel that we have entered college asking for bread and that we are given a stone. We should like to see that there is no ground for our feeling or we should like to be given time to do our work a little more thoroughly.

Football.

From time to time both undergraduates and alumni of Wake Forest, realizing how great the need of something to create "college spirit" among us—that is, a love for the College and a bond of union among the students—have made strong appeals for the re-introduction of football. The abolishment of this great game seemed to be a death blow to our fall athletics. We might have had at least two good basket-ball teams a season, we might have had excellent track teams, and we might have had a tennis association, but the spirit that creates these things has been dead and all efforts to revive it have been vain.

If we are still grieving for the loss of football it is time—past time—to lay aside our black apparel. It is true, that in a way, a football is the game of games. No other is so intensely interesting to those who thoroughly understand it. Moreover, it has many admirable qualities. It develops "college spirit" as nothing else does; and, as a mental and physical trainer, many believe that among college sports it ranks first. It trains men to be quick-witted and not to fear physical pain. It prohibits dissipation of every kind. But notwithstanding all the good which may be derived from football, it is more than probable that the men who have the welfare of Wake Forest at heart—the welfare of each individual student at heart, are right in denying us our one great wish. The spirit of commercialism and of brutishness outweighs everything that can be said in favor of the game. And year by year this spirit grows, for the "desire to win" becomes greater. Men are now coached to "slug" and to do it so neatly as to avoid detection. Even those students who do not play, as a rule regard studying as a secondary matter during football season. But it is useless to dwell upon the evils of football; magazines have been publishing them for the last ten years, or more, and in nearly every newspaper, during the season, accounts of injured players may be seen.

Football, it is generally believed, will be abolished by the force of public opinion unless the method of playing it is radically modified. But any modification which would rid the game of its worst evils, would make an entirely different game of it. This very thing, however, seems already to have taken place. The new game, we believe, is called Association Football, and in those col-

leges where the old game has been abolished the new one is being rapidly introduced.

In association football the danger of serious injury amounts to almost nothing, while the training which it affords is equally as good as that afforded by the old game. This new game, it is true, does not harden one to such knocks and mashings as the other does, but what is the use of such hardening? Sensible people ought to begin to look upon the man who, for the sake of sport, refuses to give up when two of his ribs are broken as foolhardy, rather than as courageous. Such endurance was of some value to the ancient Greek or Roman, but in our day, there are other qualities more worthy of cultivation. That kind of courage is a suit of armor which, if we are not going out like Don Quixote for fierce encounters with windmills, etc., we might as well leave off. Again, the new game has one immeasurable advantage over the old; for, while in *match* games only eleven line up on a side, in an ordinary game as many as fifty can play on a side. This is exactly the thing for Wake Forest—a single sport in which all can take part; a means of out of door exercise and enjoyment two or three times a week for everybody, something to develop brawn, brain, and college spirit.

A movement at Trinity College for introducing Association ball was on foot several weeks ago. Why not begin with it here right away and meet our old rival next fall in a game that will awaken such interest as formerly attended our debates with that institution?

The College Dyspeptic.

It is surprising how many men after two or three years residence at college become complete physical wrecks, and, as a consequence, have to give up the hope of ever taking a degree. This is not all; for not a few of those who manage to stay the four years out and graduate are so much impaired in health that they are never able to use their dearly-bought knowledge. What is the reason for this? Who is responsible?

In some instances the student vainly supposes that physical culture is all a botheration and a waste of time. Dense ignorance on his part it is, but nature requires him to pay the penalty for it sooner or later. In other instances he suffers from a lack of pure and nourishing food and it happens rarely that a man studies too hard,—not often; most break-downs attributed to study are brought about by worry. It is worry that shatters the nerves and plays havoc with the digestive organs—that saps the very life out of a man. But whether it is worry, improper diet, or lack of exercise, indigestion is the form it finally takes. The stomach refuses to do its duty, the base of supplies for the blood is cut off, as it were, with the result of starvation.

Some authorities assert that nearly all ills to which the human body is heir are primarily due to indigestion. Thousands of people suffer from catarrh, weak eyes, throat diseases, neuralgia, rheumatism, colds and other common ailments without ever suspecting that all the pain and expense connected with these things might have been avoided by the observance of a few simple rules of health. But in the case of college students, the rules violated are not exactly called "rules of health." And we regret to shock our friends by attributing to nothing more nor less than *bad table manners* a large

percentage of all the ill-health among students. Few lack for physical culture, for the college of to-day which does not require daily gymnasium exercises is rather backward, to say the least of it. And few lack for proper food, for notwithstanding the tirade which students make against "college fare," they are usually furnished with plain, nourishing and well-prepared food. But how can a man gulp down a meal in from three to ten minutes without bringing on indigestion? And what is loss of appetite? Indigestion, pure and simple. A ravenous appetite—one that can not be satisfied—is indigestion, too—just another form of it.

In the college man's mad effort to eat and be done with it, one looking on might wonder if forks and spoons do not sometimes get mixed up in the food and disappear along with it. No amount of home training seems to render the student immune from the contagion of bad table manners. When all sit down together nearly all eat alike. It is hard to see a difference between the best and the worst.

Besides the physical and mental injury which results from this "grab game" at the table, there are social and moral evils which are worthy of the student's consideration. He should remember that he is forming habits which he will not be able to shake off in a day. His job may depend upon how he eats; and, at all events, his social position can not be high if he fails to show himself a gentleman at the table.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'03. Stephen G. Hasty is teaching at Jubilee.

'91. W. O. Howard is practicing law at Tarboro.

'99-'02. J. B. Huff is located at Dothan, Alabama.

'00-'01. James C. Ingram is teaching at Clio, S. C.

'98. William M. Autry is merchandising at Autryville.

'04. Thomas Allen is practicing law at Anderson, S. C.

'01-'02. J. Clarence Watson is located at Belfast, Georgia.

'97. Henry H. McLendon is practicing law at Wadesboro.

'03. D. G. Hart is located at Chickaska, Indian Territory.

'96-'7. D. M. Johnson is in the mercantile business at Grifton.

'00. D. M. Stringfield is practicing law at Manteo, Dare County.

'02. John M. Arnette is pastor of the Baptist church at Albemarle.

'90-'02. Eustace Norfleet is in the mercantile business at Tillery.

'99-'01. E. W. Allen is at the head of the graded schools at Benson.

'97. William F. Joyner is cashier of the Citizens Bank at Franklinton.

'04-'05. Jo. Patton is one of the editors of *The Charlotte Evening News*.

'99-'00. Claud R. Moss is located at Bognio, Bengnet, Phillipine Islands.

'00. F. C. Nye is teaching in the Winterville High School, Pitt County.

'01-'02. Isaac Newton Loftin is pastor of the Baptist church at Hickley, Ill.

'02. Gilbert T. Stephenson is winning attention at Harvard both as student and speaker.

'91. B. K. Mason is the useful pastor of the Broad Street Baptist church at Winston-Salem.

'99. Charles M. Staley has recently been chosen superintendent of the graded schools at Ashboro.

'89-'90. Sidney C. Tapp, practicing law in Atlanta, Ga., has recently written a book entitled "The Struggle."

'99. A. R. Autry has a position in Saint Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

'98. Oscar Ernest Sams is pastor of the Baptist church at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

'00. John B. Bagley is teaching in the textile department of the University of Texas.

'00. G. F. Edwards is at the head of a prosperous school at Salemburg, Sampson County.

'99. William Archie Bradsher is meeting success as one of the leading physicians at Roxboro.

'00. E. F. Munford has for some years been teaching in the institution for the blind at Morganton.

'04. Gaston Foote is bursar in Shorter College, Rome, Ga., and connected with the department of Greek.

'02. William Edgar Woodruff is the State Evangelist of Minnesota and State Manager of the Evangelistic Board.

'03. O. M. Mull, at one time captain of our baseball team, is junior partner of the law firm of Webb & Mull, Shelby.

'03. Robert R. Fleming, Jr., has a scholarship in the University of Chicago, and is doing some supply preaching.

'02. Judson Willis is engaged in the insurance business with the Southern Loan and Trust Company of Greensboro.

'01. W. B. Martin is traveling salesman for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company with headquarters at Mount Airy.

'01-'02. J. B. Wyche is now at Redburg and hopes to return to college in the spring and graduate with this year's class.

'03-'04. G. L. Bell is identified with the Suffolk Feed and Fuel Company, Suffolk, Va., of which he is general manager.

'03. E. L. Green is professor of science and mathematics in the Oklahoma State Baptist College, Blackwell, Oklahoma.

'80-'82. William B. Oliver, of Florence, S. C., has been called to the pastorate of the Mount Olive church in Wayne County.

Among the Wake Forest alumni at the Louisville Seminary this year are S. W. Oldham, '95; W. F. Powell, 99; and R. P. Walker, '02.

'02. W. H. Tyler is principal of the high school at Goldston, which he is conducting in a highly successful way and on truly pedagogical principles.

R. P. Johnson, '79, is now teaching at Pittsboro, where he is county superintendent of public schools, having moved there from the associational school at Mount Vernon Springs, which is now under O. T. Edwards, '75-'76.

'81. A. D. Hunter has resigned the Lystra church to accept a call to Wakefield, Wake County.

'00-'01. L. M. Hobbs, pastor of the Baptist church at Lilesville, was married to Miss Ruth Lindsay, of Lilesville, on October 24.

'38-'43. On November 11 Langdon C. Hinton died. He was one of the oldest ministers in South Carolina, where he was laboring.

'86-'87. David R. Millard, who was at one time located at Greensboro, is now a pharmacist of Baltimore and secretary of the Maryland Board of Pharmacy.

'82-'85. Oscar Haywood, D.D., who made a record here as a speaker and has continued this record, is now pastor of the First Baptist church of Waterbury, Conn.

'97. Andrew Fuller Sams, who spent several years teaching at Cary and other places, has forsaken this profession to take up the practice of law at Burlington.

'91. R. B. White has communicated to the secretary of the Alumni Association his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the alumni address at next commencement.

Squire J. Beeker, '97, Benjamin F. Bray, Jr., '03, William Franklin Estridge, '00, and Samuel E. Garner, '00, are pursuing special courses in Crozer Theological Seminary.

'99. William Harry Heck, for two years connected with the General Educational Board of New York, is now professor of education in the University of Virginia.

'56. J. D. Hufham, D.D., one of the best friends of the college, spent awhile here some weeks ago. He remarked that he could not pass Wake Forest without stopping over.

'01-'02. Arthur C. Sherwood, who is now pastor of the Baptist church at Leesville, has accepted a call to the Creedmore church and will take charge there the first of the year.

'04. John M. Henly, who is preaching and teaching near Sanford, was married the first of last month to Miss Tempie Clifton at the home of the bride's father, near Louisburg.

'93. Speaking of *The Biblical Recorder*, of which Josiah William Bailey is editor, *Charity and Children* says: *The Biblical Recorder* is a positive necessity to every Baptist who would keep abreast with the denomination, and it was never so able as it is to-day. No other Southern religious journal that we see is its equal."

'95. In an editorial correspondence to *The Raleigh News and Observer* some weeks ago James E. Dowd and his thriving school at Leesville, Wake County, are given high praise.

Some weeks ago there were in *The Baptist Press* two leading articles by Edwin S. Reaves, '92, of Tennessee, and Chas. M. Billings, '94, of South Carolina. Their photographs were on the first page.

'00. Oscar L. Powers, who is remembered here as one of the most eloquent debaters in the Trinity-Wake Forest debates and is now classed as "a gifted young minister," has accepted a call to the First Baptist church at High Point. He comes to this State from Kentucky.

'78. Rufus Ford, of Bennettsville, has been given a call to the pastorate of the Marion Baptist church, which it is said he will probably accept. Mr. Ford has filled important pulpits at New Bern and other points in this State, and it is said that his acceptance of the Marion church would be a happy combination of pastor and people.

'98. *The Baptist Courier* has the following: "Bro. A. C. Cree has begun his work in Nashville, Tenn., as pastor of the Edgefield church. He showed us the plans of the new house of worship his church will soon begin to build. It will cost about $25,000, and will be a very commodious and beautiful house." Mr. Cree made a fine record while here.

'98. The Chester church has extended a call to Joel S. Synder, now of Trenton, Ky., where he has been for the past few years. In speaking of him *The Baptist Courier* says that he is a scholarly and consecrated man, and that the Chester church will count itself fortunate if his services are secured. Mr. Snyder made quite a record here both as student and speaker.

'82. Referring to the school of William Jasper Ferrell, who made a record here as speaker and teacher, *Charity and Children* says: "We hear with pleasure that the Pee Dee Institute has enrolled two hundred pupils already, and Prof. Ferrell is happy over the glowing prospects. This is one of the finest of our associational schools, and it is the pride of the Pee Dee Association."

Writing in *The Recorder* Dr. C. S. Blackwell, recently of Wilmington and now of Norfolk, says: "I slipped off four days to Columbia, N. C., last week. You see I can't keep away from the old State. Rev. N. P. Stallings ['82-5,] is the practical pastor in that growing county seat of Tyrrell. He is leading the people to building a new house of worship to cost about $4,000. It will be the best in the county. Could only stay four nights, but God was with the people and seventeen were received for baptism the last night."

'97. One of the teachers in the ciasses conducted by the educational department of the Young Men's Christian Association at Newport News, Va., is Wiliiam M. Stanceii, cierk of the government department.

In the University of Chicago David A. Covington, '03, is a feliow in Greek; James Finch Royster, '00, is a feliow in English; and Earl B. Fowier, '03, is pursuing special work in the English graduate department. Wiiiiam Jasper Howeii, '96, is pursuing special studies and is leader of the Evangeiistic Band. This band is composed of ten members, aii of whom go out to churches in the city and remain from Friday tiii Monday speaking and doing personai work.

'91. "It goes without saying that aii who know him expect nothing short of the most marked success of Dr. C. B. Wiliiams, of Rockdale, as a teacher in the Theological Department of Bayior University. Dr. Wiiiiams gave up a magnificent pastorate, where he was rendering fine service, both as preacher and pastor, for the larger opportunity of heiping our young preachers get ready for their great life-work. The biessings of God be upon this spiendid young man in his responsibie position."—*Texas Baptist Standard.*

'95-'96. Writing of Edward S. Pierce, one of his members at Aydlett says: "Pastor E. S. Pierce made many hearts ache in oid Currituck when he toid us he could not preach for us any longer. Brother Pierce has served us faithfuiiy for three years. In those three years he has preached some fine sermons, and in these sermons he has taught us some very good iessons that we will never forget. He has striven hard to iead us in the path of our duty, for he is a loving, consecrated minister, and if it were not for his good we feel like we couid never give him up. But it is on account of his health that he leaves us. May God's richest biessings rest upon him and his good wife and chiidren, is the prayer of many friends they leave behind."

'68. We have seen a number of sympathetic expressions towards Frankiin P. Hobgood, a portion of whose spiendid schooi at Oxford was recently burned. The foiiowing from *The Biblical Recorder* is a characteristic expression: "We were distressed to iearn last week that the Oxford Seminary had again been visited by fire—this time destroying the administration buiiding. Fortunately, profiting by a former experience, President Hobgood carries the Seminary in four buiidings instead of one. Moreover, this one was safeiy insured. And so, barring inconvenience, the work of the Seminary wiii go right on. The burned building contained the dining-room, sieeping rooms for twenty boarders, and the rooms of the President's family. President Hobgood has the sympathy of his brethren throughout the State. They know very weli that with characteristic courage and cheerfulness he wiii confront this disaster and triumph over it."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

The *St. Mary's Muse* is lacking in material. It hasn't any poetry at all. "An Afternoon in Venice" has a fairly good plot, but is not told in an attractive style. System in the arrangement of contents seems to have forsaken the mind of the editors. We hope to see an improvement in the next issue.

The Emory and Henry Era presents an attractive appearance, and we expect to find something worth reading. "Justice in Fleatown" is written in conversational style. The slight trace of humor throughout the story is in accord with the subject. "The End of It" has a good plot. Interest is kept at a high pitch from start to finish. Gage and Price are typical school boys and their plans, after losing the money, are skillfully laid and executed. The poem, "Life," has the rythm of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and is the best in this issue.

The writer of "Fanaticism" in the October number of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* quotes the definition of his subject: "Enthusiasm Inflamed by Hatred." After reading this article we are naturally inclined to have more respect for the so-called fanatics of the past and present. But it must be said that some of his statements are overdrawn. "How Ned Lost His Nerve" varies slightly from the well worn paths of love stories. The actions of Ned are improbable while Edith is made to act just as any other girl would under similar circumstances. The poem, "The Great are Falling From Us," tells in beautiful verse how our honored Confederates are rapidly passing away. The magazine is well proportioned.

We begin our perusal of the first issue of the *University of Virginia Magazine* with anticipated pleasure. The writer of Friendship as a Shakespearean Theme" gives a careful study of Shakespeare's treatment of friendship. "The Legend of the Maiden's Tower" is short and spicy. The last paragraph causes our feathers to fall. It is difficult to know just when to stop. "The Masquerade of Death" is written in an easy style. The atmosphere of the story is well worked up and the language used fits the occasion. It is the best piece of description on the table. "The Aid of the Goddess" is too long for one publication in a college magazine. The poetry is too mechanical. The departments are an evidence of solid work on the part of the editors.

The Southern Collegian for October publishes an article, "Some Political Aspects of the South," which, in thought, deserves to be named as one of the best on our table. The prophesies made in this article seem to be reasonable, but as to whether they are to be coveted by the Southern people we are unprepared to say. In quality and quantity the poetry stands head and shoulders above any before us. More attention should be paid to the departments. A magazine, if it hopes to succeed, must be backed up by diligent work on the part of its editors.

An essay, "The Writers of Charleston," greets us as we begin our review of *The Pine and Thistle*. The author of this well written article gives a review of the Charleston writers. In the article, "Edwards vs. Franklin," we find the characters and successes of these great and much loved men beautifully told. By comparing the lives of two men in this manner one is enabled to bring out more clearly the characters of each. The poem, "The Union of the Green and Gold," has the poetical ring and expresses a beautiful thought. The force with which the editorials are written causes us to expect a good magazine this year.

The Converse Concept for October is the next magazine we take up. The essay on "George Eliot" pictures the better side of this widely known writer. We feel quite sure that the writer did not intend to say that the life and character of this woman were more beautiful than her works were "great and noble." "To the Third Generation" is a story true to life in many respects, but the imagination of the writer overstepped the bounds of probability in the third marriage. The typical ups and downs of a freshman are described in "The Trials of a Freshman." "Nature's Voice" is by far the most rythmical and thoughtful poem.

The writer of "Uncle Sam," in The *Philomathean Monthly*, tells in a few words about the fidelity of an old negro slave to his master. Now and then we find an old slave still lingering around his old master, putting forth every effort for his comfort. "Jack's Triumph" is a beautiful story with a little love interwoven. The writer did not attempt to make a display of words, but told his story in a simple style, and this is to be commended. The writer of "Novel Reading is Beneficial" condemns the trashy novels that are flowing from the press every day, and cites us to Cooper, Dickens, Scott, and many others for the most wholesome reading. We agree with this and long to see the day when the reading population of the present generation will turn back to the standard literature that has been abandoned for the sentimental love stories that are now flooding the South. The departments are good.

About the best things in the October number of the *William Jewell Student* are the pictures of its editors for the session just beginning. The editors must have had this same thought and so gave them the first place in the *Student*. The material is not weighty but of a readable character. The poetry will bear printing and adds to the flavor of the magazine. None of the few articles give evidence of much thought or research. We judge that the students do not co-operate with the editors in their effort to get out a strong magazine. However, "Roosevelt—A Titanic Driver of Destiny," is good. The writer has style and force.

Red and White for October has several well written and strong articles. The variety of subjects treated is commendable. "The need of Agricultural Teaching in Secondary Schools" is a wise article, which it would be well to heed. "The Arm that Disappeared" is a very strange story indeed—yet it would have been far better to have omitted that meaningless preface. If we brand this story as truth—as the writer does—then verily "truth is stranger than fiction." He has an imagination indeed! So much so that we are made to wonder if he intends to pose as a modern Gulliver. The poem, "Somewhere," is radiant with sunshine. It contains a beautiful sentiment, and does honor to the magazine.

The most thoughtful contribution before us is found in the *Southwestern University Magazine* for October. The writer discusses "The National Providence" and says that there are four things true of every nation: 1st. Every nation was created for a purpose. 2nd. Every nation has a right to live as long as it strives to accomplish this purpose. 3rd. No nation ever fell until it either refused to fulfill its mission or had finished it. 4th. Nations may die, but their contributions are not lost. Every sentence carries with it a thought and is an evidence of originality. The writer of "The Lives of Nations" hastily reviews the lives of a few nations and concludes by applying the formula, "The wages of sin is death," to each of them. In short, the magazine is loaded with good essays, and is made spicy by splendid stories dropped in now and then. The only adverse criticism we have is that there is not enough space devoted to poetry.

Among others, we beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Madisonensis, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Guilford Collegian, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Baylor Literary, The Criterion, Ouachita Ripples, The Limestone Star, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Stanford Sequoia, The Guidon, Monroe College Monthly, Randolph-Macon Monthly, University of Texas Magazine, Blue and Gold, The Furman Echo, and Wofford College Journal.*

CLIPPINGS.

Dyer: Do you remember the name of the first talking-machine?
Duell: Eve.—*Smart Set.*

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
  And every other flower of spring.
Said she, I can't be all of those,
  So you must Li-lac everything.
—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Justice David Brewer was asked not long ago: "Will you please tell me, sir, what is the extreme penalty for bigamy?" Justice Brewer smiled and answered: "Two mothers-in-law."—*Ex.*

"Flattery iz like kolone-water—tew be smelt uv, not swallowed."

THESE FALL DAYS.

You awkward feel when with your girl
  You're seen about the town,
For you've your winter ulster on,
  And she's a summer gown.—*Ex.*

BOBBY UP TO DATE.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To guy ourselves as others guy us!—*Ex.*

THE THOUGHTLESS MAJORITY.

"Many men, many minds,"
  Is a saying all recall.
Yet how often now one finds
  Many with no minds at all.—*Ex.*

MR. NEWPOP'S IDEA OF IT.

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
  These strike me as the best:
"The baby's gone to sleep again,
  Now let's catch up on rest."

" . . . . Once upon an evening dismal,
I handed her a paroxysmal
Kiss and spoke her name baptismal,
Spoke her name, it was Lenore;
Ah, she was a scrumptious creature,
Glib of tongue and fair of feature;
But alas! I could not teach her,
For she had been there before.
And she winked at me and murmured,
Murmured the one word: 'Encore'!
Only that and nothing more."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE NEWS NOTES.

—Examinations, and then Christmas!

—The spring term opens Wednesday, January 3.

—Miss Mary Lanneau has returned home from Wadesboro, where she participated in two weddings.

—Mrs. Harry Burke, of Statesville, spent the first week of this month here visiting her son, Flake T. Burke.

—Miss Mary Taylor was here awhile last month with her parents, on her way to Laurinburg from Washington City.

—Doctor Sikes recently delivered an address on "The Spirit of Nationalism in Shakespeare" before the Shakespeare Club of Oxford.

—A member of the Junior Class, while looking over the program of the inauguration on the bulletin board, wanted to know who would deliver the inaugural address.

—B. H. Crumpler, who graduated here last year, and is now practicing law at Clinton, will be married there on the twenty-first of this month to Miss Eva Butler, of Clinton.

—Professor Carlyle delivered an educational address at Redwood, near Durham, a few days ago. Charles A. Sigmon, who graduated here two years ago, is in charge of the school there.

—Mr. Willis Holding, one of the oldest residents of the Hill, has returned from Richmond, Va., where he recently underwent treatment for cancer, which he thinks has been cured.

—Dr. Wallace Buttrick, secretary of the General Educational Board, was recently here looking over the College. While in New York, Doctor Taylor had several interviews with Dr. Buttrick with reference to aid in the increase of the endowment of Wake Forest.

—Mr. John Charles McNeill, of the *Charlotte Observer* staff, was here last month visiting friends. He was asked to bring with him on his next visit to Wake Forest the handsome trophy he has recently won—the memorial cup given by Mrs. Lindsay Patterson. Mr. McNeill promised to respond to the request.

—The old officers of the Y. M. C. A. were recently given an elegant dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Poteat, parents of the retiring president of the Association, Hubert Poteat. The following men have been chosen officers to serve for the coming calendar year: W. H. Weatherspoon, of Durham County, president; Hermon T. Beverly, of Robeson County, vice-president; A. T. Howard, of Sampson County, treasurer; B. Y. Tyner, of Robeson County, recording secretary; and P. Q. Bryan, of Halifax County, corresponding secretary.

—Mr. Crozier has aroused a great deal of interest in basket-ball, and two regular games have already been played this fall. The first was between Couch, Keath, Beverly, Brown, G. V., and Crawford, against Ward, Arnette, Duncan, Jenkins, C., and Brown, F. F., resulting in a score of nine to four in favor of the first-named team; while the last game was held Saturday afternoon, the 2d of this month, between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. This game was won by the Freshmen, seven to five. The line-ups were: Sophs.—Ward, captain, Couch, Hobbs, Arnette and Barnette; Fresh.—Keith, captain, Crawford, Elliott, K., Gay and White, E. E. Mr.

Crozier hopes to have a game between the Juniors and Seniors soon after the spring opening, and from the different classes he will select a team to represent the College in several games which he hopes to arrange with some of the other State colleges.

—The editors of *The Howler* have organized and are meeting weekly. It is said that they are planning the best annual in the history of the College. Herbert Jenkins is business manager. The editors are George T. Goodwyn, editor-in-chief; Hubert M. Poteat, senior editor for the Euzelian Society; Vernon O. Weathers, senior editor from the Philomathesian Society; associates, Thomas Hermon Beverly and Jesse Gardner, from the Euzelian Society, and William O. Johnson and James Floyd Greason from the Philomathesian Society.

—The debaters for the Anniversary Celebration, which takes place in February, have decided upon the following question for discussion at that time: "*Resolved,* that North Carolina should establish a reformatory for her young criminals." The debators are Lloyd A. Parker, of Hertford County, from the Euzelian Society, and W. H. Weatherspoon, of Durham County, from the Philomathesian Society, on the affirmative, and Oscar J. Sikes, of Union County, from the Euzelian Society, and Benj. T. Holding, of Franklin County, from the Philomathesian Society, on the negative. Thomas B. Ashcraft, of Union County, is orator for the occasion from the Euzelian Society, and Liston Jackson, of Marion, S. C., orator from the Philomathesian Society. Jesse Weatherspoon, of Durham County, from the Philomathesian Society, is president of the debate, and Herbert M. Poteat, of Wake County, from the Euzelian Society, is secretary.

—The most interesting and enjoyable athletic meeting that has been held here for several years was when, Thursday evening, November 23, nearly every student in College met in the little chapel, and, amid shouts and cheers, assembled themselves into a mass-meeting. Director of Athletics Crozier called the meeting to order and a number of good, spirited speeches were made. Among the speakers were Doctors Poteat, Paschal, Rankin, Gaines, and Messrs. Ashcraft and Turner, E. Dr. Poteat said, in part: "Two perils threaten athletics —disproportionate amount of attention as compared with the chief aims of college work, and the invasion of the spirit of professionalism. The Japanese observer, on his return home, defined Harvard and Yale Universities as young men's clubs, which play football in winter and baseball in summer and read books on rainy days. Fortunately for us the temptation to excess in athletics is not very imminent. The professional spirit is more insidious, and needs, therefore, to be watched with all the more care. Its presence here would reduce sport to a trade, and the generous spirit of rivalry among amateurs would give place in the end to the dead set-to fight of toughs for the money that was in it. To prevent such a degradation we are all bound by every consideration of expediency and honor." The Glee Club furnished music which was very much enjoyed. During the meeting a number were enrolled as members of the Association, but not so many as should join have identified themselves with this organization which means so much for the College. On the following Tuesday night the Association met again and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, O. P. Richardson; vice-president, Terry Lyon; secretary, James Turner; treasurer, Carl Dunn; student representative in the advisory board, Eugene Turner.

—The Trinity and Wake Forest tennis teams met on Friday, November third, and furnished to a large number of spectators one of the best exhibitions of tennis ever seen at Durham. The students from Trinity were out in a body, and not a few of them brought their fair—perhaps their *fairest* friends. The *rooters* lined up on either side of the court, and made no common display of their vocal powers. Indeed, if enthusiasm alone could win a game, the Wake Forest men would not have had "the ghost of a show." They went to work, however, with a dogged determination to win; never gave up a point until it was lost; and finally were rewarded with a victory which Wake Forest has a right to be proud of. The score was 6-4; 7-5; 6-3. Messrs. Pegram and Holland represented Trinity; Messrs. Earnshaw and Lee White, Wake Forest.

From Durham the Wake Forest team went to Guilford, and there gained another victory. The Guilford team, Messrs. Rabb and Lindsay, for some reason seemed not to be in good form. The contest, therefore, was not so close and so spirited as that with Trinity. The score was 6-3; 6-2; 6-3.

Following immediately the games played away from home, a tournament was held here among the students. Much to the gratification of the few who were already interested in tennis, this tournament awakened almost a general interest in the game at Wake Forest. It is hoped now that the tennis men will organize and that the student body will give them sufficient support to enable them to invite the Trinity, Chapel Hill, and Guilford teams to play us on our own grounds next spring.

Messrs. Poteat and Earnshaw won the championship in the doubles, defeating Messrs. White and Turner in the finals. In the singles, Mr. Earnshaw won from Dr.

Paschal in the semi-finals, and Mr. Poteat from Mr. Jackson. It was believed that the finals would furnish the hardest fight of the whole tournament, and the first set only served to strengthen this belief. By the return of a single ball Mr. Earnshaw would have won the set, but he failed, and Mr. Poteat, by a series of brilliant plays, snatched the victory from him. In the second and third sets Mr. Poteat had an easy time of it, for his opponent played as one who had given up hope or who suffered from physical weakness.

—Final arrangements have just been completed for a series of debates—three in number—between Mercer University and Wake Forest College. A committee from each institution—Messrs. Godfrey and Webb from Mercer, and Messrs. Picot and Jackson from Wake Forest—met at Columbia, S. C., on December second and framed certain conditions which shall govern these debates. Probably the one condition which is of greatest interest to us is that the first debate will be held at Raleigh on Easter Monday, 1906. The next debate will be held at Macon, Ga., on Thanksgiving day, 1906; and the third will be held at Atlanta, Ga., Easter Monday, 1908. The colleges will alternate in selecting the subject of debate, and the college to whom the subject is announced will have choice of sides, the choice to be made known within two weeks after the receipt of the subject. Each institution will be represented by two speakers, and each speaker will be allowed two speeches—one of twenty minutes duration and the other of five. In the selection of judges one institution will nominate fifteen, from whom the other will select three.

These debates will likely be the most interesting that we have ever had, and it will be worth our while to put forth every effort to win them, for, in debate, no other Southern college has such a reputation as Mercer.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT POTEAT.

EDWARD L. CONN IN THE NEWS AND OBSERVER OF DECEMBER 8TH.

For the first time in its wonderful history, Wake Forest College to-day had a formal and public inauguration, attended by representatives from all parts of the State. President William Louis Poteat, educator, scientist, orator and author, was inducted into office under pleasing auspices. This has been a great day of the Baptist denomination, and it witnessed the most notable assemblage of Baptists ever held in this State. The Baptists came from the mountains and the seashore. It was Baptist to right and Baptist to the left. The day and the event offered the best opportunity the Baptists ever had to show their loyalty to the work of Wake Forest. It was the home coming of widely scattered sons, the tribute of love from many children. It was like a feast in olden time, when the children came home, and laid their tributes of affection at their mother's feet.

Wake Forest College is distinctly the child of progress and promise, and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to return, then indeed did the spirits of Wait, Wingate, Pritchard and others hover over the building to-day. The natural eye saw these illustrious men in august portraits adorn the historic walls of the old hall, but the mind's eye saw them present, rejoicing at the glory of the great institution, and the splendor of this new day in its life.

This day means much for the Baptist people, for Baptist churches. They have reconsecrated themselves to the task of education, and to that education that stands for manhood. The fellowship was beautiful, the spirit was sublime. Aside from the scores of distinguished

men present, there were the sturdy farmer, the care-worn State missionary, the laboring teacher, the hard worked pastor—all were there, and all were jubilant. The Baptists love Wake Forest. It is with the love that a mother holds for her child. They have sacrificed for it, and they have labored and prayed for this happy day, and the whole State rejoices with them.

The new President stands for all that is best and progressive in education. That grand old man—Dr. Charles E. Taylor—has done a magnificent work, and without him the event of this day would not have been possible.

Wake Forest College is the child of the Baptist State Convention. There it was born, and there it has been nurtured. The college is now attaining its full manhood, and with the strength of a young giant in every muscle its looks forward to a future crown of prosperity that will fittingly adorn the sacrifices and achievements of those who have wrought for its success.

Among the people present were a number of young ladies from the Baptist University for Women, of Raleigh, the sister institution of Wake Forest, being the second centre of energy, thought, interest and prayer in the Baptist Ellipse, the State Convention. In the hall also were the students of Wake Forest, the chivalry of the denomination.

Many venerable fathers were there. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Sr., father of Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Boston, and Thomas Dixon, was there; and Rev. John E. White, Sr., father of Dr. John E. White, now of Georgia, was there, and others were there, taking renewed inspiration from the sacred spot, where their sons were trained.

Several prominent institutions were represented, these being the University of North Carolina, by President F. P. Venable and Prof. Hume; A. and M. College, by

President George T. Winston and Professors Hill, Yates, Paine, Thomas, Withers, Roberts and Proctor Owen; Trinity College, Prof. Edwin Mims; Richmond College, Prof. W. L. Foushee; St. Mary's School, Rev. McNeely DuBose, Rector, and Prof. Cruikshank; Peace Institute, Dr. James Dinwiddie, Principal; Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Prof. Dargan; Elon College, Prof. Newman; Davidson College, President Henry Louis Smith; Washington and Lee University, President George H. Denny; Shaw University, President C. F. Meserve; Baptist University for Women, President R. T. Vann and Prof. T. Neill Johnson.

Occupying seats on the rostrum were: F. P. Hobgood, L. Johnson, J. B. Boone, C. J. Thompson, B. D. Gray, J. F. Love, J. M. White, F. H. Busbee, P. H. Marsh, R. R. Overby, J. D. Hufham, A. R. Foushee, L. R. Pruell, J. M. Hilliard, F. M. Jordan, G. S. Jones, J. S. Jones, J. S. Carr, J. M. Crenshaw, Dr. Sanford, J. K. Howell, Dr. J. M. Frost, N. B. Broughton, James Dinwiddie, T. B. Wilder, A. W. Setzer, R. S. Moore, Prof. Rufus Hunter, Josephus Daniels, President E. M. Poteat, L. L. Jenkins, John C. Scarborough, R. S. Doughton, W. A. Graham, W. F. Fry, J. A. Bean, Governor R. B. Glenn, R. H. Pitt, C. F. Meserve, C. W. Scarborough, J. M. Forehand, W. R. Gwaltney, Dr. Prestridge, R. J. Willingham, Alfred H. Moment, H. C. Dockery, B. R. Lacy, J. E. Shepherd, J. R. Young, T. B. Womack, A. W. Graham, R. A. Doughton, H. W. Battle, J. Y. Joyner, J. D. Boushall, W. C. Tyree, W. L. Poteat, R. T. Vann, Dr. Hume, F. P. Venable, H. L. Smith, G. H. Denny, D. H. Hill, W. B. Royall, G. W. Paschall, D. Eatman, W. C. Dowd, W. W. Holding, E. W. Sikes, W. N. Jones, C. J. Hunter, and others.

The inauguration exercises began with the formation

of the academic procession, the chief marshal being Dr. E. Walter Sikes, who handled admirably the biggest crowd ever gathered at the college in its history. The Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies lined up on either side of the walk leading to the building in which the exercises were held. The student body was in charge of M. F. Hatcher and J. M. Picot. Through this line marched the various divisions, the first being the alumni, in charge of W. W. Holding. This procession was headed by the venerable Major J. M. Crenshaw, the first student to matriculate at Wake Forest, and J. C. Scarborough, President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, a member of the first class to register at Wake Forest after the war, and the reorganizer of the Euzelian Literary Society. It is remembered that Mr. Scarborough made a speech by himself, with no audience, one day long ago, in which he prophesied the future glory of the institution. He was determined to reorganize the Society, and he succeeded.

Next came the trustees, in charge of W. C. Dowd and led by Dr. J. D. Hufham, the "Bishop of the Baptists of North Carolina," and "walking delegate," of the Convention, and Dr. W. C. Tyree, President of the Board of Trustees of the College.

The procession of visitors was in charge of J. D. Boushall, and was headed by Governor Glenn and State Treasurer B. R. Lacy.

The faculty followed, being directed by G. W. Paschal. It was headed by President Poteat.

During the processional Mr. Hubert Poteat played the "March from Tannhauser," and the grand music of the large organ swelled out into the big audience eloquently.

Notable in the academic procession was the absence of

the usual academic black gowns and caps, relics of a past idea, which Wake Forest relegated.

After the audience sang "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the invocation was offered by President E. M. Poteat, D.D., of Furman University.

He prayed: "O God, the God of our Fathers, in whom they trusted, we worship Thee. Our hearts tremble and are enlarged before Thee this day. Not only us, but unto Thy name be the glory of this hour. All the far past crowding upon us in previous recollections to-day; all the untried future, all the emotions of this auspicious hour, unite to stir us to humble gratitude, enjoin upon us prostration of spirit before our God.

"Let no man exalt himself before Thee this day. Let every heart be humbled, and grateful for Thy blessings. As the sky in beauty dressed overarches us, filling the world with light; so do Thou, God, over us gather us within these walls with Thy love and grace, and give us a sense of Thy presence.

"Give us humility to-day. We ask Thee to be in the beginning, continuance and end of these exercises. Make us have faith in God, trust in His Providences, and hope in His mercy. May all our hearts be as the heart of one man to-day. Put Thy hand upon the man whom Thy people have chosen. Make him wise in his day and generation according to the exigencies and needs of his place in the world. Bless his mother, who is with him to-day, and whose heart is most grateful for this hour. Bless the associates with him in his labors; bless the students, the faculty, the trustees. Holy Spirit of God, go before them, and may the hearts of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina run together in great enthusiasm for Christian education.

"God has made Himself manifest; Heaven has reached our souls in this place and bye and bye, may we be gathered together by Thy grace, in the riches of Jesus Christ."

Dr. W. C. Tyree, President of the Board of Trustees, made the presentation address for that body. When he called the name of President Poteat there was loud applause. He said in no other way than by electing him President of Wake Forest could the Board of Trustees express their great admiration and love for President Poteat, and explicit trust in his ability and confidence in his piety.

The speech of President R. T. Vann, of the Baptist University for Women, for the Wake Forest class of 1873 was exquisite and delightful. When he mentioned the name of Dr. Taylor there was thunderous applause, the audience arose, and created a demonstration of affection. A thrill ran over it as Dr. Vann concluded his eloquent tribute. "We count ourselves happy to-day," he said, in speaking of President Poteat, "not in having to inaugurate a man but in having a man to inaugurate."

Professor W. B. Royall, of the Chair of Greek, made a strong address in behalf of the faculty. He referred tenderly to the kindred relations that existed between their executive and the faculty.

Dr. Tyree announced that Dr. Charles E. Taylor, who was to have spoken for the administration and presented the keys of the college, was unable to be present because of illness, but had written a brief address, and Dr. Tyree requested Prof. F. P. Hobgood to read it. The address was as follows:

"It is made my pleasing privilege to transfer, not to a stranger, but to a colleague and a friend, the symbols of presidential authority.

"These keys are the recognized emblems of two-fold obligation—to exclude and to admit.

"They mean that, so far as you can, you will exclude the unprepared, the slothful, the vicious, from the student body; and inefficient instruction, unchristian influence and unholy rivalries from the corps of instructors.

"They mean that you will admit all truth, new and old, that knocks at your portals with attested credentials, that you will welcome every influence which will make the college more useful and which will stimulate its students to wider acquisitions of knowledge, to clean living, and to noble achievement, that you will throw your doors wide open to the poor and humble as well as to affluence and social pretension.

"Mr. Henry James, returning from an extended residence in Europe, has declared that the most encouraging symptom he has discerned in American life was the new enclosure of Harvard University. It was to him a symbol of cloistral seclusion, a bulwark of privacy, a principle of exclusion.

"This is the reverse of that true American spirit which was suggested by Emerson when he said, 'Only that good lasts which we can taste with all our doors open and which serves all men.'

"That you, bearing worthily these keys, will open wide our doors to serve all men, there needs no prophet to declare."

—The reception at the home of President and Mrs. Poteat, December 7, from 9 to 11 o'clock p. m., was one of the most enjoyable features of the inauguration. It was given to the speakers of the inauguration, the Trustees, the Faculty, and visitors.

Miss Louise Poteat and Mr. Hubert M. Poteat, daugh-

ter and son of Dr. Poteat, and Miss Elva Dixon received the guests at the door. In the parlor were Dr. and Mrs. Poteat and daughter, Miss Helen; Dr. Edwin Poteat, president of Furman University, and Mr. J. P. Poteat, one of the leading business men of Durham, brother of Dr. W. L. Poteat; Mrs. J. A. Poteat, mother, and Miss Ida Poteat, art teacher in the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh, sister of President Poteat; Mrs. A. V. Purefoy, Mrs. W. O. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Meekins, of Elizabeth City, and Dr. Dixon Carroll, of the Baptist University. Receiving in the library were Miss Mary Lanneau and Prof. Darius Eatman. Serving in the dining-room were Mrs. Dr. Royall, Mrs. W. R. Cullom and Mrs. John Brewer.

The house was handsomely decorated with a Christmas effect, holly and ferns being used, interspersed with carnations. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. About ten o'clock the student body assembled in front of the residence and made a bonfire in honor of their new president. This was responded to by a number of those present making speeches to the boys.

Among the out-of-town guests were Rev. Dr. J. R. Love, of Little Rock, Ark.; Dr. Clewell, of Salem Academy; Mr. E. J. Britt, of Lumberton; Mrs. James M. Poteat, of Danville, Va., cousin of Dr. W. L. Poteat; Mr. S. McIntyre, of Lumberton; Mr. S. E. Williams, of Lexington; Dr. Geo. H. Denny, of Washington and Lee University of Virginia; Dr. William L. Foushee, of Richmond College, Virginia.

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THE WIND OF LONG AGO.

E.

Long ago, long ago,
The wind sang low
  And sweet—a beautiful song;
Through years of pain,
For the lost refrain,
  The nations have waited long.

May the wind come again,
With the old refrain
  Of joy and peace and glee,
As the hours glide
Past the Christmas-tide—
  And murmur it low to thee.

EVENING STAR.

E. M. C.

As a child I gazed in rapture at the big star in the darkening west and, gazing, wondered. When twenty frosts had chilled the blush of many a rose, an intense longing urged me out in search of undiscovered pages. The mountain ash came to know my voice and the low-land cypress recognized my footstep as I wandered hither and thither. Always I was begging the life story of her who looked so calmly down at me as the leaves murmured to the sun a last good-night. Green yielded up to brown but no rich fruit came nigh mine out-stretched hand. Frenzied despair was weakening every nerve. Once more I found myself in a Carolina forest. By me flowed a little brook, above were cypress trees, and on the other side the mournful pines.

I said not a word. I was thinking—thinking that cruel Fate had concealed the record and I should never find it. I resolved to remain there forever, where the Queen of the West could no more single me out to bestow on me her cold good-night. I knew that so long as I could see her the nameless desire would drive me on-ward, the maddening passion would prolong my search. Henceforth here was to be my home. I sank with my head on a mossy cypress log and bade the brook sing me to sleep; it did not obey, for the brook itself was sleeping and heard not my entreaty.

Far and wide my thoughts began to wander. Once again I was at the old window, once again the star thrilled me through and through. Childhood's fancy had not passed with years; it was still present, real! A

gentle whisper called me back—the brook was murmuring in its dreams. I bent my head to listen, and in tones which no musician ever heard, the sleeping prattler told a story. Morning, noon, and night, I hear the voice again. It is the poet's unheard melody. No artist hand with long-skilled touch can reproduce those strange, sweet notes, but ye whose hearts oft yearn for fancy's tales of truth, give ear. This is the legend as it was unwittingly revealed by the tender child of the forest:

"The flinty arrow-heads of warring chiefs have long since mouldered into dust, and the ninth generation of forest oaks is now infirm with age. But I have not forgotten her and she still remembers me. When she was but a four-year-old she rambled down to see me and we swore a mutual friendship. From that time on she told me every secret. So beautiful was she that when I heard her step I straight forgot to do aught else but look and listen. She talked to me of every childish joy and sorrow. She said I gurgled out a merry laugh when she was glad and sighed when she was filled with grief.

"The little dusky maiden had a wish which she repeated oft and tenderly. She begged me to say it over in my prayers, that the Great Spirit might take away the twilight hue and make her fair like noonday. And every evening as I bade the birds good-night I prayed that Evening-Star might be made fair as well as beautiful. A never-failing breath from West-Wind told me that the Mighty Brave had heard and made a record of my meek request.

"Once as the moon peeped above the cypress trees, she came to me with saddened face. Our tears fell as one at the recital of her heart's distress. Her father wished that she should be the love of one whom she loved not. But Deadly-Dart had vowed his soul-care for the chieftain's black-eyed daughter.

"'Tis full three moons since then,' she said; 'I can not care for him—my love is all for Silver-Shaft, but my braves like him not.'

"She lay down close beside me and her slender form was chilled with sorrow's ague. I sought to soothe her troubled heart, but it was long ere stifled sobs no more escaped her death-pale lips.

"I saw her not again, for while I slept she stole away. The next day's sun was sinking and she had not come to pay her usual visit. A passing red-breast brought me news. 'He who bore the silver bow has taken his departure to the Happy Hunting Ground. A pointed message from one Deadly-Dart has sent him hastening on his way. The brother braves of Silver-Shaft have now surrounded your loved town and are demanding one maid of beauty for their fallen prince.' Who would it be? Above the mighty silence struggling to be heard there rose a cry which chilled my life's blood in my veins. 'It shall be I! I never can be fair—the Spirit hears my prayer but answers not! O, let me go with Silver-Shaft!' And Deadly-Dart's loud voice was not enough to hold her back.

"The sound of war-dance never came to me—a blue bird told me that she was gone. One moment all the world was darkness, then West-Wind bade me look. My eyes beheld her high and lifted up—no more a dusky damsel of the wood. A wondrous gleam from Silver-Shaft's bright bow had lighted up her face, *and she was fair.* They two are wedded now and joy as one, while I am lonely still without her. But every evening as they mount their throne they downward waft a sweet good-night. O! murmur not, my heart, for she is happy now. She loves her Silver-Shaft and me—I love but her, my Evening-Star."

The brook stirred restlessly as a fevered child and

uttered a smothered groan. I raised my head and through the pines I saw her again, but the old longing was gone out of my heart and I knew that my search was ended. I took up the last murmurs of the brook and the West-Wind bore the echoes onward, while the cypress trees and the mournful pines breathed a weird requiem. But the dirge was for the sorrowing forest child in its mossy bed, and not for me. The questioning of childhood had been answered as I thought she is indeed a conscious spirit-being, and I still live to say to her the story old—I love but thee, my Evening-Star.

JOHN WEBSTER: A DARK FIGURE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

S.

Biography records little of the poet Webster. So far as the facts of his life are concerned his name is an empty sound, for there history is silent. He is one of those dark figures of English literature which, like Macbeth's witches, when we would question them further, make themselves air into which they vanish. That he did live, however, is evinced in his works, and in them, like the Roman legislator, his name "is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument."

Not to be untrue to nature we grant him a father and mother—perhaps his father was the John Webster who, in 1571, was admitted to the Merchant Tailor's Company —and from scanty bits of information gleaned here and there we assign him a wife and daughter. The date of his own birth we place somewhere in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, for in the beginning of the next he was young in his art. From internal evidence we infer that he attended a university. Anything further in regard to his private life, for lack of proof, we dare not assert.

Some allusions from his contemporaries show that he was not generally appreciated by the men of letters of his time, though he was commended by such as Ford, Middleton, Sheppard and Shirley. It is a question whether he ever received favors from people of rank other than those to whom he dedicated one or two of his plays. In turn, toward the public in general he conducted himself with conscious pride, resembling in that respect Ben. Johnson somewhat. He was fully aware

of his powers as a playwright. In the dedicatory of his *Duchess of Malfi* to Baron Berkeley he speaks of the worth of his work to be perused by that noble prince; and in his address to the reader in *The White Devil,* in reply to the charge that he "was a long time in finishing this tragedy," he could not restrain himself from giving the Euripidean answer. Certainly a tendency to underestimate his own powers was not one of his faults.

Much of Webster's writing was done in colaboration with other playwrights, hence it is difficult to estimate properly the scope of his work. With Munday and others he produced *Caesar's Fall;* with Ford, *A Late Murther of the Sonn upon the Mother;* and with Decker, two rollicking comedies, *Westward Ho* and *Northward Ho.* This period of joint authorship was both pleasant and fruitful. Webster himself states that he enjoyed it. "I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours." And fruitful because it prepared him for the greater work which came later.

But it is with Cyril Tourneur that we associate Webster most closely in this colaborative period. Not that they really wrote together, they worked alone, and yet each wielded such an influence upon the other that not to class them together as producing a singular type of drama would be altogether uncritical. They wrote from the same motives, with the same aims and aspirations, the same ideals in view; they used blank verse and prose alike, affected the same brevity, were alike indebted to Shakespeare, and in general worked in the same atmosphere of moral gloom. Tourneur stands first in point of time only; Webster was certainly the greater poet, possessing a finer cast of mind and showing in his work a broader knowledge of human nature, though it

is probable that he followed Tourneur's lead in the production of his greatest work.

But Webster's work in connection with other writers is not to be considered in comparison with what he did alone. *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* are easily his best plays, and they are the work of his own hand, though perhaps he was influenced in the peculiar form and tone of each by his counterpart, Cyril Tourneur. They are companion plays, belonging to the type of tragedy known as tragedy of blood. Both are taken from the Italian; each is the story of illicit love, unrestrained passion, wicked, revengeful brothers with the sad redemises to each, and through each alike runs the story of the villain, in the one Flornineo, in the other Bosola.

The first *Vittoria Corombona,* or *The White Devil* as it is better known, was first printed in 1612, though doubtless it was acted several years before. Both the plot and the characters, with almost no change, and in some instances not even change of name, are taken from Italian history. It is claimed by some to be the author's masterpiece; Swinburne says some of its scenes have never been equalled except by Shakespeare. That Webster worked long and patiently at it there is no doubt, himself confessing that he did not write "with a goose-quill winged with two feathers." The central figure about which the play turns is of course the "White Devil" herself. Hot passion, cool outward self control, with supreme contempt for the ordinary fears and scruples of womankind, prompt her unseemly actions. She is not in the slightest abashed by, nor does she resent, the advances made by Duke Beochiono in the very beginning. She throws down the gauntlet herself, for the

whole trend of evil actions which follow, by relating her dream to the Duke, closing with the words:

> "Then to my rescue there arose, one thought,
> A whirlwind which let fall a mossy arm
> From that strong plant,
> And both were struck dead by that sacred En,
> In that base shallow grove, which was their den."

In the play are several divinely sweet dirges, one of which, sung by the maddened Cornelia—

> "Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men," etc.

has been compared favorably with that of Shakespeare in the *Tempest* where Ferdinand is reminded of his dead father.

The Duchess of Malfi, the companion piece of *The White Devil*, would seem to be the work of a more mature mind. Certainly it came into the printer's hands at a later date. The whole action of the play revolves about the passion, lust, and illicit love of a woman, yet that passion seems to be the product of true womanly affection rather than the licentious lust of the "White Devil." Like the other, it is filled with horrors, but they are not so ghastly, and through it there extends a slight vein of pathos hardly perceptible in *The White Devil*.

It is with a feeling akin to pity that we look upon the Duchess kneeling in the dust at the shrine of the Lady of Loretto, by the side of him for whom she has given up her home, the respect of her people, and her own honor, only to be banished by her brother, the wicked Cardinal. Again our pity is excited when the waxen form resembling dead Antonio and the children are

brought before the Duchess. In the fourth act the author has summoned all his powers to depict horror. There madmen dance without; preparations are made for the Duchess' murder in her presence, the coffin is brought in, her dirge is sung, then she is strangled, to revive only for a moment to learn from her executioner that her husband still lives. Almost her last words are,

> "I pray thee look thou, give my little boy
> Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
> Say her prayers ere she sleep."

Her motherly concern touches even the cruel brother, the author of her murder, as he turns away and says:

> "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young."

A weird wildness presaging evil possesses us as we stand with Antonio in the fortifications of Milan amid the ruins of the ancient abbey, listening to the echo, every sentence a warning, to which Antonio gives no heed till at last the repetition of his last phrase strikes terror to his heart, chilling his soul:

> "Never see her more."

Like so many other Elizabethan dramatists, Webster lacks characterization. His figures move about mechanically, in many places bringing on a dull sense of monotony. In plot-making he is also at a lack; the thread of his story usually slender, is in many places almost lost altogether. But in delicate situations he is a complete master, as Vittoria before the judges and the assassination of the Duchess. Indeed, his most striking characteristic is his power to conceive and present a situation.

It has been said of him that he "nightly slept with horrors," a statement doubtless much overdrawn. The whole trend of his nature was along the stream of grue-

some sombreness, but he was not an ogre. He thought of the tragedy of life, not as a horror, but as a deep, unrelenting sorrow. He is not cruel, he is not even vindictive; he is a subtle moralist paying tribute to nobility and virtue, but denouncing in no uncertain terms the base and mean in the world. Further it can be said of him that which can be said of few of the world's dramatists, he had a true insight into human nature. He was aware that at times men and women alike lay bare the treasured secrets of their hearts. Love and hate, as well as the petty foibles of mankind, were before him an open book. He understood the fury and bitterness of passion and the after-sting of the gadfly remorse, and being himself a man of sorrows, he was acquainted with grief. These he not only knew, but was able to reproduce in supremely fitting occasions, which is the highest gift of true poetic genius.

DREAMS.

T. B. ASHCRAFT.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream."

The mysteries of dreams often cease to be mysterious, either from life-long familiarity or because they are never studied. Under the dark shades of night we may walk boldly to the other regions and look into the blackest pits of Hades or view the dazzling beauty of the interior of Paradise; we may be guilty of the blackest deeds, and wade through seas of blood, and weep burning tears for empty grief; we may stroll in unknown lands, even with the gods themselves, and after all this we saunter peacefully back from the wild adventures into the cheerful day, unmoved and forgetting. We even find more mystery in the work of a magician or a hypnotist than in the peculiar experiences of dream life.

In a general way we may say dreams are our mental states and operations while asleep. They are states of mental activity of which we may be more or less cognizant at the time, and of which subsequent remembrance varies in completeness. Chaucer called dreams

"but interludes which Fancy makes,
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things."

A still clearer definition is given by Sir Walter Scott as "the deception of imagination when reason drops the reins."

There are several disputed points in connection with dreams. As to the condition of the attention, whether it is absent, or fixed as in hypnotic somnambulism, as to how much mental control in dreams, and as to dream-

less sleep, are questions yet to be answered. These questions are made very difficult from the fact that observation gives very little information.

It is hardly possible to account for the phenomena of dreams, except upon the theory that every excitation of the brain is not due to an immediately antecedent excitation of a sense organ, but by what is known as vicarious brain action, the sensation arises spontaneously in the brain itself. The mind places so much importance on significance that it regards sensations as signs of objects, whether the objects be actually present or not. This fact constitutes the psychological basis of dreams.

Now as to the origin of dreams, it is certain that the material for our dreams is often furnished by the "traces" left upon the brain by past occurrences, whether still existing in, or faded out of, the conscious memory. It is a fact of every one's experience that things which happen during the day are often dreamed about the following night. The constructive imagination seems to have free play, and occurrences are often much enlarged, or certainly greatly different from the actual experience. And then dreams sometimes occur that arise from some past impression on the brain, though the conscious memory may have entirely lost it. An example of this is the well-known case of a girl who, during an attack of febrile delirium, spoke a language that none of her attendants could understand. It was afterwards learned that she was speaking the Welsh language. She was born in Wales and had known the language when small, but having moved away had entirely forgotten it. This shows that the sensitive plate of the brain never loses any clear picture once received. It is very probable that many of our seemingly inex-

plicable dreams might be explained if we could only see the many forgotten "impressions" on the brain.

And again there is similar reason for believing the material for some of our dreams is furnished by "traces" of impressions which, if they ever affected the consciousness of the ego, are not at all remembered. An example of such a dream is given by a judge who slept one night at the house of one of the parties to the case he was trying. He dreamed through the night that lizards were crawling over him. He could not account for such an idea until on the mantel-piece of one of the rooms he was in the evening before he saw a clock on which were the figures of crawling lizards. He must have seen this without *noticing* it; it must have left a "trace" on the brain, but no record in his conscious memory.

Another cause of dreams is the immediate sensory impressions which, though they may be slight, often introduce a new set of associations. When awake we are able to overcome petty bodily distractions, but the dreamer is absolutely at their mercy; the train of ideas is changed by every chance impression that appeals to the senses. The character of the dream may be predetermined by a certain arrangement of sensory impressions. Some dreamers are affected by a whisper of an idea into the ear, or by the way in which they are lying. An example of a sensory impression supplying the material of a dream has been given by Dr. Reid. He had a plaster put on his head on account of a fall, and it gave him excessive pain during the night. On falling alseep toward the morning, he dreamed that a party of Indians had scalped him. Now a good many mental operations were involved in that dream. There was perception of pain and locating it at the head, there was reason seeking for the cause; next came memory to suppress the

real cause and to suggest another that might result in such a feeling, and then imagination takes the suggestion and makes the local surroundings correspond to such an experience. The faculty which remains dormant, and which would destroy the dream is judgment.

It is claimed by some that the material for dreams is sometimes furnished by heredity. An example given by one writer is that a man dreamed of being in the French Revolution, and it was found that his ancestors were in the Revolution. This source seems to be ill-founded, for such dreams can be as readily accounted for in some other way. The doubt connected with this source of dream material is due to its uncertainty.

Before discussing the incoherency of dreams, it may be said that sometimes the thought-current flows in a uniform, coherent order. Such an order is likely to occur when the thought of the previous day is taken up and carried on. But the general fact is that the ideas which are presented in dreams are wild, disconnected and inconsistent. The question would naturally arise that if this material of dreams is taken from our waking life, and if our dreams are a repetition or a continuation of these thoughts, why should there be a want of coherence between the ideas which successively present themselves.

In the first place, the "reflecting" faculties, that is, judgment, reason, will, or, in short, choice and control, are slumbering. The absence of a directing will over the current of ideas is a characteristic of dreams. The will does not seem to be absent, but loses its hold on the other mental faculties, and instead of directing it seems rather to be dominated by the train of ideas. A second cause for the incoherency of dreams is the unrestricted reign of imagination and the mechanical principles of

association of ideas. "Unless the thought comes from within the known borders of the body's own life, the will will have none of it. But overtaken by fatigue and sinking into slumber with the night, his domain is left defenceless and unpatrolled, for with the will goes his troop of watchmen, judgment, logic, deliberation, ethics; and memory, ungoverned and uncontrolled, holds a feast of misrule. The barrier between past and present melts away; all his ancestors are merged into the individual; the events of the day are inextricably tangled with those of two centuries since, and this motley play of time is called a dream."

Why do we think these dreadful incongruities realities? The existence of things we see and feel in dreams are as evident to us as life, yet in the waking state we oppose them to realities. "Dreams are true while they last," but we awake and "behold it was a dream." It is only when we feel the experience *might* have happened that we question its being a dream. Every image, even in waking life, not opposed by a stronger image, is considered real. The senses are asleep, and we cannot contradict by normal sensations; we have nothing to which to relate our conceptions, and thus prove their reality, nor do we have the faculty of judgment to put a limit to memory and imagination; so what is left to the mind but to accept what is presented as a reality?

One of the most remarkable peculiarities in dreams is the rapidity with which the current of thought passes through the mind. Not only are law and order, and place disregarded, but even time loses its regular length, and often "a thousand years is as one day, and a day as a thousand years." One testifies that another was reading to him, and he fell asleep in the midst of a sentence, and had a long dream, but woke in time to hear the last

of the sentence. When one's room door opens while the occupant is asleep he often dreams of thieves breaking into his room, just in the waking instant. Examples of longer periods is unnecessary, for we know we have compressed years into the length of a dream of one nap. These are the facts, but where is the cause? The cause has been suggested in discussing a previous point. It is known by the experience of every one that in the waking state thoughts pass through the mind in a few minutes that it would take years to put into action. Now if it is possible for the thought-current to be so rapid, the question seems to come as to why our conceptions are considered realities. Every thought is an action. To dream of going around the world seems to the mind long enough for the action itself.

Now, in conclusion, what idea of life do we get from this study of dreams? Do we decide that life is but a dream? Is it true that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Shall we say with Shakespeare:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Descartes said, "I perceive so clearly that there exists no certain marks by which the state of waking can ever be distinguished from sleep, that I almost persuade myself that I am now dreaming." If such is true, why may we not awake into a higher state of intelligence in which all that seems real now shall be discovered as mental images? Thus would the idealist lead us to doubt reality. Surely this life does not stand related to the future state as the dream does to the waking in the morning.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY RIP VAN WINKLE.

BERNARDINE.

The view was discouraging and fruitful of indolence. All around, as far as the eye could see, lay stretches of sand, with here and there a spot in cultivation, where the straggling pea vines and the spindle-like stalks of corn made sickly efforts to grow and reward the planter's labor. Bordering these cultivated patches and scattered among them were the old fields in which persimmon trees, broomsedge, and diminutive pine-trees struggled for a scant existence. To any thrifty man the scene suggested the very abomination of desolation; but not so with the lone improvident workman, who was leaning idly on his hoe in the middle of the row he was weeding. As this man gazed at the "lazy Laurences" dazzling in the midday sunshine, the place seemed an ideal spot where he might sleep forever. The hoe dropped from his listless hand and he wandered aimlessly from the field into the wood, and on over the pine-needle carpet until he came to a cave in which the soft, white sand imperiously invited him to rest. He fell prone on this bed of nature's and slept the sleep of the just.

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When he awoke a man was bending over him with puzzled face, and he heard, as one in a dream, the words "Strange, strange, indeed."

He aroused himself instantly and demanded, "Who are you? - What is it so strange?"

"I am Judge Byrum, and it is surpassingly strange that you should have slept here in this cave thus a quarter of a century, as I am convinced you have done; for

you are none other than my old workman, Rip Van Winkle, who disappeared so mysteriously in the year nineteen hundred."

"I do not in the least understand you, and I never saw you before. It is true my name is Rip Van Winkle. I came here yesterday and fell asleep, and for the first time in my life I am rested."

"In truth you ought to be rested, for many a day has hurried by since you came here, and marvellous changes have been wrought. If you do not believe my words, you may see for yourself."

Dazed and puzzled, Rip followed the Judge to the entrance of the cave. The sight that met his bewildered gaze confirmed his companion's words, for where he had last seen the white sand-ridges he now beholds a mighty and populous city, whose magnificent buildings towered, fifty stories high, into the cloud regions. He looked appealingly at the Judge.

"What does it mean?" he demanded; "am I dreaming, or has an evil spirit control over me?"

The man's bewilderment was amusing, but the Judge understood how incredulous it seemed to him, and answered kindly, "Why, it means that the desert has blossomed as the rose. It is a result of the establishment of cotton factories and of the improved methods in farming. All agriculture is now carried on by electric machinery. We have electric plows, electric mowers, and electric cotton pickers, and so with all farming implements. With the increase in produce came the building of factories all over the South, and to-day the land of Dixie is by far the wealthiest section of the United States."

Rip drew a deep breath. All his life he had been considered a sluggard, but now he seemed endued with a

goodly share of the untiring energy that characterized the new age.

"If you are playing no trick on me," he said, "explain how this spot has been left untouched during all these years. That fact proves you are deceiving me."

"It is very easy to explain that, my friend. The spot is sacred to me because of a family tradition connected with it; that is why gold has failed to purchase it until now. But legends and traditions ever fall before the ruthless scythe of advancement, and at last I have sold the place to the government. Shortly the city will establish here a Burbank Florium, where pomatoes, plumelons, and every other variety of hybridized fruits and vegetables may grow in profusion. It is the one thing which Perrysville lacks."

Rip's unparalleled wonder was beyond all expression. He did not in the least understand all that the Judge had said, yet he knew that something strange and marvellous had happened to him. He stared at his companion in absolute silence, and passed his hand convulsively over his forehead.

"Come, Rip," said Judge Byrum, "don't be perplexed over this mystery. Leave it for Science, the goddess of the age, to fathom. Come with me into the new and powerful city of Perrysville, and learn of the wonders that are."

The man rose in a dazed way to follow the Judge, but sank to the ground with a sharp cry of suffering. "I am dying," he groaned; "get a doctor, quick!"

The Judge hastened to give him some water from the little spring that bubbled in the cave, and as soon as he saw the man was reviving he said:

"You are far behind the times, indeed, my friend! Doctors are as rare now as stars at noonday, nor do we

need them any more than the sunlight needs the starlight. The government regulates all things pertaining to health, and enforces perfect sanitary conditions everywhere. The people are so well versed in physiology and hygiene that they never violate nature's laws, and thus bring on ill-health. Then, too, science learned that all contagious and infectious maladies were caused by germs, and she immediately found a germacide in electricity. The air is purified and cleared of all germs by electric explosions, and so we have no more malarial, typhoid, or yellow fever. The same is true of scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, and so on."

This information was so startling to Rip that for a moment he forgot his faintness, but the fact that he still possessed the ill while being deprived of the remedy did not impress him very favorably with this phase of advancement. Then he groaned, "I always have been unfortunate, and it is just my luck to have to die without a doctor because I always claimed that I would have one near me at the last." He was silent a second, and then he entreated the Judge to get him some brandy to relieve his weakness.

"There is not one drop of brandy in this country. The government strictly prohibits the manufacture of intoxicants anywhere. But here is something that will serve the purpose," and the Judge handed Rip a small vial containing a bright red liquid. "Drink that; it is essence de felis, a mighty restorative of vitality, prepared at the city chemical department, where a man may obtain preparations that will endow him with any desired animal properties."

Rip drank the potion, and immediately exclaimed, "I feel like a new man; like I might live forever. What is it you have given me? I don't know what you meant by preparations that give men animal properties."

"Why this; a man may know that he is going to be placed under circumstances that will require him to be very cunning. Then he goes to this department, and secures some aqua de Reynard; that is the solution, above all others, to make a man wary and shy. If he needed boldness, he would take extract de lion. Do you see?"

"Yes, yes; that must be a good thing for some; but how do the topers live?"

"They don't live. We have none now, for the old ones soon fagged out after the Prohibitory Liquor Act was carried into effect, and their children were placed in reformatories and educated. With the death of liquor came compulsory education, and the uplifting of the slums, so that the nation is greatly blessed. Crime and ignorance rarely occur, and so we no longer have prisons. Capital punishment long ago came to be considered inconsistent with the highest moral teaching, and so when a man is guilty, the reformatory becomes his home until he is able to live an honest life."

"Well, well, Judge; I never dreamed that I should live in a Garden of Eden!"

"Nor I either; yet the fact seems evident. Shall we go on into the city? But wait; you need some food," and Judge Byrum gave Rip a small box containing prepared food. "Eat that."

It was true, the food bore no resemblance to his old-time diet, and Rip looked at the meagre supply very dubiously; but he was hungry, and without a word he was about to swallow the boxful when the Judge exclaimed:

"Stop man, you will kill yourself. That is concentrated food, and there is enough in that box to feed you a month!"

"Oh!" groaned Rip, "what shall I do? Give me some plain bread and bacon like I was raised on. I tell you I am starving." Rip was growing intense from the pressure of circumstances.

"You will eat this, friend," said the Judge, as he held out to him a tiny particle of the food, "for you will never again see any of your old-fashioned victuals. Every one eats condensed foods now, and it is a great economy, for it makes cooking useless and indigestion impossible. The time that was originally spent in cooking can be much more profitably employed in artistic pursuits, and the women of the land, no longer burdened with culinary affairs, are given leisure and opportunity to compete with their brothers in the intellectual sphere. Mental activity has been greatly promoted by the use of these prepared foods, for the physical energy once used in the digestion of food is now reserved for the brain to expend in the solution of weighty questions, and there are none too weighty for our age to meet. Brain means everything, but since the value of gymnastic training as an aid to mental development has been recognized universally, the race is growing ever stronger physically, and every man exults in his animal strength, rejoicing daily that he lives in the golden era, when artificial stomachs and condensed foods enable him to throw off the yoke of that merciless tyrant, Dyspepsia. But we will go into the city, now."

As they emerged from the little wood that still made the old cave a secluded nook—for they had remained there during their conversation—Rip became the cynosure of all eyes because of his old-fashioned dress and his quaint ways. He was oblivious to this, however, for he was lost in the contemplation of the beautiful city about him. There seemed no end to the broad pave-

ments that stretched from him in every direction, and not a gravel or a straw was visible on them. The streets were laid of soft gray marble, which lured the foot to go on and on forever. The electric lights were fixed on slender, graceful columns of dazzling white marble, and the net work of electric wires overhead was also resting on columns of the same beautiful order. Towering upward into the cloud regions were colossal buildings, which surpassed in grandeur any of the old buildings that were constructed in the nineteenth century. All these things Rip perceived, but he was impressed most by the ease and rapidity with which the people flitted before him.

"How do they move?" he asked. "They pass before me as lightly and noiselessly as feathers float in air, and without any effort, it seems."

"Ah, my man, they use ambulators—electric walking machines—which are very convenient. They are furnished in large numbers by the city, and are ever ready for use. You have only to step into a small car, press a button, and ere you are conscious of it you are gliding on to your destination. Horses are no longer used, and are kept only as curiosities. There are but two in Perrysville."

The expression on Rip's face filled the Judge with laughter; it was easy for him to laugh; it was the order of the day. "Shall we try an ambulator?" he asked.

"Sure," was the reply. Rip was fast imbibing the enthusiasm and daring of the new era.

They stepped into a double car that stood nearby, and immediately Rip felt himself transported gently and swiftly on like the moving of a dreamland ship, while the softest music soothed him to rest.

"Here we are at the Artists' Retreat, and we will stop here," said Judge Byrum after a few moments, and they stepped into the most beautiful place Rip ever beheld.

He saw before him an immense enclosure shut in by a heavy wall of the whitest marble that stood in bold relief against the green foliage of the trees and shrubberies that grew in the enclosed space. Rip could never describe the scene adequately. There were orange groves, vineyards, hung with purple clusters of grapes, and olive groves, palm trees and willows drooping over peaceful lakes; ferns growing about reckless fountains, and in a remote part of the arid barrenness of the Sahara. All nature was there—the richness of the Orient, the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, the waste of the desert, while in the extreme distance gleamed sternly through the incessantly falling snow-flakes, the rugged icebergs of the Arctic Sea—all embraced in the enclosure, but with no suggestion of confusion or incongruity.

"Is it not wonderful?" asked the Judge, after they had viewed it all. It is all managed by the use of electricity and liquid air, and was designed as the place where artists might meet the muses. Something had to be done for the sake of our literature. The materialism of the time was antagonistic to the production of a great work in literature, and so this wild and secluded place was provided where the poet's soul can commune with Nature's, unhampered by the pressure of materialistic atmosphere. Here was conceived and executed that masterly triumph of literature, the 'Epic of Science,' which the world ranks as superior to anything in the English language. But, hark, do you hear that far-off trumpet? It is the signal to tell us of the descension of

the *Aurora*. Let us hasten to the Grand Square, where she will come to earth."

Rip had no conception of what the "Aurora" was, but he was content to remain in darkness concerning it since his mind was already burdened by the wonderful things about him, and the two went on in silence until they came to an immense park, whose most striking feature was a magnificent monument of dazzling white marble on whose summit stood a heroic figure of a sailor, carved in gold. Its splendid beauty at once attracted Rip's attention, and he inquired why it was placed there.

"That monument," replied his instructor, "was erected in honor of Captain Perry, the indefatigable discoverer of the North Pole and of Land 'Or, the new continent lying beyond the arctic regions."

All Rip's former wonder paled into insignificance in the light of this dumbfounding intelligence. He looked worlds, but said naught, and the Judge continued:

"It is a strange land, and rich in resources, but its greatest wealth lies in its minerals, especially in its inexhaustible supply of gold and marble. That monument and our pavements testify to the beauty and excellence of the marble, for all that is used in Perrysville is obtained from there. The natives are quite primitive in their way of living, and know nothing of its value; and, therefore, we get it by the cargo for comparatively nothing. But, look! Yonder is the *Aurora*."

And Rip, looking, was paralyzed with wonder; for overhead, the central part of the Square, he beheld a vast, ship-like structure slowly descending earthward, while swaying rythmically to the clear, soft strains of music that bore the listener to the Siren's land. The silken sails were brilliantly colored, and myriad rays of light fell, scintillating from the jeweled sides. He

ceased breathing as he gazed on this fairyland vision, but the fascination was broken by the Judge's voice:

"That is the *Aurora,*" he was saying, "the airship in which Captain Perry made his voyage to the Arctic Pole. The successful management of airships was essential to the success of his explorations, and without this Land 'Or would never have been discovered. The vessel is straight from there and is laden with gold from the new world with which we have a lucrative trade carried on by ærial navigation, which is fast supplanting the water-routes and railways as a medium of commerce."

By this time the *Aurora* had gently landed on the ground, and the Judge and Rip hastened to reach her, ere the multitude crowded them out. As they hurried on the Judge heard his companion murmur:

"There's no telling, but I guess the next journey will be to the moon, and I am bound for that trip."

But there was no time for a reply now, and Rip forgot his anticipated journey in his admiration of the *Aurora* and her cargo of gold.

MUSIC.

HUBERT M. POTEAT.

Before taking up music itself it will be well to discuss the function in psychical life of the fine arts in general. Art is the creation of man, and as such, is especially adapted to his needs. And what are his needs? Should not religion satisfy them all abundantly? To be sure, religion is the goal of love, of science, of philosophy, of morality. It stretches before us as a shining pathway from earth to heaven, and it gives us the highest object of devotion possible—God. Can we ask for any more than that? But the gleaming pathway does not shine brightly always. Dismay, confusion and sorrow combine to blot out at times from our mortal eyes the goal toward which we are bending all our energies. The remote and invisible good which religion promises fails to strengthen and comfort. Then is the time that the sublime function of art is made manifest. When we are too weary to be comforted by religion and its promise of future blessing, art comes to us with its immediate, tangible beauty. "It is a voice less thunderous than nature's, a lamp that does not dazzle like the great sun. It simplifies the wealth that is too luxuriant and makes tangible a fragment of the great ethereal beauty no mortal can grasp." Art merely invites the tired, discouraged and aching spirit to look, listen and be comforted.

Let us now consider music as a typical fulfillment of the function of art—of the fine arts in general. It has been said that that function is to soothe with a tangible and present voice the weary spirit, and to furnish the soul something to turn to when all else has failed.

What is more soothing and quieting than a beautiful theme played on a great organ? What more delightful amid this hum-drum, monotonous life of ours than to step into a church as the twilight draws on, and listen to the notes of an anthem of praise resounding through the dimly-lighted aisles? Truly nothing else could be so fraught with that which calms and enfolds the soul in an embrace of delightful serenity.

Music, like all of the other fine arts, has a sensuous basis, or has sensuous material in its make-up. And yet, the sensuous elements of music seem to have been from the beginning fitted to clear structure. Its mechanical side is made up of ninety-two definitely fixed tones, with the differently valued notes and rests, and the rhythm, or regular "accented and unaccented notes." These sensuous elements are much less constrained and more pliable than those of painting or poetry. Says Dr. Mason: "Every painter will tell you that there are inharmonious colors in the sunset, and one daring critic has gone so far as to impugn the 'vulgarity of outline' of the American hills." The same writer says of words, the poet's material: "They were devised, not for beautiful adjustment, but to convey thoughts, and when the poet comes and uses them to make an art, he finds them almost as perverse as the painter's trees and hills." Tones, since they cannot exist outside of music, may be chosen and systematized by the æsthetic sense alone. There is no hindrance except where there is an idea to be expressed by the music. The musician's material, then, is preordained to beauty.

Music and its effects are not in any respect under the sway of the laws of association. Music has a law of its own. When we look at a great temple or cathedral we immediately associate it with the minister who preaches

there, or the priests who worship at the altar of the virgin, or with the organ, or with the choir who sing there. We may associate them also with religion and devotion to God. A beautiful picture is referred to the painter or to the subject in life which is portrayed on the canvas. In poetry, the words, rhythmically combined, serve to present an idea, a conception of something. We refer it to or associate it with the poet or with the ideas set forth in the poem. Suppose, on the other hand, we enter a building and hear from some invisible source strains of beautiful music. Let us suppose that the musician, the composition, and the composer are unknown to us. Evidently there is absolutely nothing with which we may associate the music. And yet we enjoy it to the fullest. It has absolutely no interest or connection outside of itself. We cannot refer it to a past musical experience, for the composition is unknown. The composer's life does not throw any light upon it, for we do not know him. The performer is also unknown, hence association of the music with him is impossible. Obviously, then, music of the highest type exists independent, absolutely independent, of the laws of association. Some one may argue that in a piece of music like Dixie there is borrowed interest. True, but it comes from its association with the South and her trials in the Civil War. The patriotic son of the South finds in "Dixie" a glorious expression of his indwelling patriotism. The words, where they are known, are also responsible for a good deal of the interest. So with hymns. The words are responsible, rather than the music, for the associations which may arise.

The influence and beauty of music may be attributed to still another fact. This art is æsthetic in its nature rather than utilitarian. Beauty versus utility plays an

important role in all of the fine arts. Take architecture, for instance. "Temples and cathedrals," says Dr. Dewey, "have always been the greatest architectural productions." Why? Because they are built with a view to the beautiful rather than to the useful. In every case, where a church is built purely for convenience, the beauty and symmetry are sacrificed. In music the feature of utility is almost entirely gone, and where this is the case the æsthetic side is left alone, beautiful and free. The best example of the utilitarian in music is found in the modern John Phillip Sousa; E. O. Excell, Sunday school rag-time, march, and two-step. This form of music is turned out by the bushel with no attempt whatsoever at beauty or perfection of form, but merely to keep things "lively" at Sunday school. To all persons who really enjoy good music, for the Sunday school as well as for the concert, this utilitarian trash is exceedingly objectionable.

Music possesses a factor which distinguishes it from all the other fine arts,—universality. By universality let us understand its appeal to lower animals and to the lowest types of men, as well as to the cultivated concert and opera-goer. A dog, trotting up Fifth Avenue would hardly stop as he passed St. Patrick's and contemplate with rapt gaze the great cathedral. A shaggy bear would not be very much moved if the "Sistine Madonna" were presented to him. A horse would not shed many tears over "Enoch Arden," neither would he be very much amused at the scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Bottom and his companions disport themselves. But, on the other hand, no one will deny that music has an effect on the dog, the bear, the horse, and other dumb animals as well. Play an air on the violin in the presence of a dog, and a dismal howl shows

the arousal of his sentiments—æsthetic sentiments, if you please. The Hungarian, with his bear and his following of small admirers, makes his show interesting by whining out a sort of Spanish fandango, to which the great beast dances clumsily around. The horses in the circus seem to imbibe fresh vigor and energy when the brass band or the steam piano strikes up "Two Little Girls in Blue," or "Whistling Rufus." Music makes an appeal to the most ignorant and degraded of mankind, as well as to the most highly educated. A savage in the darkest jungles of Africa would be delighted were he to hear a band play one of Abe Holzmann's two-steps. A ragged street urchin temporarily forgets his hunger and want when that same band marches down the street, splitting the air with "Uncle Sammy." The most ignorant negro loves music as well as, if not better, than many cultured and refined people of races superior to his own. Thus it is that music is almost universal in its appeal.

That music exerts influence on men now and has exerted it on them in the past are well-known facts. The influence or effect which music has on us is largely governed by our moods. Consider its influence, first, on our individual selves. Why is it that "Blaze Away" would not be as appropriate at a funeral as a dirge? Why is a dirge played at a funeral? Because it ministers to the sorrowful mood we are in. It serves to direct our thoughts to death and the world beyond, and impresses us with their solemnity. Why is it that "Rock of Ages" would be out of place at the beginning of each Sunday morning's worship, while the Doxology seems especially suited? Of course, we may say that we sing the Doxolgy in the opening of the worship, and that it seems fitting because of our habit of singing it there,

acquired by long use. However, the better answer seems to be that the Doxology is eminently suitable because it gives fit expression of the mood we are in, or the one we should be in—that of praise and thankfulnsss. Surely it furnishes a fit outlet for the emotions which should rise within us as we enter the sanctuary. Why is it that a young lady, sitting down to the piano to play for a party of jolly young people, would hardly select Chopin's "Funeral March," but would probably rattle off with more speed than accuracy, "Hiawatha" or "Tammany"? Because in that company there is very little of the deep solemnity which finds such a magnificent expression in the "Funeral March."

The influence of music has been felt and is being felt by large bodies of people, as well as by individuals, and in a more direct way. On a foot-ball field in a game between Harvard and Yale, for instance, it is said that the singing of "Fair Harvard," the most beautiful college song in existence, will often revive the drooping spirits of Harvard's team if they are losing, and will sometimes even win the game for their college. In one of the battles of the Franco-Prussian war, when the Prussians were almost defeated and were ready to flee, Martin Luther's grand hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," was started by a soldier. As it swelled in volume the army took fresh courage, and as the words

> "Lord Sabboath is his name,
> From age to age the same,
> And He must win the battle,"

rose to the very gates of heaven from ten thousand German throats, the scattered soldiers gathered about the standard, charged the French with a determination that knew no defeat, and gloriously won the battle. It is a

historical fact that the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah" was very instrumental in the awakening of the prison forms of John Howard. Music, then, has had in the past and is having at the present day a great influence over men, individually and in the aggregate. This influence may be very greatly varied. We may be soothed by some soft lullaby or roused to action by an inspiring march. Our religious emotions may be appealed to or our worldly feelings satisfied, and in other ways, too numerous to mention, music is constantly displaying its magic power.

In order to appreciate fully the highest types of music our æsthetic taste must be developed. Says Mr. Weismann: "If there is no 'soul,' then the tone images are not perceived; if a highly developed, tuneful and thoughtful human soul is present, then the confluent and contrasted voices of a polyphone music are perceived as a charming musical structure, a rich art-picture, the single parts of which stand in perceptible connection; going out from one another, running back into one another, the individual tone pictures shape themselves by ever new variations into ever new and interesting combinations." The very highest enjoyment of the highest type of music depends, therefore, to a very large degree, upon the development of the "soul"—used here to mean æsthetic taste and appreciation. The æsthetic taste of a person may be compared to a delicate instrument, which, played upon by sounds, produces an effect corresponding to the completeness of the instrument. It is true that in the lower animals and in the lowest types of men, where there is absolutely no culture, music may be enjoyed. Certainly some music may, but not the greatest and sublimest creations which have come from the souls of the masters.

In conclusion, then, let us notice the reasons of the appeal of music. Why its influence? From whence our enjoyment of its beauty? Dr. Dewey defines æsthetic feeling as "that which arises from the contemplation of the *ideal* value of any fact or of experience," and adds: "It is meant that every element of experience stands in certain relations to the ideal of mind, and that the mind immediately responds to these relations by a feeling of beauty or ugliness." According to the definition, music to be enjoyable must harmonize with some indwelling ideal of mind. The material of music has no existence in space. The beauty of music, it seems, lies in the fact that it is, with the exception of religion, *the deepest and truest manifestation of the soul of man.* "It seems like an actual embodiment of the artist's own feelings for the beautiful." General moods and dispositions are ministered to by music through differences of rhythm, etc., and hence they come to be expressive to the listener of what he already finds in himself, that is, they harmonize with his ideals. And music differs from the other fine arts in that while we can trace in the others the rules by which the artist produced, in music he is free to determine the selection and arrangements of the material to suit himself, and hence music appears like an immediate projection of a creative nature.

Music, then, stands before us as the loftiest means, after religion, of expressing adequately the emotions and feelings which serve to make up our life. Is there sorrow? Music will comfort. Is there happiness? Music will be glad with him who is rejoicing. Are there drooping and discouraged spirits? Music will stimulate and strengthen. There is hardly a state or condition of life where the influence of music is not felt. Woe be

to the benighted pilgrim in whose soul music finds no welcome. Free itself, it makes us free. Divine, it lifts up toward the hills of God, and, with the light of the eternal city streaming over it, brightens our lives as we struggle to make of ourselves objects in some small way worthy of the love of our Creator.

MELANCHTHON, FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE OF LUTHER

The representatives of the Reformation were not merely religious reformers. Their intellectual sphere was not entirely confined to religious interests. They wished to be the leaders of the nation, and it was necessary for them to assert their power, if not over the whole intellectual life, yet over the whole instruction of the nation.

This great task fell upon Melancthon. He was born 1497, and while a boy his training was good, and he early showed signs of great ability. He graduated at Heidelberg University at the early age of fifteen. He went to Tubingen, where he gave lectures on rhetoric and various classic authors, attracting world-wide attention.

In 1518 he was called to the Greek professorship at Wittenberg, where he met Luther, the great leader of the Reformation. Melanchthon's success here was great. Although he was only twenty-one years of age, his pure logic and profound knowledge created a flame of enthusiasm in almost every heart. Melanchthon as a teacher inspired his pupils as perhaps no other man ever did, and they caught the spirit of their teacher, and became the leaders throughout Germany, and were among the men who shaped the destiny of Europe. He founded the German school system, as it existed from the sixteenth down into the eighteenth century. Its organization also served as a model to the Jesuits. Perhaps it was not an original creation, but was only a realization of the thoughts which from the very beginning had characterized the Renaissance movement in Germany. Many schools and universities, such as Mar-

burg, Jena and others, were founded afresh under the influence of the Reformation, and it was Melanchthon, who wrote the standard text-books for these schools and universities. He wrote manuals of Greek and Latin grammar, of rhetoric and theology. He also greatly promoted the study of law, and deserves some praise for his sketch of universal history. In everything he insisted on a clear system. It has been said of him, "His was an organizing, but not a creative mind."

At Wittemberg, Melanchthon was shedding a soft, but brilliant light. Nearly two thousand auditors from Germany, England, the Netherlands, France, Italy and Greece were often gathered around him. Every house in Wittemberg was open to him, so learned and so amiable. Foreign universities sought to attract him within their walls.

His many friends at Wittemberg sought to retain him among themselves by inducing him to marry. He very often visited the house of the burgomaster, Krapp, who had a daughter named Catherine. Melanchthon's friends urged him to ask her in marriage. The necessary steps were taken for him by his friends, and Catherine was given him for a wife. He received her somewhat coldly, but his heart was soon won over by her affection. When he had once tasted of the joys of domestic life, he became fully sensible of their value, and nowhere was he more happy than with his Catherine.

The marriage of Melanchthon added a domestic hearth to the Reformation. There was one house open in Wittemberg to all who were breathing the new life. The people came to him concerning a thousand things, and the established rule was not to refuse anything to any one.

Learning was the passion of this great man. The

one object of his life was to diffuse a love of letters and general information. "I devote myself," said he, "to one thing only: the defense of learning. We must by our example kindle the admiration of youth for knowledge, and lead them to love it for its own sake, not for the gain that is to be made of it."

Melanchthon was Luther's most earnest and helpful co-laborer in bringing about the Reformation. Luther had been the means of communicating to the young student the treasures of divine knowledge which from that hour had taken possession of his whole soul. Melanchthon had associated himself with Luther in his labors, and taking up the pen with that finished style which he had imbibed in the study of ancient literature, he had made the authority of the Father and of councils to bend before the sovereignty of God's word. Never were two men more strongly marked with diversity and agreement. "Scripture," said Melanchthon, "satisfies the soul with holy and wondrous delight—it is a heavenly ambrosia." "The word of God," exclaimed Luther, "is a sword—an instrument of war and destruction—it falls on the children of Ephraim like the lioness that darts from the forest." Thus one saw in Scripture chiefly its power to comfort; and the other a mighty enemy opposed to the corruption of the world. But to both it was the sublimest of themes.

These two men so different in dispositions, exerted a helpful influence upon each other. Luther stimulated and encouraged Melanchthon, Melanchthon checked and restrained Luther. There is no doubt but that the cause of the Reformation to which these two men gave and consecrated themselves was furthered by their close friendship. But behold two friends so intimately united in affection, now parted one from the other.

Melanchthon's last years were spent in fruitless conferences with his Romanist adversaries, and amid various controversies among the Reformed, but the flame of his piety burned brightly until the close. He died in his sixty-third year on the 19th of April, 1560, and his body was laid beside that of Martin Luther.

ARCHITECTURE.

J. D. IVES.

The noble structure slowly mounts
  By architect designed;
Each stone by skillful hands is touched,
  Then to its place resigned.

Thus rose the stately pyramid
  In ages long gone by;
The modern building even thus
  Goes upward to the sky.

And thus the Grecian edifice
  Its simple form attained;
Each careful workman did his best,
  Till artless grace remained.

And thus the Roman masonry
  In arch and column rose,—
Emblem of surpassing splendor
  That down the ages goes.

The Gothic fabric thus in time,
  By cunning craftsman planned,
A wall of glass, a roof of stone,
  Was built by daring hand.

Our earthly structure do we know
  By God Himself was wrought;
That by His matchless, priceless blood
  Our very souls He bought?

UNCLE BEN.

O. R. MANGUM.

It was near the close of April when the slaves in the rural districts heard that the war was over and that they were free. The Bryan plantation, at this time, was in a stir. The air was filled with wild shouts of the negroes. Freedom had come! Freedom! What did it mean to them? No more did they know its meaning than so many mules, subdued for years, on escaping their masters. The South was filled with this crowd of motley semi-savages—some only a few years before rescued from the jungles of Africa—who were splitting the heavens with their mad shouts of freedom, thinking that it meant freedom from work, freedom to ravage, pillage, strew the South with ruin and drive their former masters from their homes and to set themselves around his hearthstone. This was the colossal mistake of the ages to give absolute freedom and suffrage to a race absolutely unfit for it.

In this sea of trouble there was one breaker to check the onsweep of the waves of hatred of the negroes for their former masters. Ben, the faithful young slave, loved his master devotedly, and while all the other slaves had been lured away from a good home by the empty shadow of freedom, yet Ben came with a sad look written upon his honest face, and said: "Marse Geo'ge, does yo' want me to stay wid yo'."

"No, Ben, you are free now."

"But, Marse Geo'ge, ef I has my freedom, den I's free to do as I please, haint I?"

"Yes, Ben."

"Well, den, I's gwinter take de freedom of stayin' wid yo' en de chilluns w'at I love."

The broken old man, who had lost an arm in the war and all his property save the bare ground—for Sherman in his march through Carolina had left nothing but ruin in his path—now broke into a sob, touched by Ben's love, as he said: "God bless you, Ben. You shall never rue this day's choice. If you will stand firm with me in this the darkest hour of my life then you shall have a home here of your own as long as you live."

* * * * * * * *

Forty years had passed since that day of decision on the Bryan plantation, and Uncle Ben had never regretted his choice. But everything had changed except the mutual love between Uncle Ben and his old master's family. The Bryans had moved into a beautiful home up on the hill and had given the old home place down by the spring to Uncle Ben. Although Mr. Bryan had been dead for years, yet his son cared for the old darkey with a never-failing love.

Yes, everything had changed. One could scarcely trace any resemblance in the two Souths—the one of forty years ago, in Ben's youth, the other to-day in his old age. The one was a land crushed by the iron heel of the conqueror, with its homes shattered and a dark cloud of racial hatred hanging over the remnant. Indeed, it was a land of broken hearts and blighted dreams. The other is the New South, blossoming as a rose, resurrected from the ruins of the old and redeemed from that black cloud of lawlessness which hung over it, hurling thunderbolts of destruction at its civilization. This was the marvelous work that forty years' struggling wrought. Indeed, it was the signal triumph of the ages that the South reduced to poverty and ruin should rise

from the ashes, shake her mantle and build so grandly upon the ruins of forty years ago.

One evening in early September as Uncle Ben sat in his room all alone—for his wife had been dead several years—his young master, as he still called him, sent his little son, Earnest, with a well-cooked opossum for him. Uncle Ben was almost wild with delight over it, saying: "Well, ef dat boy don't beat de worl'. He jest' too good to me."

The old darkey determined to have an old-time feast once more before he ceased his weary journey. He raked out the ashes from the large old-fashioned fireplace and piled in the sweet potatoes to roast. When this was done he sat down, and Earnest asked him to "pick" a piece on his banjo. Uncle Ben, glad to please the boy, began an old tune that he used to "pick" for his sweetheart in the slave days long ago. As he played he seemed to be dreaming and saw his girl rush from her cabin at the sound of his banjo far across the hill and meet him in the moonlight down by the spring. He felt the loving kiss still upon his lips and her warm hand in his own. Then they were seated and he played her favorite piece, while others from the adjoining cabins came, beginning an old-time frolic. Round and round and back again they would wheel and turn, and each time that Sallie passed she would cast him a smile. This made him do his best until his banjo fairly talked. At this point one of the strings broke, stopping his reverie. Earnest murmured to himself: "He has forgotten that I am here." And then said aloud: "What were you dreaming of, Uncle Ben? I have never heard you play so in my life. Now and then, as you played, you would smile as though you were pleased, or had thought of something real funny."

"Bless yo' heart, honey, I clean forgit myse'f. I thought I wuz a boy agin 'fo' de wah. But I specks de 'taters am done. Now we's gwinter have a feast."

When the feast was over Earnest went home fearing all the way "boogers" that the old darkey had told him of, while Uncle Ben, tired and drowsy from his heavy supper, went to bed.

About three in the morning Ben was roused by something soft licking his face now and then. He felt across the bed and touched something that made his flesh crawl. He made a light, and lo! to his astonishment a large moccasin snake ran across the floor from the bed, but before it could escape through the cat-hole in the door he killed it. The snake had come into his room through a small hole in the wall by his bed.

He blew out the light and soon sleep embraced his weary body again. But it did not last long, for he was roused again by that soft licking, and before he was fully awake the rough snake crawled across his bare neck to the floor. This time his heart almost stopped beating and his kinky hair almost stood on end, for as he sprang from the bed he stepped on the snake, which struck at him and fastened one of its teeth in the loose part of his clothing. The snake was hung, but stay there it couldn't, though feeble as he was he sprang clear across the room and loosened the hung fang. When he made a light he found two snakes in the room instead of one. But by the aid of a friendly poker he smashed the head of one while the other escaped through the cat-hole.

The old darkey left his light burning this time and returned to his bed with something akin to fear. He quickly jumped in bed and rammed his feet far down under the blanket, when lo! he felt that horrible rough touch, of a snake there, chill his body. He gave one wild

scream and literally rolled off the bed, saying, "De Lawd sakes en Moses, dis bed mus' be live wid 'em."

It was getting near day, and Mr. Bryan was up feeding. But on hearing this awful scream he came to the cabin as Ben finished killing the last snake. "What in the world is the matter, Ben?" he said as he rushed into the room.

"Lawd, Marse Geo'ge, de debil has done bin heah wid all his angels. But I tells yo' he done los' three of 'em dis night, en dere dey is. Marse Geo'ge, I has bin timpted en pestered dis night wuss dan ever Eve wuz, en I haint cussed yit."

Mr. Bryan dissolved into a fit of laughter at the old negro's superstition, and in a few moments returned to his feeding, leaving the old darkey to arrange the funeral and bury the three angels of the devil alone.

THE STOLEN PORTRAIT.

BY SYNGARDT.

The little village of St. Dare nestled quietly among the hills of one of the great States of the South. It was before the coming of unwieldy ambition and the mad race for wealth, which was then becoming characteristic of many of the towns of the North, had not yet struck the place, and its people from the greatest to the least were contented and happy. The rugged oaks and wide-spreading elms along the principal street gave the place an air of veneration, and the stately structures—almost mansions—not close together but set apart here and there among the tall trees, with cottages between suggesting an aristocracy, lent an air of reverent dignity to the place.

Indeed, the little place—it could hardly be called a town—did have a recognized aristocracy. Had not some of its people been living in those great halls with servants around them and poor people working for them from generation to generation since no man knew when? And hadn't others come in from somewhere in the great world without and as honest people settled down and worked contentedly for these "big folks"? But with it all the great folk were so kind and unostentatious toward the poor people and these so gentle-hearted and generous that the two classes lived together in unbroken harmony and uninterrupted peace.

But none of the great families—and there were those who measured their acres by the scores of thousands and who could trace their lineage across the water, even some who could justly claim the course of blue blood in

their veins—but none of these had a juster title to rank and position in aristocratic circles than the Barons. Perhaps there were others whose lands were as broad, and some, too, who could, in their ancestry, point to one or two greater figures, but there were none whose records showed so spotless a white. In the whole catalogue of Barons there was not a weakling figure, in all their history there was not a stigma upon them. Such a dignity as hedged them about!

The ancestral halls of the Barons occupied a central location in the town. Old General Baron was a prominent figure, not only in the affairs of the town, but in the surrounding country as well, and even to the State he was not unknown. In more than one field his advice was sought for and heeded by both old and young; but perhaps the influence which more than anything else placed him in the eyes of the young people and especially the young men was, not his sage counsel, but his only daughter. Miss Noella was the object of numerous affections, the recipient of many a look of love, the unconscious inspiration of more unwritten poems than one. There were two sons, too, one at home looking after the estate, the other away winning laurels abroad.

Another figure which crept into the history of the town was Goodrich Wilde. He came in boyhood as a stranger, the care of a wealthy relation of the place, and by his own patient merit and solid worth worked himself into the hearts of the people.

At the time of this story Goodrich Wilde had grown into a noble, generous young man, with manly courage to attack the ploblems of life and with full capacity to master them. But in the progress of his career there was one little problem, with which he came in contact, which he did not overcome, but which quite overcame

him. This problem was in the fairy form of pretty little Noella Baron. Can we blame him?

The young man Absalom did not try to smother his growing affection for Miss Baron, but gave way to it. He readily yielded to the temptation to be in her presence, to administer to her wishes, to be her unsuspecting slave. And the little mistress was not so hard on him; in fact, she preferred him to any of her other suitors, showing him tiny favors modestly in advance of the others. Many a happy hour he spent in the parlor of her ancestral home, or walking about the grounds with her, or, happiest of all perhaps, driving with her about the streets of the town or along the pleasant roads of the country round about.

By such little foibles as these, Goodrich Wilde came to love Miss Baron passionately, tenderly, sincerely, and his right to do so he never questioned. But with all his manly courage and straightforwardness there was one thing he felt he could not do, he could not bring himself to confess his love openly and freely to her. In conventional matters he was completely at home in her presence, but to sum up the hopes, the fears, the feelings of years in one supreme moment and cast the die in her presence, he could not. Was it timidity, or was it rather a consummate tribute to her worth, a kind of mute eloquence pleading for her favor? If this was timidity, then Goodrich Wilde was a timid man. He was not, however, the man to dally with fortune, to sit quietly upon the lap of chance and await her pleasure. Recognizing his weakness, he did not try to overcome it, but set about to circumvent it. If not in her presence, surely in the quietness of his room, where hundreds and hundreds of times she had haunted his dreams, he could find words to express his thoughts.

One afternoon in May, after a drive with her in the country, during which he had several times found his heart on his lips but was prevented from dropping it at her feet by her visible presence—a word or a look—he decided that it was time to act. Further suspense was intolerable. That night he sat down by his table and composedly wrote a frank little note to Miss Noella Baron, declaring his love and asking her hand in marriage. The following afternoon, according to engagement, he called for her for a drive. She met him on the broad steps and greeted him warmly in all the bloom and radiance of her beauty, which almost took his breath away. He assisted her to a seat in the vehicle and was on the point of seating himself by her side when she reminded him that she had forgotten a light cloak which she intended to take along. He entered the broad hallway and received the garment from the hands of her mother, who upon giving it to him turned away into a side room. It was his chance. It took but a moment to take the note from his own pocket and place it in that of the cloak. She could not fail to find it. This done, he joined her in the vehicle, and soon they were speeding along on a delightful drive in the country.

The evening was ideal, and Goodrich thought that never before had she seemed so precious to him. Once or twice he fancied she had almost answered the appeal from his eyes, and as often he had, contrary to his custom, almost to restrain himself from speaking, but thoughts of the note kept him silent. Upon their return, when he assisted her to alight, the soft pressure of a tiny hand on his arm, a tender smile, and Goodrich was transported to the seventh heaven, seated high on the rim of Saturn. That night he slept the sleep of the enraptured few.

Miss Noella, after the drive, entered the house and disposed of the cloak without finding the note. The next day was warm, and the next warmer still. Soon summer was ushered in with all its loveliness. The cloak was not needed, so it was packed away and forgot, with the note still undiscovered.

The next day Goodrich arose with the song of the lark in his heart. But the day passed without news from mistress, and so the next, and the next, until a week was gone. He was almost in despair, but somehow he waited in the frantic hope that she was punishing him for his timidity and would answer yet. But the answer didn't come. At the end of another week he was convinced that his suit was rejected, and he was not the man to risk the second hazard. He sealed up his sorrow in his heart and the next day the village recorded the fact that Goodrich Wilde was gone.

In the meantime Miss Baron was wondering why Goodrich did not call. She had never confessed it even to herself, but in the secrecy of her own heart she knew she loved him. When the news reached her that he was gone her heart almost ceased to beat. Persuading herself that he would return and explain, she tried to keep up her spirits, but as the days passed with no return and no news from him her soul sank within her. Gradually she was changed from a lighthearted girl to a calm, indifferent woman. Her sorrow was intense, but she treasured it up in her own bosom.

Years rolled by, nothing was heard from Goodrich Wilde. It seemed that he had dropped out of the universe. Meanwhile the town of his youth had changed. Many of its people had fallen by the wayside and others had come in to take their places. Miss Noella had changed. She had had scores of suitors, but had ac-

cepted none. Her father and mother had passed away and her brothers, with their wives, had come back to the old place, but still she was the silent mistress of the estate. Not even to her maid, whom in most cases she made her confidant, had she mentioned a word of her blighted life, choosing rather to wear her crown of sorrow alone.

One day in a spirit of reminiscence, still clinging to the dead joys of the past, she was looking over some old relics of her girlhood days. So many things recalled the pleasures of her early life, dim and distant now, mere shadows, the phantoms of a dream. The bloom of her youth was faded and the strength of her life was gone, and she herself was but the silent shadow of something that might have been. She chanced upon an old cloak, neatly folded but faded with the long lapse of years. It, too, belonged to happier days. For a moment it lay in her lap quietly, with her hands crossed above it. The opening of a tiny pocket showed in the upper folds and mechanically a white hand slid into it. The hand encountered something; she drew it forth, a piece of paper yellow with age—a note that some one had sent her with some flowers, perhaps, or maybe one she had written herself but failed to deliver. Indifferently she spread out the paper before her and glanced at the signature. A look of pain passed over her face. Quickly she read the contents—Goodrich Wilde's declaration of love and request for her hand in marriage. It was as if a phantom had risen from the grave and addressed her words of love. All the pent-up feelings of a lifetime came flooding in upon her, pathetic voices were in her ears, the voices of unhappy years. She rose to her feet with a vision of blighted lives before her eyes, and fell forward in a swoon.

An hour later she opened her eyes to find herself on a couch and her maid anxiously bending over her. Remembering the circumstances under which she fainted, she called for the note. The maid brought it with eyes streaming with tears, she too had read and understood the cause of her mistress' sorrow. To the stricken lady it was all plain now. The long years of doubt and suspense were over. The heavy weight was gone from her heart and in its place was—nothing.

Miss Noella did not recover. Two days later she passed away. On her death-bed she told her maid her story, gave her the note and a small portrait of herself taken in her happiest years, and begged her if she ever saw or heard from Goodrich Wilde to treat him kindly and explain.

* * * * * * * *

Six years after the events related above a man who to all appearance was aged sat by his lonely fire in a dreary home in the Northwest. The snow fell softly outside as the evening wore on, and the white-haired man gazing out of the window in silence seemed lost in reverie. At length he rose to his feet, not with the alacrity of youth, but with the painful movement of age, and yet that age seemed to be the consequence of experience rather than the burden of years. With his long, silvery locks falling over his shoulders his was a striking figure outlined in the gathering gloom of the room against the snowy whiteness without. One word escaped his lips as he stood silhouetted thus—"Noella!"—the sound of his own voice startled him. It is useless to say it was Goodrich Wilde. He commenced to pace the room restlessly. For some time past he had been moved by the same passion—though not so intense, perhaps—that stirred the breast of the Prodigal son, and on this

particular evening that feeling was stronger still. Why shouldn't he go back to the town of his youth? There was no earthly reason why he should not; then he would return and die at home at last.

One week later Goodrich Wilde stepped from the train at the little depot just one mile from St. Dare. It was almost night, the darkness was already gathering, so he started at once along the road for the village. When he had covered half the distance he came to a pretty little cottage hidden away among the trees, from one window of which a cheerful light was streaming. The little gate in front was open as if inviting him to enter. He turned in. A tall muscular man responded to his knock, who, upon his request to be allowed to spend the night, opened wide the door and bade him enter. A child's voice was heard in an adjoining room and a sweet motherly one in answer bidding it be quiet.

At a late hour that night a light might have been seen streaming from the window of the little sitting-room. Inside seated around the fire were the gray-haired traveler, the tall muscular man, and the sweet-voiced woman, mistress of the house. The old man had proved himself pleasant company, the stories of his wanderings were interesting, to which the younger couple listened attentively. But by and by the conversation turned to the community and the town itself, in the course of which naturally the Barons were mentioned. This was the subject that lay closest to the old man's heart and, though he had schooled himself to indifference, the mere mention of it swelled at his breast and turned his inmost thoughts to pain. It was now the woman's part to take up the thread of conversation. The history of the Barons was familiar to her. She had been Miss Noella's maid, had found her in the swoon and revived her, and

had administered to her on her death-bed, receiving from her hands the note and picture with the injunction to treat Goodrich Wilde well if ever she saw him. The whole story she related simply and without affectation, unmindful of the death-like pallor that had come over her visitor's face; and to confirm her story she brought the note and picture, which her guest received with tremulous hands, staring at them blindly but never uttering a word. The hostess, still oblivious to the old man's emotion, mistook his silence for a desire to end the entertainment, so with a few excuses dismissed herself and husband, leaving her guest to retire for the night. But he did not retire; in the small hours of the night he might have been found bending motionless over the flickering fire. To him also the explanation had come after the silence of a lifetime. At length he slowly arose, took up the picture and note which the kind lady had left in the room, put them away carefully in the folds of his coat, heaved the sigh of eternal regret, opened the door softly and left the house.

The husband and wife were surprised next morning to find the room, in which they had left the old man, unoccupied and the bed untouched. Why the kind-hearted old gentleman had left them so unceremoniously and whether he took the picture and the note, which the little woman missed a few days afterwards, they never knew; but the pretty face of Miss Noella Baron lay against the heart of Goodrich Wilde until it ceased to beat.

FUN.

HERBERT JENKINS.

When we speak of the origin of laughter, we mean, what gives rise to that aspect of mind called ludicrous emotion. In answering the question, Why do we laugh? we have only to discover the true origin of the emotion whose expression is laughter.

Various theories have been offered in answer to this. Cicero's conception of its origin is given in his definition of laughter, which is: "An inarticulate sound produced by the pleasure which one feels at a thing done or said in a ridiculous manner, or which is monstrous or imperfect." Again he says it arises from "that which without impropriety notes and exposes an impropriety." Kant believes that it arises from "the sudden transformation of a sense perception into nothing." Hobbes, from "a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others"; Johnson from "discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike"; Hamilton from "wit which discovers similarities between objects which seemed contradictory"; Bain from "the degradation of some person or interest possessing dignity in circumstances that excite no other strong emotion."

None of these theories seem correct, and that of Hobbes is, perhaps, the most defective. It is not a feeling of one's own worth compared with another's infirmity that constitutes the ludicrous, for we often laugh at the brilliant wit of a superior as well as the mistakes of an inferior. In witty speech we dissociate the person speaking from what is said and concentrate our attention upon the image or thought suggested. If

this theory were true the self-conceited person would be more readily excited to laughter than those of more social temperament, but this is not true. We will omit further criticism of above theories and present, what we conceive, a more correct view.

Ludicrous emotions are due to our perception of unsuspected relations in objects or events, whether these objects or events be perceived, remembered, imagined, or thought. The sudden perception of congruity where disagreement is suspected, and of incongruity where agreement is suspected constitutes the underlying principle of ludicrousness. Such unsuspected relations may appear in the signs of language, in thoughts, or in existing things.

This principle can be more uniformly applied in the congruity and incongruity of language than elsewhere. In puns the pleasurable emotion varies directly as the unsuspected similarity of discrepant images or the dissimilarity of expected congrous images. When the incongruity in puns is so complete as to have no common tie except that of similar sound, they are most ludicrous, and, as we perceive more common relations, so lessens their power to excite laughter.

When we come to the unsuspected relations in thoughts and objects, the original law can not be universally applied, and for want of a better proposition, we will modify, or fix some limit to it by stating some exceptions.

In the first place, an exception must be made in the case of scientific truth. No ludicrous emotion is occasioned by the discovery of some unsuspected relation of objects or events in any physical science. The discovery that diamond is a form of carbon, or that the earth revolves around the sun and not the sun around it, was

not in accord with previous conceptions, yet people did not laugh. Why, then, does not every unsuspected disagreement of relations induce a mirthful state?

This difference is due to the importance of the physical relation. In cases of new discoveries in science or natural phenomena, the mind is too deeply engaged to allow the light play of thought that is essential to the rise of gay emotions. The same principle explains why when the mind is interested in some deep thought, the gentle tickling of the palm of the hand does not excite any emotion; but if the mind is not engaged it does produce laughter. Again, in cases of severe illness nothing is funny, for the mind is too deeply concerned in the state of the body to allow an emotion of mirth. Or, again, when one is in the funeral train of a dead friend the mind is not susceptible to what under other circumstances is ludicrous, because the mind is so completely taken up with grief. There are even exceptions to the statement that new discoveries in natural phenomena are not ludicrous, for there are those who have no knowledge of science or natural laws and who have no desire to know or understand them, to whom such seems funny. They laugh when we tell them that their bodies sustain an atmospheric pressure of several tons. But the principle of importance of relations does not fail to work here, for such has no meaning to them and consequently is unimportant, therefore they laugh.

Another important exception is found in the case of similes and metaphors. These always present to us unsuspected relations, yet they are classed as sublime, beautiful and ludicrous. The reason they do not always induce the ludicrous sentiment is due to the art of the poet, whose skill it is to present all analogies upon which his similes rest, and to take from us the

incongruous elements. Every sudden, unsuspected relation, then, does not constitute the ludicrous, but only certain relations. What, then, are the circumstances under which such relations induce the emotion? Those of this class that constitute the ludicrous in every instance are such as connect the noble and the mean; those arising from the disappointed expectations of the hearer or reader; and those that exist in consideration of the mind of the speaker, writer, or actor.

Of the first class of these relations are such as the poet often uses, where he associates some lordly character with a clown. It is this contrast of the noble and mean that would make us laugh if we saw a professor strolling across the campus singing "Good-bye booze," when we would not notice the same act of a student.

Examples of the second class are such as when a speaker or writer has led his hearer or reader to anticipate a very different ending from that given; as when the biologist in a lecture on the cell wall begins—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And .....?

here some student exclaims "the pleasant land," when the scientist says, "No, the cell wall." Another case of this kind is observed in the questions and answers in the game Cross-Purposes, except here we look for disagreement and are amused at the unsuspected agreement in the answers.

In the third class we consider the mind of the speaker or writer and in this way form some conception of what he intends saying. The blunders of speakers and preachers fall under this class. When a preacher makes a mistake in his sermon, it is the disagreement of what he

says with what he meant to say that constitutes the amusement. The blunder is not funny if it is not genuine, nor is it so if we have no conception of what was intended.

These classes of relations have been considered separately, but there are complex emotions that involve all of the varieties of incongruity and congruity. In such states each particular class forms one aspect of the emotion. Whether in complex or simple emotions of mirth, the importance of the relation and the unexpectedness are the important elements.

Contrary to general supposition there are marked advantages derived from our susceptibility of this species of emotion. It immediately influences the general happiness of society. How weary a life would ours be if we had no appreciation of brilliant wit or other gaities that enliven dull hours and throw light on what would otherwise be gloomy! We should not discount these light emotions of fun because they, for the most part, concern trifles, for they play an important part in determining our general happiness both as individuals and as a society. Another advantage, and, perhaps, as important, is that the laugh furnishes a criterion of rectitude. It is highly favorable to moral virtue and often serves as a check to improprieties when the more serious restraints of moral principle and the opinions of the virtuous fail.

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Lectures.

The fact that we did not have a single lecture at Wake Forest during the entire fall term caused a good deal of grumbling among the students. It casts no reflection on those lectures which we hear in the class-room to say that we are deprived of a valuable part of our education if an outsider does not come occasionally to teach us that there is another and a larger world beyond our college walls. A mediocre lecturer from a distance, if he comes only occasionally, will be heard with greater interest and may exert a greater influence for good than a home professor from whose lips are dropped pearls and rubies for a whole week. But usually it is possible to obtain in the professional stage lecturer more than the mediocre, for not infrequently he has spent years perfecting the thought, the arrangement and the delivery of what he presents to us. Aside from the new ideas which he brings we see the lecture as a whole—a finished product, and such a thing as those of us who are interested in society work should be delighted to produce. A living model, as it were, stimulates us to new endeavor. Again,

a good lecture breaks the monotony of everyday duties and is a most exhilerating recreation to those who are in danger of getting down into one great rut in their manner of living. Why, then, we ask, is this part of our education being left out? The great majority of us are from districts where the lecturer's voice is never heard, and if we do not hear a few good lectures while we are at college, the time will be forever gone in which lectures would have had their most beneficial effects.

At first thought it would seem that we ourselves are to blame. The trustees set aside the money for a course of lectures each year, and we had the lectures until they were so poorly attended that the very cost was wasted and the school placed in a bad light before the visitors. Under such circumstances it was only the part of wisdom for those in charge to cut off our lectures altogether. However, the student body is not without a reason for its poor attendance on the lectures provided, and the reason is none other than the same as was pointed out in these columns last month as some of the greatest drawbacks that the North Carolina student has to face in endeavoring to educate himself.

It was pointed out that our lessons are long—too long; that there is too much *parallel* work to do, and that North Carolina public schools are yet on too low a plane to prepare students to do such work as is done in Northern or New England colleges. We can not in the space of four years make up for all our lack of early training and early advantages. When we make the effort to do impossibilities it simply means failure, discouragement and utter sacrifice of thoroughness. The average student becomes a slave to text-books, knows nothing but to work for a pass, nearly always has a quiz just ahead of him or extra work of some kind which he

conceives to be of greater importance than the lecture to be given in the evening. He can not spare even enough time for a little social development or for informing himself on current events. He gets his degree by and by, however, and steps out into the big world a marvellously one-sided creature.

Herein is a problem worthy of the consideration of of our best educators, and we wonder that at present it should seem a matter of so little concern to them. Surely, if it is our desire to stand abreast with the New England college, we ought not to hope to succeed by forcing our students to resort to translations and *keys;* by forcing them, for lack of time, to write orations, themes, and debates which are the sorriest rehashes of what they find in books and which serve the very excellent purpose of stifling any originality that the writers may possess; by forcing them to copy each other's exercises and, in short, by forcing them to sacrifice every iota of thoroughness and leave college with hardly a desire for knowledge. Ought we to hope for success when such conditions exist as make it necessary for them to be deprived of all lectures—which is to have one whole side of their education cut off? Not all North Carolina colleges are so badly off with respect to lectures as Wake Forest. At some of them regular lyceum courses for the whole year are arranged early in the fall, and we know of one where a lecture a week for the entire student body is given—if not by an outsider then by a member of the faculty. We ought to have lectures, and, what is vastly more important, we ought to have time to attend them.

A Word for the College.

There are still many people who firmly and honestly believe that colleges are productive of greater harm than good. They have sons for whose welfare they would make any sacrifice, but when the question of Johnny's going away to college comes up serious objections must be considered. The fond parent can always recall some one else's son who has been to college and who, when his education was "finished," found it impossible to adjust himself to the world outside of books; or who had his character ruined by association with evil companions; or whose faith in God "modern science" had shattered.

It is hardly necessary to tell the readers of this magazine that where one man goes to college and becomes such a book-worm that he is forever afterwards "too good to work," there are scores of others who become useful citizens—who by virtue of the training they receive become the leaders in both civil and religious affairs. Nor is it necessary to say that Johnny would find as many and as evil companions in his own community as at college, and if at this age his character has not been sufficiently developed to enable him to resist bad influences at college he will be in no better position to resist them at home. Isolation from a wicked world is the poorest plan for making men good. Finally, there is little need to repeat that it is not the fault of the college or its scientific teachings that some men become atheists while at college. There are too many others who really and truly come to know God for the first time in their lives while pursuing nature studies. It is just here that hosts of them begin to think for themselves and lay aside an "inherited faith" for a faith that arises from personal experience; for one does not have to look far in the laboratory to find signs of the Creator.

There is one thing, however, which we should like to impress on the readers of THE STUDENT, on all who are interested in the work that the college is doing. Namely, the duty of dispelling these false notions that exist too often where they deprive the Nation of its greatest need —strong, well-trained men.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'97. A. F. Sams is practicing law at Thomasville.

'05. John S. Hardaway, Jr., has a position in one of the banks of Newman, Ga.

'92. Edward S. Reaves has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

'05. B. H. Crumpler, practicing law at Clinton, was recently married to Miss Eva Butler, of Clinton.

'92. O. J. Peterson is editor of *The Lumberton Argus*, a semi-weekly, four-page, seven-column paper.

'99. L. T. Royatt, who is teaching at Rowland, Robeson County, spent the Christmas holidays in Washington City.

'87-90. Herbert D. Newton is associated with the American Tobacco Company with headquarters in New York City.

'99. W. E. Woodruff was married on the twenty-seventh of last month to Miss Nannie Shugart, of Boonville, Yadkin County.

'04-5. J. P. Bennett, of Davie County, who pursued studies here in the fall, is teaching near Rowland, Robeson County.

'04. J. H. Campen, who is now principal of the graded schools at Duke, Harnett County, was here on a visit the first of this month.

'99. Wyatt P. Exum, of Goldsboro, was on the hill the first week in this month on a visit to his *alma mater*. He is a live and busy doctor.

'88-90. J. R. Pace closed his work as pastor of Knott's Grove Church, near Oxford, Dec. 17th. He has been doing effective work in his field.

'94-7. Dr. Frederick K. Cook has been critically ill at Durham, where he is practicing medicine. The last report was that his condition was improved.

'99-00. R. J. Bateman has resigned the care of the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church, Raleigh, to accept a call to Spurgeon Memorial Church, Norfolk, Va.

'96. R. G. Rozier, one of the leading physicians of Lumberton, has been put at the head of a corporation recently organized in that town to build a sanitarium.

'94. John A. Oats, editor and proprietor of *The North Carolina Baptist*, has been elected secretary of the Southern Life Insurance Company recently organized at Fayetteville.

'87-92. Waverly B. Daniel has resigned as dean of the faculty of Baylor University, Texas, on account of increased duties. He is succeeded by another Wake Forest man, J. L. Kesler, '91.

'90. B. K. Mason, pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, was recently married to Miss Eunice Lillian Davis, of that city, a sister of Egbert Davis, who graduated here year before last.

'99. J. M. Brewer, Jr., is the head man of the new business firm of J. M. Brewer, Jr., & Co., of Wake Forest, which has opened up a mercantile business in the new building recently erected by Prof. Benj. F. Sledd.

'66-7. Henry C. Dockery, of Rockingham County, has been made chairman of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Cotton Growers' Association. Mr. Dockery is one of the largest cotton growers in the State.

'95. J. V. Devinny has moved from Lawndale, Cleveland County, to Boiling Springs, where he takes charge of a church and will look after the construction of the associational school building. Mr. Devinny made a fine record while here.

Walter B. Hunter, '90-2, formerly with Sherwood, Higgs & Co., Raleigh, has gone into business with Hunter Brothers & Brewer, shoe dealers of Raleigh. Mr. Hunter will add a dry goods stock to the shoe business. G. E. Hunter, '80-2, is another member of the firm.

'83-4. When the President passed through North Carolina the Seaboard Railway selected its best engineer, C. H. Beckham, to pull the President's train. Mr. Beckham was first baseman on the first college base-ball nine, and is still remembered as a good ball player and student.

'60. G. S. Jones, the only survivor of his class, was at the recent session of the Baptist State Convention in Raleigh. He is one of the leading secretaries of the Sunday School Mission work of the American Sunday School Union. His headquarters are at Hendersonville, this State.

'04. On the first of this month William H. Pace became a member of the newly formed law firm of Womack, Hayes & Pace, of Raleigh. Judge Womack and Mr. Pace will conduct the business at Raleigh, with offices in the Tucker Building, while Mr. Roland H. Hayes, the other member of the firm, will continue to reside at Pittsboro.

Wake Forest men are in demand everywhere as organizers. J. F. Love, '84-6, has recently been made State Missionary Secretary of Arkansas, and W. B. Pope, '84, has been chosen to the same position in Colorado. J. S. Corpening, '92, was last month elected Sunday School Secretary of South Carolina, but declined the position.

'00. Some one writing from the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., says: "I am glad to say that Bro. W. F. Powell, of Fruitland has declined the call to Franklin Street, this city, and will continue in the Seminary. He will graduate in June. The work at Franklin Street would have taken him away from much of the Seminary work. He is one of our best men."

The Washington letter of *The Raleigh News and Observer* is read with added interest now as T. J. Pence, '93, is in charge of this department in Washington. It is a matter of peculiar interest that the Washington reporters of two of the leading daily papers of the State are Wake Forest men, the other being W. A. Hildebrand, Washington representative of *The Charlotte Observer*. Both of these men are master reporters.

Charles P. Weaver, '03, has resigned his position in the college as associate professor in the English Department, and will either accept a scholarship to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, or principalship of the Reidsville Graded Schools. The change was made because of ill-health. Mr. Weaver was also working for the M. A. degree, and will return here commencement and receive this degree. W. L. Vaughn, '02, of Scotland Neck, who is taking post-graduate work here, succeeds Mr. Weaver in the English Department.

'56. F. M. Purefoy, who is one of the oldest alumni of the college, is an almost indispensable citizen of Wake Forest. He has remained here while men have come and gone, and as they have been here he has made many, many friends who are now scattered throughout the world, but who would know him even now in his silvery locks, for he is a man that has changed only slightly except as time has affected him. May he and such venerable old men as he yet remain with the old college many years longer.

'82. *The Baptist Press* says of Charles A. Smith, now president of the Baptist State Convention of South Carolina: "The Convention has three times elected Brother Smith to the presidency, and he has always presided well. He is the fifth layman to be so honored, the other four having been John Belton O'Neal, B. W. Edwards, James A. Hoyt and Joshua H. Hudson. With so many members of the body who are so well able to preside, the honor of being again chosen is great. Brother Smith is also vice-president of the Southern Baptist Convention."

'84-9. A Washington dispatch of December 30th, says of William Cary Dowd: "Mr. W. C. Dowd, editor of *The Charlotte News*, will be a member of the U. S. Assay Commission, which is to make an inspection of the mint at Philadelphia. There are twelve members of this commission, and Mr. Dowd will be the Democratic representative. This position, which is honorary, was secured for North Carolina by Senator Overman from U. S. Treasurer Roberts. His recommendations have been made, and as soon as they are acted upon by the President, Mr. Dowd's appointment will be officially announced. The compensation is per diem and mileage."

We sympathize with Dr. R. T. Vann, '73, and family in the great bereavement that has recently befallen them. *The Biblical Recorder* says: "Richard, the second and youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Vann, died suddenly the night after Christmas at their home in Raleigh, aged four years. In this unspeakably severe affliction their friends throughout the State give them tenderest sympathy. Those who knew the little fellow—and one could not see him without the expectation of an unusual man—know how great a loss the mother and father have suffered. Nevertheless they are maintaining in rare degree the Christian's trust and understanding. It is not without significance as to their faith that Richard's young sister, upon being told that her brother had died in the night, immediately spoke of it as our 'Christmas gift to God.'"

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

E. B. EARNSHAW, Editor.

The editor is invited to try this easy chair. The invitation comes from a former editor—a charming fellow, but not without a sly twinkle in his eye, and not without a keen relish for a stray bit of fun now and then. These things always make one a little suspicious; wherefore, the present editor wonders if there is not a trick hidden somewhere. And, then, why has such an easy chair been stored away in the garret for full eighteen months? And why is it dragged out now for one who knows nothing but a plain old split-bottom, straight-back chair? Let him think—is there a tack, point upwards, or can it be that one of the legs is ready to drop out and spill the editor? No, it's two early for the pranks of all-fool's day. Even now a pain under the editor's right ribs reminds him of his recent Christmas sins—too much plum-pudding, cake, and pickles—all gone, alas, leaving him nothing but a pain and a vacancy!

But "risk nothing, gain nothing," so down he sits. Rather a nice chair it is, but the editor still feels dubious about the thing. He is not what you call a dreamer, and this chair he understands was made expressly for dreamers. The meerschaum pipe and the Havana cigar, which the predecessor mentioned above would have him believe, are the fairy-boats that ply between this and the mysterious land of dreams, are both entirely out of his line. They might, indeed, make him dream, but he doubts whether the dreams would be any better than one which dated back to a plate of hot muffins: He dreamed that he was dead, and when he was dead he thought that there was about as much fun in being dead as there was in being alive; for he could now play the ghost and find great delight in making his old friends quake until their hair stood on end, but they couldn't. He began at once—attacked a girl first and undertook to show her that *she* was dead, or at any rate, that she was cold enough to be. She however was now as utterly indifferent to the ghost as she had been to the man of flesh and blood. The ghost despaired and on taking his leave muttered, "Never mind, dearie, the great thawing-out day will come by and by, and I'll be bound if you don't shed an icicle or two then."

"Thawing out"—that reminds the editor that he felt dubious about this easy chair. He merely felt afraid that the time might

come when he would have much the same regard for the chair as the cat had for the hot stove lid she sat down on—all because the chair was made for dreamers and does not fit him. Just here he thought that he had an excellent opportunity to teach a moral, but it suddenly dawned upon him that everybody knows that some men are preaching who ought to be plowing, and some plowing who ought to be preaching. It's a great pity that some of them do not change places. The same might possibly be said of an editor or two, but it is not proper to be personal.

That former editor of the twinkling eye suggested that when the present editor was comfortably seated in his easy chair, he might find new year's resolutions a pleasant topic. What a broad hint! However, it was likely well meant, and no offense was taken. The editor simply reserves the right to postpone making his resolutions until "the spirit moves him," perhaps until warm weather.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

"'Possum Time" in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has a good plot. The writer shows some originality in his work. He handles negro dialect naturally. The whole magazine seems to be a Roosevelt number for November. We are at a loss to know why the picture of the President of the United States should appear in a college magazine, but we suppose that the editors are seniors and expect to enter politics in a few years. Our President is too broad for this to work.

At first glance we are led to say that the print in the *Roanoke Collegian* is too small to be read with ease. "The Sojourn," a short poem, breathes a beautiful thought in a smooth, rhythmical style. The writer of the article, "How to Make Reading Profitable," is practical in thought and plain in expression. He impresses us with the need and value of thoroughly mastering what we read. The arrangement of the material does not exhibit much taste. The editors seem to be trying to economize space and save paper.

We have been led to expect to find some of the best material on our table in *The Palmetto*, but we are a little disappointed in the November number. "The Unfinished Holiday" is full of pathos. The plot is common-place, but is made interesting by the right use of words. The "Tori Kan" is a very fine description of one of the Japanese gardens. Why not more of our magazines publish material of description. To be able to describe vividly is an accomplishment to be envied. The poetry is almost destitute of a serious thought. The story, "The Freshman," is a little long, but interesting.

The Clemson College Chronicle is neatly bound, and its contents are instructive and helpful. "The Commercial Progress of the South" refreshes our minds in a pleasing style of the rapid progress of the South. We, as true Southerners, love to think and read about this. The story, "Walker's Victory," has a very ordinary plot. The author has the ability to tell a story, and we advise him not to waste his time on such simple plots. "A Tribute to Southern Women" reminds us that our mothers had a share in the struggle from '61 to '65, and deserve their share of the praise for what we are now enjoying. We do not hear enough about the women of the Confederacy who remained at home, toiled and made sacrifices while every true able-bodied Southerner was at the front.

The November *Criterion* furnishes us with "A Fortune," the best all-round love story on the table. It is not written in the trite style as most stories of love. A good love story in a college magazine is all right, but a poor one is all wrong. The writer of "The Mouldings of Hamlet's Character" fails by stopping his discussion too soon. No one can do such a subject justice in so short space. "Old Brown's Daughter" is a charming little story carrying with it a moral. "The First Quarrel" is a simple "plotless" story. Such material fails to add to the standard of a magazine. In general the articles are too short, and silly love stories are too numerous.

The writer of "Sherman in North Carolina," in *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, is well acquainted with his subject, and relates it in a historical style. "In the Land of the Shadow" is a good story, especially the plot. It is slightly overdrawn in a place or two. Severn's actions under the circumstances are not just what one would expect in every case. "The College Bore" is humorous, but at the same time it is a perfect pen picture of the characteristics of a college bore. All of the departments are full and well written. The exchange department shows discriminating thought. The poetry is not up to the average in quantity or quality.

The Davidson College Magazine for November has struck the happy medium, having an equal amount of serious as well as light matter. "War and its Remedy" is an article worthy of any magazine. Argumentative, interesting and thoroughly sensible. The world will some day learn the folly of dyeing a nation in blood to settle a little difficulty, and will adopt a more sure method, namely, arbitration. "Bulltongue versus Kildee" is an enticing description of a fox-hunt that makes one's nerves tingle with delight. But one is disappointed in the way it ended. "Two Conceptions of Our Democracy" is rather dull. "A Ministerial Episode" is an improbable story. And besides the plot is broken and poorly developed. The writer surely thought, "All's well that ends well." "Where Winning Won" is a lively little story. But perhaps "The Need of Restricting Immigration" is the best in this edition. It is full of common sense. "My Sure Pilot" is a very sweet poem with a noble sentiment.

"Alexis the Matchmaker" in the *Winthrop College Journal* is entirely too thin for a college magazine. Such stories are a drawback to a magazine, and do not help the writer. The writer of "The Short Story in American Literature" takes up the following points, and logically proves that American short stories stand head and shoulders above short stories of other nations: First, what is a short story? Second, what is difference between short stories and the

novel? Third, what have short stories done for American literature? Fourth, how do American short stories compare with those of other nations? "A Safe Investment" is plotted with some taste, and told in an attractive style. The purpose of the story is to show how a little deed may amount to much. The magazine is sorely afflicted with too many love stories. We are glad to note that the majority of college magazines are gradually abandoning the commonplace love stories. We suggest a few good poems and fewer love stories for the improvement of the magazine.

The Wofford College Journal publishes an article, "Working Woman," which is well written, but we are not yet ready to accept the ideas advanced by the writer. He thinks that women should be allowed to enter the business circles, and longs to see this, but fails to provide for the home while the woman is away. "The Value of an Ideal" is a subject well worth studying, and the writer advances good thought. "The Queen of the Carolinas" is a beautiful little love story told in a pleasing style. "Marie's Port" is one of the best stories on our table. It proves what power a beautiful girl can exert for good if she will only try. The magazine contains too many love stories, but we must say that they are the best stories of their kind on the table. The local department shows lack of thoughtful preparation. Several errors in punctuation are noticed all through the magazine. There is no excuse for so many defects of this character.

The Stanford Sequoia for November is an interesting foot-ball number. Almost everything in the magazine breathes an athletic spirit. All of the stories are mere accounts of some star players on the gridiron and some of their feats. We think it well to devote at least one number each year to the interest of athletics. The article on "Amateur Athletics" is timely and full of sound opinions, and we heartily agree with the sentiments therein expressed. The magazine is interspersed with some excellent verse which adds no little to its appearance and readable character.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Emory and Henry Era, Red and White, Southern Collegian, College of Charleston Magazine, The Lenoirian, Hendrix College Mirror, Philomathean Monthly, Converse Concept, State Normal Magazine, The Eatonian, University of Virginia Magazine, William Jewell Student, St. Mary's Muse, Southwestern University Magazine, Howard Collegian, Trinity Archive, The Ivy, College Message,* and *Colgate Madisonensis.*

CLIPPINGS.

Wealth-Advice.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
Cash is but an empty dream,
"For the soul is dead that slumbers,"
And is not awakened by its gleam.

Trust nobody whatsoever,
Lest you make your friend your foe,
He may have a cold forever,
And never cough up any dough. —*Ex.*

Professor of Latin: "Cæsar si dicat ander cur, egessi lictiem."

Student's translation: "Cæsar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him.—*Ex.*

Had a Reason.

X.—I say, old fellow, lend me a fiver, will you?

Y.—Sorry, but I'm not making any permanent investments just now.—*Tit-Bits.*

Who's Afraid.

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss;
That dire distress may reach us through that avenue of bliss.
They say that with the honey men are all so prone to sip
The dreadfulest bacteria may pass from lip to lip;
The asculative greetings that awaken happy thrills
May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor bills.
But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid,
He's apt to say: "Oh! hang the quacks,
Plague take them! Who's afraid?" —*Selected.*

It Might Grow.

Miss Koy—No, Mr. Sophtly, I have never really considered you as a lover.

Mr. Sophtly—But don't you think you could learn to love me a little?

Miss Koy—But a little learning, you know, is a dangerous thing.

STILL A PUZZLE.

"They say that poets have to be born."
"That's what they say. But I never could understand why."

A Freshman's head is full of air,
Of air so hot and breezy;
A Sophie's head is full of naught,
Of naught but "take life easy;"
A Junior's head is full of love,
The love you get at college;
A Senior's head is full of brains(?),
A few small grains of knowledge.

Baker Orange.

Three is a crowd, and there were three;
He, the lamp and she;
Two is company, and no doubt—
This is the reason the lamp went out. —*Ex.*

THE GAME.

If a body meet a body
Putting up a bluff,
Need a body call a body
For his bunch of stuff?
Everybody who can do it's
Putting up a front,
And he wins a game who makes a
Base hit of a bunt.

INDIFFERENT.

You'd think he'd grin to get a kiss
From such a sweet and pretty miss;
But ne'er a smile adorns his mug—
He's just a stolid English pug.

MARIOCRACY.

Mary had a little man,
With liver white as snow,
And everything that Mary said
Was pretty sure to go.

COLLEGE NEWS NOTES.

E. B. EARNSHAW, Editor.

—Before and after!

—Reverse that patent medicine illustration, please!

—Anyway, it's only twelve months until next Christmas!

—When did you get in?

—Have a good time?

—What did you make?

—The Senior Class is on the "home stretch." Be brave, little men—or mighty lords, it is not yet known which you were cut out for.

—We have a new post-office at last—it is a new brick building, and bright, new, and up-to-date fixtures. Three cheers for Uncle Sam!

—During the holidays:

—Miss Minnie Gwaltney, of Hickory, was the guest of Miss Elva Dickson.

—Miss Annie Armour spent several days with her sister, Mrs. S. L. Thompson.

—Miss Nellie Walters, of Florida, who is now a student at the Baptist University for Women was Miss Lulie Dickson's guest.

—Mrs. Ellis had with her her daughters, Mrs. W. H. Whitehead and Miss Irma Ellis. Miss Irma graduates at the State Normal this spring.

—Mr. Clement T. Goode, now principal of the Oxford Graded School, and his sister, Miss Verna Goode, were here for a week. Mr. Goode will return at commencement for his M. A. degree.

—Miss Ida Poteat and Mrs. J. A. Poteat spent the season at Dr. Poteat's.

—Mr. J. R. Sanders, who graduated here last May, and who is now principal of the Mt. Moriah Academy, paid Wake Forest a pop-call.

—Mr. Hugh L. Story, of the class of '04, was here, and had a thoroughly good time. He is teaching at Abbottsburg.

—Mr. Houston W. Vernon, another member of the class of '04, was at home.

—Among those who went away for the holidays were:

—Miss Ruby Reed, who was the guest of Wadesboro friends.

—Miss Julia Harris and her mother, Mrs. Harris, went to Raleigh for the vacation.

—Dr. L. M. Gaines visited his people at Atlanta.

—Dr. W. S. Rankin divided his time between the city of Baltimore and his home near Mooresboro, N. C.

—Prof. Eatman's friends were glad to hear that his sickness was not pneumonia, as it was at first suspected to be. He was up in a few days and went to Oxford for the remainder of the holidays.

—Prof. L. R. Mills, to the delight of his children and grandchildren—or, as he terms the latter, his little orphan asylum—spent part of the vacation season at Scotland Neck. He is as active as ever with dog and gun, and when it comes to a long tramp through the woods and fields, his strength puts the younger generation to shame.

—Mr. J. H. Campen, one of THE STUDENT'S former and most successful story writers, was on the Hill at the opening of the spring term.

—Mrs. DeVane and her charming family have moved to Red Springs, N. C. They leave many friends who will miss them sadly.

—On January 2d, Miss Mattie Gill gave an entertainment to the ladies of the Hill in honor of Miss Placide Ellington, of Raleigh; Miss Margaret Ethredge, of Selma; Miss Minnie Gwaltney, of Hickory; and Miss Virginia Caldwell, of Russellville, Ky., who were guests of Wake Forest friends.

—Dr. W. H. Edwards and his family have returned to Durham to live. Dr. Edwards, however, will come to Wake Forest once a week to look after his business here.

—Dr. Poteat delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A. at Charlotte on the Sunday afternoon of January 7th. His subject was, "What is religion?" He has accepted the invitation of the one hundred ministers of Rochester, N. Y., to deliver before them (on February 24th) his four lectures on science and religion.

—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees the Executive Committee put the raising of $150,000 additional endowment in charge of President Poteat and Mr. J. W. Bailey. They enter upon the work at once. Dr. Poteat, however, will not be absent from college on this account.

—Dr. Taylor has taken charge of the Moral Philosophy class again, and from now until mid-term Logic will be the order of the day.

—The contract for the infirmary building has been given to a Graham firm, Nicholson & Lashly. It is to cost about $10,000, and will be located in the northwest corner of the campus or just outside the northwest corner. The latter location is more desirable, since we have none too much campus space already.

—The Sunday School entertainment given here this Christmas by the infant class, under the direction of Misses Edith and Agnes Taylor, is said to have been the best ever held at Wake Forest. It was an original play called an Operetta of Fairyland, and composed and staged by Miss Edith Taylor. After the play came the indescribable joy of childhood—old Santa Claus bringing a stocking stuffed with "goodies" for each child.

—The local Masonic lodge, on Wednesday, December 27th, gave a banquet to its members with their wives and friends, and this was hardly less enjoyable to the "grown-up" people than was the Sunday School entertainment to the children. Dr. J. B. Powers was toast-master, and Doctors Royall, Gorrell, and Poteat, and Professors Sledd, Gulley, and Carlyle responded to toasts.

—On Wednesday the 28th another delightful banquet was given by the Jr. O. U. A. M. Dr. C. E. Brewer was toast-master and the speech of the evening was made by Mr. Z. P. Smith, State Councillor and editor of *The American*.

—On December 21, Dr. George W. Paschal, associate professor of Greek, was married to Miss Laura Allen, daughter of Mr. Joel I. Allen, of Dillon, S. C. Dr. and Mrs. Paschal spent a most pleasant Christmas in New York. On their arrival at Wake Forest they were cordially welcomed by both citizens and students. They have moved into the house recently vacated by Dr. W. H. Edwards, for they intend to make Wake Forest their home. On the evening after their arrival, while they were at Professor Cullom's, a band of students gathered from all parts at the sound of dinner-bells, tin-pans, and various other *musical instruments*. All knew the custom—a serenade was at hand. Dr. Paschal kindly

responded to the call made for him and in a little speech gave a bit of advice that delighted his auditors beyond measure: "Get married," he said. But the best was to come. All were invited in to meet the bride, and this was too good for a single soul to miss. The band filed in, and more than one overcoat was buttoned tight about its wearer's neck to hide a collar which, in the haste to join the happy throng, was left at home. But nevertheless gladness reigned and Mrs. Paschal won as many friends as there were students in the party.

—A long account of the inauguration of Dr. Poteat was given in the last number of THE STUDENT, but the records would not be complete without some mention of the exercises which were held in honor of the occasion far away in Kentucky. It was a unique idea, expressive of deepest and tenderest love for Wake Forest, which prompted Miss Sophia Lanneau to gather together a little band of Wake Forest people who should in prayer, in song, and in speech, join hearts with the hundreds who packed Memorial Hall. We are glad that we have been able to secure an extract from a letter to her parents which gives in detail just what took place in Louisville while President Poteat was being inaugurated at Wake Forest.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 10, 1905.

Now what do you suppose I did on Thursday? I could not stand to let *the day* pass without some recognition here, so after Dr. Robertson's class I went up to ask him about my plan. I asked him to say "No" if it seemed not the thing—but he said "Yes." The plan was to have a North Carolina meeting down here* about three o'clock—and we did. I made a fire in the parlor and *decorated!* That is, I put all my Wake Forest pictures on the mantel—the engraving of Dr. Poteat in the middle—Mr. Lynch and father on either side—the Faculty and views of the campus. It was quite exciting to meet such an array of men at the door (fourteen), but I braved

them all and ushered them in, introducing them to Wake Forest! on the mantel. Miss Stapp came in to play our hymns. Dr. Robertson had consented to take my little program in charge. We sang "Marching to Zion"—then Mr. Royall read Acts 17:16-32. That seemed to me to represent our dear Prof. Poteat's message to the world. Then Mr. Walker read Psalm 148, and Mr. Maddry made the prayer. After singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Mr. Powell made the speech of the occasion. It was just fine. We couldn't have asked for sweeter tributes to Dr. Taylor or to Dr. Dr. Poteat than he, and then others gave. We closed with "Blest be the tie that binds," and all of them seemed to have enjoyed the expression of love to their alma mater.

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*Training School Home.

JOHN HENRY BONER.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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CAPTURED.

BY "SENIOR."

I was seized in the darkness of night
  By an arm that was stronger than steel,
And it clutched at my heart like the bite
  Of a starving, wild creature at meal.

But my struggles were vain and I peered
  In despair at the heavens above,
While I queried, "Is Death to be feared?"
  But it said: "I'm the Conqueror Love."

THE KING OF THE ALAPAHA SWAMP.

BY ALBERTUS H. PAIT.

In the early spring of 18—, while visiting in the beautiful village of A——, in southern Georgia, better known as Wiregrass Georgia, it was my pleasure to meet a specimen of humanity, seldom met with in this epoch of the world's history. He was towering of stature, comparing favorably with Saul of old, standing head and shoulders above his fellowmen. Although he had braved the storms of ninety-four winters, his form was erect, his teeth pearly white, lips courtly and clear cut; his hair, though frosted by the ravages of time, was yet glossy and well kept.

At first acquaintance, he impressed me as an old colonial aristocrat, but as my knowledge of him increased I came to look on him more as a hermit, or one who had spent a large part of his long life among savage beasts and still more savage men.

As time hung heavily on my hands, I soon found myself in daily companionship with this man, whom I had boyishly learned to love, and whose tales of adventure were as numerous and to me more exciting than those of Sinbad, the sailor.

These served nicely as a panacea, and possibly kept me from succumbing to that dread malady, blues, to which every youth is subject during his first stay from the parental roof.

Sometimes we were at the village grocery, sometimes strolling among the tall Berien county pines, and sometimes sitting on the banks of the "mystic Alapah" river.

It was on one of these latter excursions, he told me one of his boy bewildering stories, giving me a bit of his

personal history as a preface. This story was so blood-curdling, that more than once in my dreams I saw this monster, "The king of the Alapaha swamps." It runs as follows:

"I was born of poor parents on the outskirts of the town of Edinburgh, Scotland.

When I was one year old, my father and family embarked to seek more congenial climes in the land of the west. On landing in America, we settled in the eastern portion of North Carolina near the mouth of the historic Cape Fear river, where now stands the town of Southport. For this reason I feel somewhat of a kinship existing between myself and the Tar Heels. My early boyhood days were spent at this place, hunting, fishing, and at target practice with my father's rifle; the latter being an art at which I was an expert at the age of eleven.

Soon after my twelfth birthday my father became dissatisfied with his surroundings and decided that a greater range of possibilities was open to the settler farther south. Having sold his very limited interests, we packed our few household effects in a canvas-covered wagon and started on our long journey through the almost pathless forests. We encountered swollen streams, and seemingly every obstacle that might tend to impede our progress. After a long and tedious trip, we cast our lot where now stands the town of Alapaha. This particular spot had been but a few years since the camping grounds of one of the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabited this part of Georgia.

Near where now stands the graded school buildings my father built a rude house that served as our home for several years.

It was by shrewd management and hard work that we succeeded in keeping soul and body together for the first two years of our sojourn in our new habitation.

Father cleared the old camping ground, and with his rude farming implements raised Indian corn, tobacco, and sweet potatoes; while old Tige and I performed our part of keeping the wolf from the door by supplying the larder with game, then very plentiful in this part of the country.

For years the settlers in these parts had been troubled by having their sheepfolds raided by night by some unknown animal. No one knew the animal by its track or habits. All efforts to capture it proved a failure, on account of its cunning and the way it kept itself secreted. Nobody ever having seen it, it soon became to be regarded as a "booger," endowed with more than mere animal instinct.

It was almost a regular habit of Tige's to leave home sometime between the hours of midnight and day, go into the river swamps and tree a fine raccoon. The 'coon being a favorite dish of my father's, it was compulsory on me to shoulder my rifle and go to the dog. After I had reached the place Tige would curl himself up in a snug bunch and lie down, as much as to say, "My part of the work is done"; and placing myself at the root of the tree, I would patiently await the coming of daylight, shoot the 'coon and return home.

One cool, frosty autumn morning I was awakened by my father's bidding me be a good boy, and go to Tige. I took my rifle down from the rack over the head of my conch, and sauntered out into the moonlight.

My way was directed by the trumpet-like voice of old Tige, which seemed to be further in the swamps than usual and in a place that I had never before visited. With nothing to cheer my way save the occasional scream of the night-hawk, I tread the wiregrass over hill and valley until I reached the low bushes of the river

swamps. Stopping here, the better to get my bearings, I noticed something peculiar in the tremor of Tige's voice. He didn't seem to be stationary at all, but rather seemed to be moving around in a circle about fifty yards in circumference. This was something unusual, for it took a slick 'coon to give Tige the go-round.

His barking was not so furious as usual when "looking at him," but he would allow his barks to run off into one continued howl, as if to inform me that something out of the ordinary was about to happen.

With an acute sense of impending danger, I pushed down into the thick undergrowth; stopping at short intervals the better to be guided by Tige's voice, and to take notice of my way in, so as to be able to get out.

The stillness of death reigned supreme in the jungle; nothing was to be heard except an occasional howl of the dog. The moon, then about two hours high, seemed to lend enchantment to the occasion.

At length I reached Tige standing in an open place in the undergrowth, and to my surprise I found no tree, except a giant live-oak about twenty paces away, at which Tige seemed to be looking steadily.

His bristles were raised on end and, instead of his tail being erect as on all similar occasions, it was allowed to hang limp and helpless.

I proceeded, but very cautiously, until I was almost under the hanging boughs of the oak tree, but no degree of coaxing would induce Tige to follow.

Allowing my eyes to scan the top of the great oak, they met a sight I can never forget.

Standing with front feet on one limb and hind feet on another, was an animal of some kind, larger than anything I had ever seen up-a-tree.

The instant my gaze fell on him, he began giving vent

to a series of growls in low, thundering tones, and lashing the trunk of the tree furiously with his tail. My hair stood on end. To retreat meant severe censure and possibly a sound thrashing at the hands of my father, if not to be pounced upon and destroyed by the "varmint," which I noticed had crouched himself as I had seen my mother's cat do when preparing to spring on the unsuspecting mouse. His eyes flashed fire. By the light of the moon I could see the tip of his tail making short, quick jerks. I knew it was but a matter of a few seconds when this monster would be feasting at my expense. As quick as thought my rifle was to my shoulder. By the moonlight gleaming down the barrel I was enabled to get pretty deliberate aim just behind the left shoulder. I touched the trigger and she spoke out. At the crack of the gun I saw the beast quiver and tumble to the mire.

The instant he struck the ground, he was prepared for another spring. Again his eyes flashed fire. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. Electrified with deathly fear, I felt myself growing taller, my hair stood on end, and each one to itself. It seemed as if I were under the mystic influence of some unknown power. The spell lasted but a minute, yet it was hours to me. Finally the fire began to die in the monster's eyes. I began to go backward step by step. After reaching a spot which I deemed safe, I left as fast as my feet would carry me.

I reached home just at dawn to find my father sitting before a huge oak fire trying to console Tige and wondering why he had left me in the swamps.

I related my frightful experience to him, and by sunrise we were standing over the dead body of a beautiful, yet ferocious, man-eating American tiger, "The king of the Alapaha Swamps."

ROMAN SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY W. H. VANN.

In our modern times, when we have so many kinds of recreation and are engaged in such various games, it may be interesting to look back at the sports and amusements of the ancient Romans.

The children had many of the same simple games which are now in vogue. They had hobby-horses, toy houses and carts. The girls played dolls, while the boys spun tops (*turbines*), ran races, and walked on stilts (*grallae*). They were fond of games of skill and emulation. Horace mentions one, where the saying was, "If you beat, you shall be king." Foot-races were a source of great pleasure to them. All the boys were swift of foot. As they started on the race, they all cried out, "Occupet extremum scabies"—"May the itch seize the last one."

A child could amuse itself for hours at a time by simply playing with nuts. When several were playing, the object of the game was to take four nuts and so arrange them as to balance one on three, when all the nuts would accrue to the deft player. Another game with nuts was called *par impar*—"odd or even." Nuts were a token of childhood, and the expression "nuces relinquere" meant to put away childish things.

There were several games of ball, which pastime was perhaps the chief source of amusement to the Roman youth. One could play by himself or with another, throwing, catching, and returning the ball. Trigon was a sport in which the ball was flung at the will of the server to any of the other three, and all must catch and

throw similarly. The most elaborate of these games was "sphaeromachia." Sides were chosen and the ground laid off somewhat on the plan of a modern tennis-court.

The Romans were also fond of games of chance, although there were laws against these. The dice were of two kinds, "tesseral" and "tali." The former were exactly like our own dice, thrown three at a time, the highest throw being triple sixes. The "tali" were numbered on four sides only, one, two, three and six. "Ludus latruncularius" resembled chess, the object being to capture and disable the "latrones," or "thieves."

In out-of-door sports, the Roman boy early learned from his father swimming, riding, boxing, and the use of weapons. Running, wrestling, and feats of arms were practiced on the Campus Martius, training the youths for citizenship and service.

To satisfy the Roman love for show and display, there were held regularly the public games. The celebration of the Secular Games began in the six hundred and eighth year after the founding of the city. The greatest of these public celebrations was the Ludi Magni, which lasted sixteen days. The observance opened with a regular ritual, carefully carried out. At first the Great Games were in charge of the consuls, until the creation of the curile ædiles. A part of the expense was defrayed by the State, the remainder by the officials whose duty it was to administer them. The cost was enormous; chariot races sometimes cost $16,000, and the expense of Justinian's games is said to have amounted to one million dollars.

Besides the Ludi Magni, there were other minor celebrations. The Ludi Apollinares, in honor of Apollo,

consisted mainly of theatrical exhibitions. In the Ludi Cereales, certain women, after fasting several days, arrayed themselves in white and offered to Ceres the first fruits of the harvest. The Ludi Florales, great merriment in honor of Flora; Ludi Magalenses, for Rhea, ending with a grand carnival; Ludi Plebeii, by the plebian ædiles; Ludi Victoria Sullanæ, in honor of the victory of Sulla—all these were gone through with, attended by much ceremony and merry-making.

Private games sometimes were given after a funeral, or given by persons of high rank on some occasion of public thanksgiving. The emperor sometimes gave private games in honor of his friends.

But the chief delight of the Romans was the spectacles and combats of the amphitheatre. The first amphitheatre was built under Caius Curio, and was of wood. The great Flavian amphitheatre, better known as the Colosseum, was finished under Titus, A. D. 80. Chariot races and other spectacles were held in the Circus Maximus. Nothing could be more exciting. The course contained seven laps, or four miles in all. The danger in these sharp turns was very great, and often chariots were smashed and riders thrown to the ground or dragged to death. Success depended largely upon the skill of the driver.

In the amphitheatre were held the gladiatorial combats, battles between wild beasts, and sacrifices of foreign prisoners. The emperor and attendants occupied a private box, the choice seats were sold, and then the gates were opened for the general public. Often forty thousand were present. In Nero's time attendance was made compulsory, and even sickness was no excuse for leaving. When all was ready, some poor prisoner, poorly armed,

was pitted against a ferocious beast. The Romans thirsted for bloody scenes. To gratify this desire, nine thousand animals were slain at the opening of the great amphitheatre of Titus.

Besides the spectacles of the amphitheatre, there were other amusements. The centennial games were held at the recurrence of some astronomical period, attended by religious rites, dramatic shows, athletic games, and gladiatorial combats. The Trojan games took place in a circus ring, where certain youths of distinguished family appeared on horseback and performed certain evolutions and feats of horsemanship.

Claudius, at the opening of the canal for draining the Fucius lake, to please the desire of the people for bloodshed, had a grand naval battle, in which over a thousand were slain. Events of this kind were not unusual, the object being to please the people. After all, war was the chief delight of the Romans, and no manner of contest upon a mimic field commanded their ardent interest.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

BY J. D. IVES.

There are four different stages in the life history of each of these insects,—the egg stage, the larval or caterpillar stage, the pupal stage, and the adult.

We forget the humble caterpillar as we admire the gorgeous butterflies flitting here and there, gathering delicious nectar from the flowers, and lending their beauty to the landscape. But, nevertheless, these beauteous creatures were once despised and loathsome caterpillars which we would little think of admiring.

But first let us distinguish between moths and butterflies. Moths are usually night-flying, while butterflies are usually day-flying. Moths usually hold their wings horizontally when resting, while butterflies hold theirs erect. The antennae of moths are not knobbed, while those of butterflies are knobbed at their extremities. Moths often pass the pupal stage in a cocoon, while butterflies pass this stage as a chrysalid.

The eggs are laid by the female, who shows a wonderful instinct in selecting the plants, on which to deposit them, best suited as food for the forthcoming larva. The eggs consist of a membranous shell covering the future caterpillar. The eggs are of various shapes and colors. Some are spherical, some hemispherical, others oblong, and cylindrical, and in color some are blue, some green, some brown, some white, some yellow, while others are variously tinted. They are laid either singly or in clusters. When the time arrives for the embryo to emerge it cuts its way through the shell and then begins its active life as a caterpillar.

The caterpillar does indeed lead an active life, crawling about on the twigs and leaves hunting for food with which to satisfy its enormous appetite. It seems to do nothing but eat, and in fact it must, for it is storing up a food supply which must be sufficient to nourish it during its pupal and adult conditions. Caterpillars feed upon vegetable matter, though there is one exception in the case of certain small buterflies belonging to the family Lycaenidae, which feed upon plant-lice and scale insects. Many of our vegetables and trees suffer on account of the apparently unsatiable appetite of the caterpillars. Many fine orchards have been greatly injured by the ravages of caterpillars and especially by a variety known as the tent caterpillar. These caterpillars build a tent, both for protection and shelter, large enough for the whole colony. During rainy weather the caterpillars remain protected in their homes. But when the weather is favorable they are out doing their work of destruction. It is interesting to note the advantages of their tent. These caterpillars hatch in early spring, when the nights are often cold and the days damp and chilly. Now the heat given off by a hundred caterpillars is considerable, and when it is confined within the limits of the tent it is sufficient to protect them from the cold, these caterpillars, being very sensitive to temperature. I have seen small apple and persimmon trees almost covered with their tents. The forest tent caterpillars often attack and destroy many kinds of valuable trees. In New England they have to spray the elms and maples to prevent the ravages done by the larva of the gipsy moth.

The caterpillars do not live a life free from danger, for they are in constant fear of being eaten by their

enemies. They are also attacked by parasites, which lay their eggs in the caterpillars, and when hatched feed on them. When the parasites are ready to spin their cocoons they do so by attaching them to their host. I have seen a caterpillar that was literally covered by the small cocoons of Braconids. The mimicry of caterpillars in color and form aids them somewhat in escaping detection; for instance, a green caterpillar on a green leaf or a measuring worm attached to a twig. Caterpillars also imitate other caterpillars which are disliked by birds and lizards. We must not consider caterpillars as only destructive to vegetation and the cause of much extra labor in trying to destroy them, but we must also think of them as furnishing the world with one of its leading industries. Perhaps it would be interesting to trace very briefly the early history of the silk industry.

The domestication of the silk worm took place in China about 2700 B. C. It is related that the Emperor Hoang-Ti had a brisk and enterprising wife who could scarcely help meddling with state affairs and became at last such a nuisance that she was advised by her husband to "Go spin, you jade, go spin." The Empress took her husband at his word, and not finding anything handy to spin, she went out in the garden, and there she saw some worms spinning their cocoons on her mulberry trees. She took the cocoons, reeled off their thread and wove the first silk cloth that the world had ever seen. And even to this day China has led in the production of raw silk. The silk moth was introduced into Europe by two monks, who managed to escape from China with several hundred eggs hidden in a hollow bamboo cane. From these few eggs descended practically all the present varieties of the silk worm. Ever since it was

known that silk could be used as an article of clothing this industry has been on the increase. The good these insects do in this business alone nearly repays for the harm done by the other caterpillars.

Let us watch a caterpillar in its change to the pupal condition. Take, for example, the larva of the Polephymus moth, which is a large green caterpillar, resembling the tomato worm somewhat, in size and color. Watch it now as it moves its head to and fro. Observe the delicate thread which comes from its spinneret. In the spinneret it is a sticky fluid, but on exposure to air it hardens, forming a stout thread. Now see, the caterpillar has already thrown around itself a delicate net work, and with each turn and twist of its head a new thread is added to its winter home. By the end of the day it will have itself nearly covered, and in a day or two more the cocoon will be completed. I suspended a caterpillar in a glass jar and gave it no other support save the piece of straw to which it was attached. This caterpillar for several days made no effort to spin its cocoon. But another caterpillar of the same family, which I had put in a match box, began work almost immediately. After waiting some time for the first caterpillar to commence, I took it out, and it, too, began its work almost immediately after finding a suitable place. It apparently having delayed its work while in the jar, on account of the jar's smooth surface being unsuited for that purpose. I found a cut-worm in an ear of corn and put it in a bottle half filled with earth. Several days after it had apparently left its prison, but on examination I found it near the bottom of the bottle transformed into a pupa. This worm, then, intended to spend its winter as a pupa underground, though they often

pass the winter in the larval condition. Then, again, I found a caterpillar, Ecpantheria deflorata, all covered with stiff hairs and having dark red lines between its segments. I safely stored it in a box, and it neither spun a cocoon nor transformed into a chrysalid; evidently it passes the winter as a larva.

Besides butterflies and moths hibernating in the larval and pupal condition, a great many pass the winter as eggs and some few as adults. In early days people thought that each stage in their development represented a new animal which sprung from the old one. The incasement theory held that "the form of the larva, pupa, and imago preexisted in the egg, and even in the ovary; and that the insects in these stages were distinct animals contained one inside the other, like a nest of boxes, or a series of envelopes, one within the other." "But in 1864 Professor Weismann found that instead of the organs of the adult butterfly being present in the caterpillar, they really result from the breaking down of the various tissues of the larva, followed by a remarkable process of rebuilding, in which the starting points are certain germinal buds or 'imaginal disks.' This theory has entirely replaced the incasement theory."

It is interesting to notice how at each stage of development the insect is provided with organs best suited to its condition. The caterpillar has strong mandibles with which to bite its food. It has several pairs of prolegs with which it clings to the twigs. The shape of its body is best suited for storing up reserve material. Its nervous system is rudimentary. It is wingless. Some are provided with a spinneret with which to spin their cocoons. Their color aids in their protection. The color of the pupas are less marked, being generally

either black or brown. The chrysalids often assume the color of the object to which they are attached. In the pupal stage the insect is outwardly inactive, but within it is undergoing a most remarkable change. At every change of form the insect has to cast its skin, on account of its hardness. The prolegs disappear before the end of this stage and the general shape of the body changes. The spinneret of the moths also disappears. The wings may be said to appear first in this stage.

Even in this, the pupal stage, the insects are not free from danger. I cut open a cocoon of a Polyphemus moth in which was another cocoon, but little smaller than the outer one. The only trace of the former pupa was its hard skin. The other insect had evidently fed on it and then encased itself in an inner cocoon of its own, thereby being doubly protected. The outer cocoon had the same appearance of another one of the same class, but on close examination I found a small hole through which the parent could possibly have deposited its egg. The parasite belonged to the largest variety of the family Ichneumonidæ, I think. Some few birds even tear open the cocoon and eat the delicious morsel within. The insects, however, seem to possess a wonderful instinct, for in spinning their cocoons they weave in leaves and twigs to deceive the prying eyes of their enemies. The bag worm moth covers its cocoon with small sticks, which it arranges in regular rows. It uses this cocoon as a protection even in its larval condition. Whenever it moves it clings to its cocoon with its prolegs and uses its front legs for locomotion. It gives one the impression of a small bundle of sticks moving without any apparent cause. More pupas are killed by different varieties of Ichneumonidæ than by any other family of parasites which attack the Lepidoptera.

If these insects are fortunate enough to escape the danger of being destroyed by birds or parasites in the stages already mentioned, they will soon complete their life history as adults. For the adult moths and butterflies live but a short time, their work being simply to provide for future generations.

When the pupas are ready to emerge from their cocoons, they give off a secretion which seems to cut the fibers of their cocoons and thus facilitates their exit. When they first emerge their wings are soft and flabby and not fully developed. They cling to their cocoon with their wings downwards, and one may readily see them as they increase and finally reach their full size. In about an hour more the moth or butterfly is ready to take its first flight. It moves its wings back and forth until it is confident of itself. Then it flies away on the next gentle breeze to where the flowers welcome its coming.

A Polyphemus larva spun its cocoon the first of November and near the middle of April it came from its home in which it had spent the five or six months of winter.

The adult moth or butterfly is a highly developed organism. Its head is small and the compound eyes occupy the larger part of that. Besides their two compound eyes some varieties of Lepidoptera have simple eyes, or ocelli. Their antennae are attached to the head between the eyes. Instead of having jaws they have a sucking tube, with which they suck from the flowers the little nourishment that they need.

Their legs are attached to their thorax, which consists of three segments, the prothorax, mesothorax, and the metathorax, there being one pair of legs to each seg-

ment. Their wings are also attached to the thorax. All their wings are covered with scale-like structures, which overlap each other something like the shingles on a roof. Each scale is delicately colored, being arranged on the wing in many beautiful patterns. There are also numerous pneumatic veins running through the wings. The thorax is composed mostly of muscles used in moving the wings and legs.

The abdomen is composed of nine segments. It bears the organs of generation, its function being merely that of reproduction. The Lepidoptera soon die, as I have already stated, after having provided for their posterity, which again will repeat the same life history, the adult moth or butterfly being nothing more than an organism of reproductive energy.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY "ROUGE."

"Halt robber! halt I say, or I will shoot! Halt!"

But the robber paid no heed. Before him was possible life, behind him certain death, and that death seemed closer and closer as a bullet from his pursuer's pistol grazed the brim of his old sombrero.

The National Bank of Kentville had been robbed. Before the robbers had succeeded in getting away with their plunder, however, a body of men had been called to the scene by the pistol shot of a policeman, and they had captured all the band except one. This one, James Sennell, had succeeded in reaching his horse with the booty and was now in full flight down the main street of the town with a posse of citizens pursuing him.

"Halt," the leader of the citizens, who was some distance ahead of the others, called to the fleeing robber once more. But James Sennell only lay lower on his horse and urged her on with his spurs all the more.

Only a few more blocks, only a few more corners to pass and then he would be in the country where he knew every foot of the land.

"On Chestnut, on! Do your best now, old girl. My life is depending on you. Go a little faster, just a little faster. No, Chestnut, they will never catch us."

At the sound of the robber's voice his horse seemed to gain in speed. She seemed to realize her master's danger. It was now nearly day and the long, glittering line of electric lights looked almost ghost-like in their places. A few drunken revellers on their way home heard the galloping horse, stopped, saw the horse and rider sweep

by, but paid no further attention. This mad race of life and death meant nothing to them.

Now the lights were beginning to be fewer and farther apart. He had evidently reached the outskirts of the city. If he could only reach the country, and then away to the mountains. He turned his head slightly and listened for the sound of his pursuers. He could scarcely hear the hoof-beats far behind on the rocky streets. He listened again. The sound was even now gradually growing fainter and fainter. But he must not slacken his speed yet. He must place the Crusite mountains between him and the city first.

Now he has reached the open country and out into the dusty road he sweeps. His breathing is nearly as deep as that of his foam-covered horse. He bends over and pats her on the neck and caresses her gently.

"Chestnut, bear up a little longer, just a little longer. Only a few more miles and then there is home."

Home! Yes he had a home. Nestling upon the side of the mountains, hid in a grove, was his cozy little cabin. And now as he thought of that home, life seemed dearer to him than ever before. He could see Jennie standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waiting anxiously to see him coming down the old, familiar lane. He could see Ned and Janie, his two little tots, scarcely able to walk, playing around the threshold. And then he thought of how hard he had to work and how mean he had to fare to keep the wolf from the door. Why was all this? He didn't care so much for himself, but Jennie's health was poor and the little children were almost always sick. And it made him faint at heart to see Jennie work and work, day by day, yet bearing her burdens without a murmur. Other men

had money they hadn't earned, money they had stolen. Why couldn't he steal some? Wouldn't Jennie be glad to have a new dress and wouldn't she look nice in it? Didn't she look grand the day we were married, and ever since then we haven't had enough to eat or to wear? Surely God will not punish me for taking that which will give life to me and mine for a few more years! But Jennie shall never know that I am a robber.

"I will—"

Crack! crack! rang out two rifle-shots from a clump of bushes by the roadside and horse and rider rolled together in the dust.

SUNDRY SOUNDS.

BY J. D. IVES.

Wild winds whirl,
  Bleak blasts blow,
Wintry weather,
  Wintry snow.

Tall trees twirl,
  Short shrubs shake,
Crystal whiteness,
  Crystal flake.

Fierce frosts freeze,
  Calm colds chill,
Sparkling river,
  Shining rill.

Dread dusks drift,
  Dark days dawn,
Over woodland,
  Over lawn.

Rough rains roar,
  Soft snows sound,
Winter's music,
  Winter's bound.

LYNCH LAW.

BY B. F. WILLIAMS.

Probably there is no legal term more familiarly known and used in the State than "Lynch Law." To the many who use and hear it every day, it has a definite meaning; it brings a picture to the mind at once of a man strung up to a tree or telephone pole by the neck, a victim to the mob.

As to the origin, the average person never stops to think where it came from, but we all know it's meaning too well.

Like a great many of our other phrases, that have become so common, it has the threads of romance wrapped around it.

It is a story that should never become extinct with us, as North Carolina has the distinction of contributing this much to the English language, which now has an international meaning.

The county of Franklin had it first practiced within her borders, though we must go back to the Revolutionary War, before Franklin county came into existence, to get at the head of this peculiar fountain of justice, the fountain from which so many have drunk and found their thirst quenched.

It was in that portion of the State called Bute county, which are now Nash and Franklin counties, there lived a noted Tory called Major Beard, and near him resided Major John H. Drake and family, who were decided Whigs.

Major Drake had an accomplished and beautiful daughter, who soon captivated the Tory, Beard; but ow-

ing to the fine physique and chivalrous airs of Beard, it soon became a mutual affair, notwithstanding the differences in politics between Beard and the young lady's father.

On one occasion it became known to Major Drake and other Whigs, that Major Beard and a band of his followers were to encamp near a mill on Swift Creek.

Major Drake proceeded to organize a small company of Whigs to capture the Tory leader and all of his men.

Early next morning the patriots surrounded their camp and came upon them as they were cooking breakfast; in the confusion the Tories tried to make their escape, leaving breakfast and their horses behind, by fleeing to the woods.

Britton Drake, brother of the young lady who was the recipient of Beard's affections, came upon Beard behind a cluster of small pines, being too close to use his gun to advantage. Drake clubbed Beard with it, which soon brought him to the ground, as he had nothing for defense but a sword. In the excitement of the pursuit, Drake left the Tory on the ground, thinking him dead.

When the pursuit was over Drake returned to the spot where he had so recently left Beard, but to his astonishment he discovered that the Tory leader had made his escape.

The Whigs at once began scouring the woods for Beard; they found him near a brook trying to bathe his head, but so weak he could hardly move. He was soon retaken and carried to the headquarters of Colonel Seawell, a Whig commander of a camp on Lynch's creek, in Franklin county, about twenty miles distance.

After reaching headquarters, it was decided by Colonel Seawell to organize a court-martial and try him for his life.

The court-martial had scarcely begun when one of the guards reported that a strong band of Tories were in pursuit, to rescue their leader; knowing Beard's influence among the Tories, they proceeded to carry into execution the would-be sentence; they hurriedly hanged the Tory to a near-by tree and fled panic stricken into the woods.

On not being pursued, they came to the conclusion they had never been scared anyway, and went back to finish the trial. The body was soon taken down, and after giving Beard a drink of brandy, of which they were well supplied, the court was reorganized and the trial began anew, carrying out to the fullest extent the laws of justice.

The trial was soon brought to a close, with the sentence of death upon the prisoner; he was re-hanged by the neck until dead.

The tree on which he was hanged stood not far from Rocky Ford on Lynch's creek; it soon became a common phrase in Franklin County, when a person committed a serious offence, that he should be taken to Lynch's creek; of course this very quickly suggested the penalty the offender should suffer.

From this, the phrase Lynch Law became a permanent addition to our English language.

YOUTH.

BY ARTHUR RANES.

On the crimson flush of activity, stimulated by life's earliest dream, and so generously endowed, Youth arose one morning. Baring his strong bosom to the morning breeze, he went forth to find the greatest thing in all the world.

As he journeyed along the shore of Time, Youth thus talked with himself:

"There are so many great things—Hope, Faith, Charity, Peace, Fame, Mercy, Love and even Despondency. And how shall I know the greatest when I see it?

Just then a soft, sweet voice whispered:

"Never mind, you will know."

But when Youth had wandered some distance he became weary and wanted to turn back. But yonder stood Hope in her sunshiny garb, wearing the girdle of ambition and beckoning him on towards success.

"Hope—immortal Hope—I could not live but for you! You are truly to be called the greatest."

But Hope was inconstant, and at times mysteriously vanished. When Youth turned to see her beaming countenance, dark Despondency crouched like an evil spirit. Then Youth murmured.

Thus far ran his perturbed thoughts, when appeared a bright and gleaming presence, and Despondency withdrew into the gloom. It was the calm, pure visage of Peace.

"Come," said Youth, "do come and journey with me"! So saying he would have turned back, but a voice muttered: "Hold! hold! Surely you have not yet seen me. Did you never know me?"

"Your name?" responded Youth.

"My name is Faith."

"Faith?" said Youth, "Faith! Indeed I once possessed you. Your deeds were noble and lofty. But one time you left me. I can not count you greatest."

Ofttimes Hope reappeared, and as many times did Youth welcome and caress her. Charity ever and anon could be seen hand in hand with Mercy and Faith, clad in garments of a lustrous hue, but they were passed unknown and unnoticed.

Fame was found, but she was fickle, and soon abandoned Youth strangely.

In the dusky twilight of a genial Spring day a wonder befell. Youth perceived a gentle spirit. She wore a coronet of purity, and was reclining on a couch of gold.

"Ah," said Youth, "you are lovely to behold! And your name?"

"Can you not guess?" replied the image sweetly. "Can you not tell by my gorgeous attire and glistening crown that I am *Love*"?

"Love? ah, Love! You are the highest faculty of the soul. You connect a dying world with a deathless heaven. You are greatest, for in Love there is Power, Hope and Charity. It fills the heart with thoughts of truth sweet beyond expression."

Love smiled as she lulled to sleep the wandering Youth.

NORTH CAROLINA'S FIRST POET

BY CHAS. A. LEONARD

JOHN HENRY BONER

"In life's hard fight this poet did his part;
He was a hero of the mind and heart.
Now rests his body 'neath his own loved skies,
And from his tomb, Courage! his spirit cries."

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

In the old historic town of Salem, John Henry Boner, North Carolina's first poet, was born in the year 1845. A picture of the actual house in which he first saw the light of day, and from which he looked out for the first time upon that beautiful and peaceful village of the Moravians, is given in Boner's Lyrics, published in 1883. To Mr. A. G. Heaton, a friend of the poet, we are indebted for the picture of Mr. Boner's birthplace, for he says he made the drawing from a poor old photograph on the back of which was written: "In this house, in Salem, N. C., I was born January 31st, 1845. In '46 we moved to the old Salem Tavern, and about '49 back to this place. In this home I wrote my first poem, and this house is the subject of 'Broken and Desolate', P. 70, Whispering Pines. J. H. B." This old residence still stands on Liberty street. The family lived here till Mr. Boner grew to manhood.

Under the title of "Broken and Desolate," he describes "the old house where my youth was spent"; and in after years he found it "all sadly altered" and "all changed"; so that he wrote

I pressed my face
    Against the silent wall, then stole
Away in agony of soul,
    Regretting I had seen the place.

The poet was a son of Thomas and Phoebe Boner, both humble, God-fearing people, who instilled into their children the love of all that is high and good. Two sons survived this venerable couple—Eugene, the eldest son, gifted as a musician and the possessor of exceptional literary tact and ability, who died some years ago, and our poet, the youngest son, described as "a bright and shining light in the literary world, and a poet whose writings so frequently touch the tender chords in the human breast, and preach, plain as sermons, that it is not all of life to live, but to live and have eternity in view."

All the educational advantages the town afforded at the time were given him, but even these were limited, owing to the fact that needs at home required his helping hand. This he willingly gave, accepting a position as apprentice at the old *Salem Press* office. Such work no doubt was confining to one who had so strong a love for nature and liked so well to be in the free, open air, to walk under the "whispering pines," to rove in the woods of that fertile country, or spend pleasant hours along the Yadkin river, which ran near his home. Among his poems is "A Memory of Boyhood," in which he describes how—

> Floating on the gentle Yadkin in an olden-time canoe,
> Singing old plantation ballads—I and charming blue-eyed Sue—
> Blue-eyed, golden-tressed Sue.

Other stanzas tell of the "ripe, delicious muscadines," "sweetest grapes that ever clustered"; but grapes were not all he gathered, for he writes: "Sweeter lips were never pressed," and further he says:

> Years may pass, but I can never cease to dream of blue-eyed Sue
> And the mornings on the Yadkin in the olden-time canoe—
> Blue-eyed, golden-tressed Sue.

It was in the printing office that he received a good portion of his education. This training and experience was the beginning of his literary life. Here he probably had his first dreams of becoming a useful man in the literary world. He had found an opportunity to improve his literary gifts; and blessed with retentive memory and studious disposition, he acquired information and experience which was of great value to him in after years.

But Boner did not work in the composing room long before he was promoted to the editorial sanctum. Just after the Civil War *The People's Press,* of which he was editor, was suspended and *The Salem Observer* was established by Mr. Boner. It was a literary gem, but not a success financially. He was afterwards also connected with a newspaper in Asheville.

In 1868 he served as Reading Clerk of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, and in 1869-'70 was Clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives, and engaged in literary pursuits.

But in Raleigh he was interested in other ways. Here it was his misfortune

> To watch those fatal roses bloom
> Upon her cheeks—red, cruel signs—
> But all of love, not of the tomb,
> We spoke among the whispering pines.

And it was in Raleigh that he learned to love her

> Unto whom I cleave
> Loyally and do believe
> Noblest type of womanhood.

And perhaps it was also here that he wrote:

> Oh, what a perfect night is this
> For sauntering slowly hand-in-hand
> Under moon-silvered leaves to stand
> And touch lips brimming with a kiss.

Afterwards, however, there were times when his life was not pleasant. It is said that during the reconstruction period he seemed to have affiliated with the Republican party, in consequence of which he afterwards had to pay severely; but in extenuation of that course it may be said that he followed the example of many other North Carolinians. His political experience seems to have been his undoing at home, for he soon left his native State and entered the civil service in Washington, where, until 1886, he served in the Printing Office, first as a compositor and then as a proof-reader. That he was appreciated by his associates is shown by the fact that in 1878 he was chosen President of Columbia Printers' Union, No. 101, in which office it is said that he showed executive ability and a thorough knowledge of parliamentary practice, and that he gave the Union a conservative and safe administration. During this time he had access to the editorial rooms and the inner circles of literary people, and it was during this stay in Washington that his poems began to be appreciated and his fame as a poet gladdened his life. His verses of this period were of his Southland, to which his mind often turned,

> Toward that place of all the blest,
> Old home, the heaven of sweet rest.

Soon after the return of the Democratic party to power Mr. Boner, at the instigation of those who were not willing to forget his political affiliations in his native State, was discharged from the government service on the ground of offensive partisanship.

Meanwhile, in 1883, his first book of poems, entitled "Whispering Pines," was published, and the beauty of his verses gained for him recognition and appreciation from the literary men of the North, chief among whom

was Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has ever extended a friendly hand to younger and worthy authors, and with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance through correspondence. In Mr. Stedman's "Poets of America," published in 1885, he especially mentions Boner in writing of Southern poets, and in describing their work he says, "They open vistas of the life and spirit of the region." This is especially true of Boner. He was at his best when writing of his own Southland as it was.

After having been removed from office in Washington, where he labored fifeen years, he took a position on the staff of *The Century Dictionary,* then in course of preparation. At that time he also aided Mr. Stedman in his "Library of American Literature," and of that service it is recorded, "For the accuracy of the text we are greatly indebted to the friendship and professional skill of Mr. John H. Boner, of *The Century Dictionary* staff, who has given much of his spare time to the correcting of our page-proofs, and in other ways has been of service to the work."

While in New York city he wrote a number of "City Sonnets," the best of which is "Solitude":

Do you seek solitude? Go not to fields
Or pathless woods, or to the lonely shore,
Nor court the privacy seclusion yields
In some old house whose very ancient door
Proclaims the absence of intrusive guests.
Think not of desert waste, nor mountain height,
Nor tropic isle, nor where the eider rests
In Arctic silence, nor the sea-gull's flight
In voiceless azure. But for solitude
Perfect, unparalleled, abiding, deep,
When next you feel the solitary mood
Insistent, trust not even dreamless sleep—
When for true loneliness your soul entreats,
Come to New York, and walk these crowded streets.

Amid such busy scenes and burdened with heavy work he would at times think of his native State, and the desire was strong to again return to the scenes of his youth and spend a while with his old associates. Extracts are given below of letters written about this time to old friends in North Carolina. The first was written to Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard, of Raleigh, who was a warm friend of Mr. Boner:

"It is a bitter cold day, dark, stormy. I wish you and I could spend a night such as this will be in some snug country house, where we could sleep in the 'big room' with rosy light from the ample fireplace playing over the walls and ceiling. Wouldn't we talk! And occasionally get up and replenish the fire . . . then let the roosters crow—and we cuddle up and go to sleep."

The following is part of a letter received by a friend in Salem:

"Although I have no longer a home in North Carolina, and hardly any kindred there, my love for her increases, rather than diminishes, year by year. Fortunately my wife is a North Carolinian, so my alienage is not without many a sweet solace. Apropos of my affection for the Old North State, I send you one of my latest poems, which contains a passage expressive of my constancy."

The poem referred to was "Cricket Lodge—On Lighting My First Fire in Cricket Lodge, Staten Island, N. Y.," where—

> At evening when I come
> From the city's noisy throng,
> Weary, weary, limb and brain,
> From the grass the crickets' songs
> (Musical and quaint refrain)
> Welcome me * * *
> Rather had I hewn my beam
> By old Yadkin's gentle stream—
> Rather there on wintry days
> Felt the cheery lightwood's blaze,
> Heard the cawing of the crow
> And the wild geese honking go—

Rather there the summer long,
Melon, fig, and scuppernong
Seen and tasted—rather there
Felt the balmy air;
But not thus the stern fate, would,
Be it so—and God is good.

Boner's best poem and the one by which he is best known is his "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," which appeared in *The Century Magazine* in November, 1889. *It is a masterpiece and is worthy of any poet. It is interesting to note that about the time he wrote this poem Poe's cottage was about to be sold, and Boner enthusiastically discussed with friends the desirability of organizing a Poe Association, which should have as its principal object the purchase and preservation of that historic home; but after careful deliberation it was decided that the project was not feasable and the scheme was abandoned.

For a time he served as literary editor of *The New York World,* and of that experience the following incident is related: "Pope Leo was seriously ill and an obituary notice was needed at once. Boner was assigned to the task, and it was well on in the morning before he finished it, but it was never used. Boner himself was sleeping in his grave a year or more before the final summons came to the Pontiff."

When Mr. Boner's work on *The Standard Dictionary* was completed its publishers recognized his editorial ability by placing him in control of their well-known publication, *The Literary Digest,* over whose columns he continued in charge until 1897. The improved character of that journal, due to his critical judgment and excellent taste, soon became apparent and has since been maintained. In addition to his regular duties he pre-

*See page 388.

pared a valuable series of brief summaries of American contemporary poetry, which attracted much attention.

Speaking of Boner's character, it is said that conspicuous among his traits of character was that of dogged persistence. He would not yield—he could not—and so on a matter of no great importance he declined to agree with the publishers of *The Literary Digest*, and rather than yield, he resigned from his editorship.

Then came dark days, and soon—

> The wolf came sniffing at my door,
> But the wolf had prowled on my track before,
> And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge door-sill
> Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

Although Mr. Boner's poems were readily accepted by *The Century Magazine*, and although he contributed also to such publications as *Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia*, his financial income was not sufficient, for it was not long before—

> The time came when I laughed no more,
> But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door,
> For then I knew that the wolf at bay
> Sooner or later would have his way.

But this was not all. His only home, Cricket Lodge, had to be given up. Sickness followed and, with all gone and broken in spirit and in health, he appealed to friends in Washington, asking that a place be found for him. A decision of the Civil Service Commission to the effect that removal from government employ on the ground of "offensive partisanship" prior to entrance in the service was invalid, fortunately made it possible to restore him to his place as proof-reader in the Government Printing Office, and in the spring of 1900 this distinguished man of letters, broken in health and ground down under the wear and tear of New York City, went

again to Washington, and there at his desk he resumed his work and was welcomed again by many of his old associates.

It soon became evident that his strength was not equal to the light work required of him in this position, and he began to fail in health. The winter proved a severe one for him, and it was apparent that a complete rest was essential for the restoration of his health. The ravages of a dread disease soon became too much for his weakened constitution to endure and he began to dream of rest in the mountains of North Carolina, amid the scenes of his early youth with their tender association, in the hope that his health might be improved.

A small pamphlet, entitled "Some New Poems," selected from writings published chiefly in *The Century Magazine,* subsequent to his "Whispering Pines," furnished the slender purse required for a few months' visit to North Carolina.

In May he wrote from the hospital, where he had gone for recuperation, "Am going South next week, if possible. In bad shape, Doctor says consumption." He left Washington for his native State, and it was not long then till he was again able to hear "the notes of the Southern mocking bird."

> But you must live in the South,
> Where the clear moon kisses with large cool mouth
> The land she loves, in the secret of the night,
> To hear such music—the soul-delight,
> Of the moon-loved land.

Joyous at being with his "loved ones in mothernook," he wrote "The Wanderer Back Home," one of his best and most characteristic poems. It was published in one of the leading State papers December 7, 1901. The month following the publication of this poem he re-

turned to Washington in January and for awhile was able to continue at his desk, but it soon became apparent that for him

Night is falling—gently falling, and the silver stars are shining.

It is said of him that with pain, which was severe, and with suffering that was cruel, he struggled against the inevitable through the year with a courage as noble as that shown by those immortal comrades who fought through the Wilderness with Lee. And then in March, 1903, the end came to this beloved poet, and he realized

The bliss of that Eternal Rest
Emancipated souls must know.

For he found

Reunion with the loved and lost,
  Revealment of the Almighty cause,
The Unknowable made plain—the cost
  Of knowledge fixed by wondrous laws.

And

Howe'er it be, one thing I know:
  There is a faith which hath sufficed
Men mourning in the land of woe—
  A simple faith in Jesus Christ.

The poet's many friends bore him to a lonely grave in the Congressional Cemetery, far from home and far from those he loved so dearly. For some time the grave was unmarked.

Before leaving North Carolina he doubtless wrote these lines:

Where shall my grave be—will a stone
  Be raised to mark awhile the spot,
Or will rude stranger, caring not,
  Bury a man to them unknown?

Soon after his death friends and admirers agitated the question of erecting a suitable monument to his memory. The project was received with favor by many distin-

guished literary men, among them being Mr. Marcus Benjamin, Dr. William J. Holland, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, and others. An association was formed, but instead of building a monument in Washington it was decided to remove the remains to his native home. The necessary funds were contributed and all arrangements made for the burial in the Moravian graveyard in Salem, where he says

> I hear the old Mŏravian bell ring clear,
> But see no more—tears fill my eyes,

and his wish was that

> Where e'er it be my fate to die,
> Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
> The first loved of my life are laid,
> I want to lie.

The remains were brought to Salem on December 11, 1904, and on that Sunday afternoon the old bell in the belfry of the home church rang out its invitation to the many friends to gather for the purpose of paying a last tribute to the departed poet.

The great auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity. On the rostrum sat many distinguished men from different parts of this State and Washington City, among whom was Mr. Boner's close friend, Mr. Benjamin, who said, in part:

"Let me especially emphasize the recognition accorded John Henry Boner by his fellow poets. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has honored this memorial by his service as honorary president, spoke of Boner, as 'that gentlest of minstrels who caught his music from the 'Whispering Pines.' Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who shares with Mr. Stedman the highest rank among living American poets, has borne pleasant testimony to the excellence of Boner's verse. Richard Watson Gilder

lent his name and influence to this work and wrote, 'Blessed be those who do good to the poets—living or dead,' and Henry Abbey, also a poet and a friend, as well, wrote, 'It was given to Boner to make one poem of great excellence, his lines on Poe's Cottage at Fordham.' John Hay and other distinguished men are among those who have made this memorial a success."

After having spoken of the wreath of laurels sent by his associates in the printing office, and of the high esteem in which he was held by them, speaking of Mr. Boner personally, Doctor Benjamin said, "I found him always an honorable gentleman, somewhat reserved and rather dignified, slow to make friends, but when once he gave his friendship it was for all time. It is not for me to laud him, and yet his very faults were his virtues, for with the true instincts of a gentleman, honor was more to him than money, and he accepted poverty rather than do those things which were contrary to his own conscience, and we loved him for it. He bore pain and suffering with Christian fortitude. His last days were full of sorrow, but his cheerful optimism continued to the last. When the end came, rather than entail trouble on those who had cared for him, he simply asked to be laid away where it could be done with the least inconvenience."

As the procession left the church and moved into Cedar avenue, passing along under the large cedars, many recalled the poem which Boner wrote concerning this spot, in which he says:

> Full many a peaceful place I've seen,
> But the most restful spot I know
> Is where thick, dark cedars grow,
> In an old graveyard cool and green.

The burial service was conducted according to the old Moravian custom, which is characterized by such beauti-

ful simplicity. The interment was just inside the entrance of the graveyard, under the shadow of the two cedars standing there as solemn guards of the burial ground of the Moravian dead. On the casket was the beautiful wreath given by the Typographical Union of Washington.

A pure white marble slab was placed upon the grave as soon as it was filled, and on this slab is the following inscription, the last line being written by his good friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman:

JOHN HENRY BONER
Born in Salem, N. C.,
January 31, 1845.
Died in Washington, D. C.,
March 6, 1903.

That gentlest of minstrels, who caught his
Music from the whispering pines.

In 1903 the poems of Mr. Boner were published by his wife, Mrs. Lottie A. Boner, and are given the title, "Boner's Lyrics." Speaking of this collection it has been said that they are properly named—lyrics they are throughout. "The singing tone is distinct from the matchless stanzas, 'Poe's Cottage at Fordham,' to the rollicking lines, 'Crismus Times is Come.' Between these two poems, each well nigh flawless, there is a wide range." Writing of Mr. Boner's work as a poet Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard says: "The author's art has been a growth. Comparing his later work with his earlier, one is impressed with his greater power and larger vision. Some of his more recent poems are of a rare and delicate quality, and are instinct with human interest. He has used the sonnet more freely for the expression of his deeper thought, and he has handled it with no ordinary skill."

And continuing, Mr. Stockard says: "There is a hopeful reverence, reached through calm reflection, pervading his work. While toward the morning he surveys, from the mountain-tops of his life, pleasing prospects and desert wastes; and while toward the evening the shadows lower upon his path, he can say:

> But shadows are not always what they seem—
> God's love sometimes appears to be His wrath,
> And His best gift is the white rose of death.

"These serious poems represent the work at its highest excellence; but 'The Christmas Toast to Dan Chaucer' and 'A Boy in the Piney Woods' are equally—nay, preeminently—true of the poet; for there is a wave of good cheer in his heart. Scarcely did he ever strike a chord that jars with the optimism ringing in his lines. He has delivered well a powerful message to mankind."

I have tried in a way to give, in the poet's own words, and in the words of others, the life of North Carolina's first poet, a man of whom we should be proud. Although he early won distinction as an editor and writer of fluent and easy prose, his productions in the field of poetry are a monument to his memory that will remain in the history of his beloved State for ages to come.

His poetic genius is of a high order. We might not say that he belongs to that class of American poets represented by the greatest geniuses this country has produced, but an estimate of his work justifies the assertion that there are among his poems verses possessing real, poetic value and which deserve to stand as fitting monuments to the memory of a man who has given to Southern literature some of the best it contains.

"H. A. C." writes of him:

"The singer lies pale, and the silence
Like a shadow falls over the strings
  Of the harp, but faintly the echoes
Vibrate, and the poet still sings,
  Sings softly and sweet as the whispers
Of the summer winds touching the pines,—
  When the sun is gone and the moonlight
Like a white benediction shines.

And these beautiful little lines are by Mrs. Lucy Bramlette Patterson:

The Whispering Pines croon, 'Rest
  At life's silent portal;
Poet, sleep is best;
Rest—immortal mortal.'

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

JOHN HENRY BONER

Here lived the soul enchanted
  By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
  By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
  Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
  Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
  The dying firelight blew
While he whose song was peerless
  Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
  Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
  His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
  In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
  Feeling sad brotherhood;
Here in the sobbing showers
  Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
  Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
  And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
  And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth was surrounded
  By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
  The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
  He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
  And rung her changes well;
Alternately his lyre,
  Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
  Of flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story,
  Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
  No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
  Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
  With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
  Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded, immortal,
  The mortal went and came;
And fate that then denied him,
  And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
  Have cenotaphed his fame.

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The Relation of Student and College.

It is not our purpose to start out on a crusade of reform nor to begin a tirade against present existing conditions at this college, nor shall we even regard things with an iconoclastic state of mind, but we shall call attention to some few conditions which we think could be remedied or improved upon by proper treatment.

Let us compare the college of the present day with the college of the past as regards its views towards the government of the college. The history of the government of students in American colleges is simply and plainly a matter of evolution—a gradual and steady growth in liberality on the part of the governing bodies and a uniform growth of orderliness on the part of the student.

At Harvard about 1674 the punishment for the breaking of any rule or regulation was either by fine or whipping, in public, or by imprisonment. At Amherst, as late as the administration of President Humphrey in 1844, an elaborate system of fines was in vogue. In fact at nearly all the colleges fines seem to have been

regarded as the one means for doing away with all college evils.

Now it does not become us to criticise rashly the methods or condemn the principles of the college of a hundred or two hundred years ago. The principles upon which those colleges rested were as sound as the principles upon which our colleges of to-day rest. There is no doubt but that the methods of fines and imprisonment were the best methods for the existing conditions of that day. But down to now it must be confessed the methods for the government of students have, on the whole, proved to be lamentable failures.

Out of the conditions which existed in the earlier days of our colleges arose what were known as rebellions. There was the Rebellion of 1768 and 1807 at Harvard, the Rebellion of 1808 at Williams, the Bread and Butter Rebellion at Yale, and various others.

It is true we no longer have such serious rebellions as those were because conditions which brought them forth and made them necessary have changed, but it is equally true that there is still more or less friction between the students and the governing bodies of our colleges. And why does this friction arise? Why all this misunderstanding between those who ought by all means to understand each other? Here is the point of dispute. The student feels that his rights have been trampled upon. The average student is quiet and passive. He loves his college with a far greater love than his instructor, who, in most cases, only loves her for the salary he draws at the end of the month. And the student also loves and has the greatest respect for the man who is his teacher, provided always that that teacher deserves his love and commands his respect.

Now a college student lives in a miniature world and of course he has usually a pretty keen sense of what we call "natural rights." He also has a pretty keen sense of what we call "prescribed rights." What belongs to him by reason of his being a human being and what belongs to him by reason of his standing in a series of college men and a succession of college classes, he is inclined to appreciate at its full value. Whatever actions of the faculty lessen his natural rights or any infringement upon what his predecessors were supposed to have enjoyed in prescription, he is inclined to resist.

It is also to be said that college faculty does not appreciate the natural and prescribed rights of the student at the same value that the student appreciates them. The faculty is not inclined to hold the honor of the student so high or to feel so sensitive as the student himself. Neither is the faculty always so considerate of the limitations or demands, either wise or unwise, of the great body of the students as they ought to be.

There are two theories of the relation that the college ought to bear towards its students. One of these is that the college is only a large family—that the officers and teachers stand in the place of the parent and the student in the place of the son. And as a parent it is therefore the part of the faculty to keep watch over the private life of the student as well as direct and control his public actions.

The second system is the antithesis of the first. It is the very opposite of the domestic. It is a system characterized by its very want of government. It holds that the college has no right to interfere with the private affairs of the student, that the college has no relations to the personal character or personal relations of the

student. That the college should only concern itself with the giving of instruction, and that when the college has done this its duty is complete. And of course in such a system the student in his function of a student is concerned only with his capacity for receiving instruction. In the most of our present colleges we have a combination of points from both of these systems or theories.

From these two theories there arise for solution four questions. The first is, "Are American students old enough to determine and guide their own conduct?" Second, "Should the college attempt to control the private and personal life of its students?" Third, "Should the college demand of its students conduct which their homes do not demand?" And last, "Is there any method by which even a small minority of college students can be saved from going to the bad?"

As to the first of these questions: The age of the average student on entering college is about nineteen. Now is a person between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three able to govern his own private conduct or should he be guided and controlled by the faculty, whose ideas of right and wrong are perhaps out of harmony with his ideas of right and wrong which he has inherited or learned from his home? Should he follow the dictates of his own conscience or should he look into the book of rules and regulations every time he turns around to see if he has broken one of them?

It is a potent fact that there is a time in the life of every man when he should be left to himself to work out his own character, and we believe that that time comes at about the age of nineteen to twenty-three. Leave the college student to govern himself and he will do it better

than any set of college officers could, be they ever so wise. Of course some will fall into error, some perhaps into vice, but it is the time in the life of a young man when his character needs the very discipline that is offered by this reliance upon his own powers of self-control. If at this period students are kept under constant surveillance their characters are likely to be permanently distorted. This is the most impressionable period of a man's life; his character is like wax.

Instead of making the student think that his every action is watched, as policemen watch a thief, at this time the student should be given his freedom and every salutary and uplifting influence should be brought to bear upon his life so as to shape and mould his character. There should be encouraged among the students a feeling of personal pride which only comes in connection with personal liberty. There should be encouraged a feeling of honor, a feeling of self-respect.

There should be established and maintained a public opinion among the students which frowns upon gross vice and all forms of dishonorable actions. These things alone will create of the college student a worthy, honest, upright citizen.

The second of our questions was, "Should the college control the private and personal life of its students?" We have already answered this question, but we would say further that when a man comes to college he comes to be helped—not to be commanded. His sense of freedom rebels against control of his private life by the college.

And, furthermore, college authorities cannot control by rules and regulations. Their only hope of comparative control is by means of personal influence. The st

dent will seek to model after and exemplify the life of his teacher, and the only way for the student to gain an adequate knowledge of the teacher's life is by personal contact.

Time shows that the best work is done where there is freedom from sullenness and indifference, which are twin daughters of restraint. And better citizens are made where there is a wholesome spirit of humanity, signifying that the college student is there treated as men and not as boys or some wild animals.

Let the college faculty respect the student and the student in turn will respect the faculty. Put the government of the students in the hands of the student body and you will see that they as men will respond to any trust imposed upon them.

Among college students there should be at once a spirit of individuality. This spirit of individuality would lead to a spirit of freedom. This sense of freedom would inevitably lead to a spirit of loyalty and a spirit of loyalty would lead to a feeling of unity. But the student's sense of individual freedom should not be swallowed up in feelings of loyalty and unity.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'05. James M. Justice is now in South Carolina.

'99-03. J. A. Heileg is preaching in Pamlico County.

'04. B. W. Parham is principal of the high school at Wallburg.

'97-99. Louis Grant has been appointed postmaster at Goldsboro.

'01-2. Claude A. Smith is teaching at Clement, Sampson County.

'90. B. S. Mitchell is farming in Franklin County, near Youngsville.

'03. C. M. Garrison is principal of the graded school at Richlands.

'96-00. Charles R. Taylor is doing mission work at Alamagardo, Mexico.

'76-9. D. A. Glenn is pastor of the Baptist church at Fincastle, Virginia.

'02-5. A. M. Burleson is pastor of churches at and near Bellgrade, Montana.

'03. T. A. Allen will finish his course in law at Albany, N. Y., this year.

'88-93. C. T. Ball is delivering lectures in Simmons' College, Abilene, Texas.

'98. Pritchard C. Carlton is practicing law at Salisbury and is doing well there.

'99. Walter N. Johnson is pastor of the Baptist church at Natchetoches, Louisiana.

'50. D. R. Wallace is located at Waco, Texas. He is the oldest alumnus of the college.

'03-5. John H. Nanney is principal of the high school at Garden City, McDowell County.

'04. W. W. Barnes is doing ministerial supply work with headquarters at his home, Elm City.

'03. A. C. Gentry is principal of the Locust Grove Grammar School, Georgia, and is succeeding well.

'00-04. A. L. Fletcher, who is traveling in Georgia for one of the larger tobacco companies, was recently married at Kernersville.

'91. C. B. Williams is professor of theology in the Theological Department of Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

'03-5. O. N. Marshall is doing ministerial work that will count for good among the factory people of Henderson.

'01-2. A. C. Sherwood, of Leesville, has moved to Creedmore. He serves the church there and others nearby.

'96-7. Godwin Dunning, who is farming in Bertie County, was recently married to Miss Eva Livermon, of Aulander.

'02. H. H. Powell is located at Marion where he is engaged as a civil engineer in the construction of a branch line of the Southern Railway.

'04. Charles P. Weaver, who was assistant professor in English here till Christmas, has become principal of the graded schools at Reidsville.

'88-90. Lee H. Battle is cashier of the City National Bank, Greensboro, which, in charge of his wise management, has made phenomenal progress.

'68-70. W. C. Powell is president of the Consolidated Naval Stores Company, of Jacksonville, Fla., one of the largest firms of its kind in the South.

'76-7. The N. B. Josey Mercantile and Manufacturing Company, of Scotland Neck, has recently been incorporated with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. N. B. Josey is manager.

Charity and Children says, "We learn that Rev. S. D. Swaim, ['82], of Cooleemee, has been called to succeed Rev. John R. Miller as auditor of the Orphanage. We sincerely hope he will accept."

'99-00. Charles St. Cheek on January 23 was married to Miss Clara Edna Paschal, daughter of Mr. J. T. Paschal, of Goldston. Mr. Cheek is located at Sanford as secretary of the Sanford Trust and Insurance Company.

'03. J. E. Ascue, who after leaving college attended the theological school at the University of Chicago, and served with great acceptance some churches in that vicinity, is back in North Carolina in charge of the Baptist church at Greenville.

"Elder C. M. Murchison, ['80-4], one of our best men, is taking the pastors' course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He is wise on the verge of his best years to make a final preparation. Bro. D. F. Putman, ['95-6], who is invaluable to our cause in Johnston county, has been called to succeed him at Cornelius in Mecklenburg."—*Biblical Recorder.*

'91. R. L. Paschai, principal of the Van Zandt School, Fort Worth, Texas, has an articie in the current number of *The Southwest Magazine* on "The Rabbit." He is now deiivering from week to week at the Carnegie Library, Forth Worth, a course of lectures on animals.

'91. "*The Christian Index*, of Atianta, gave a fine picture of our joliy friend, Rev. B. W. Spiiman, on the first page of iast week's issue.—*North Carolina Baptist.* Mr. Spilman is Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention and fiils his position weli.

'99. J. C. Owen, a native of Transylvania county, now a missionary in China, has been requested by the mission at Pingtu to take the principalship of the Normai Institute for men, located at Pingtu. Mr. Owen has accepted and is coming to this country to prepare himself especially for that work.

'95. Frank Parham is one of the ablest young lawyers in New York City, where his talents and energy are winning for him great success. He was formeriy associated with Mr. Osborne, Tammany's candidate for city attorney, and learned to be an ardent Tammany man. He is now an independent attorney-at-law.

The foiiowing is from *Charity and Children:* "Judge Ward has rapidiy risen to the very front as a Judge. His judicial temper and his thorough business methods have won the confidence and admiration of all the people. He is a terror to evii-doers, and the fine influence he exerts is heipful to every community in which his courts are held. We have no abler or more efficient man on the bench than he."

'88. *The Baptist Courier* says: "Rev. J. N. Booth, of Hertford, N. C., has accepted the field recentiy vacated, which embraces Due West, Dovali's and Lowndesviiie. Brother Booth is not a stranger to our State, having been pastor for several years at Union. His return to the State will give much pleasure to his friends. He comes to a delightful and important field, and we wish for him great happiness and success in his new work. We extend to him a most cordial welcome."

Speaking of John H. Mills, '54, who was, before his death in 1898, associated with the Thomasviiie Orphanage, and of J. B. Boone, '60-1, who was formeriy superintendent of the Orphanage, *Charity and Children*, appropriately says: "They leave a record of ioyal devotion to duty as they saw it, and of unbending integrity in the administration of the institution under their charge. No man dare call in question for a moment the high sense of honor and the sincerity of motive of these noble Christian men."

'94-7. Writing to *The Biblical Recorder*, the clerk of the Baptist church at Burlington says: "After a faithful and efficient pastorate of a little over two years, Bro. A. W. Setzer has resigned the care of the church here to accept a call to become pastor at Murphy, N. C. The church here has never had a pastor whose preaching was superior to that of Brother Setzer, and greatly regrets his decision to leave us. The church at Murphy is to be congratulated upon securing Brother Setzer for its pastor, and will find in him a preacher of more than ordinary ability and a faithful worker."

'01. *Charity and Children* has the following: "Mr. J. Q. Adams, Jr., has been given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in a course of study of English and Romance languages at Cornell University. Mr. Adams, for the past two years, has held the famous "Cornell Fellowship," which is regarded as the highest honor that a student can receive. There is no young man in the State, perhaps, more broadly cultured than Mr. Adams, and we hope he may find a field for his great talent in North Carolina. He is a son of Dr. J. Q. Adams, of Charlotte." Mr. Adams is teaching four courses of study at Cornell. He did some special study in the British Museum, London, during the summer.

The Biblical Recorder says: Rev. W. F. Watson, ['87], accepts the call to Norfolk, and so Virginia has taken from us in a few years for Norfolk and Portsmouth and nearby, W. V. Savage, ['85], C. S. Blackwell, J. T. Riddick, W. M. Vines, R. J. Bateman, ['00-1], W. A. Smith, ['93], and W. F. Watson, ['87]. She owes us a good deal. Brother Watson makes the debt larger. He is a church-builder, and he is a captain at raising money. He is too modest, though, to say how much he has raised for church improvement in ten years—at Gastonia and Monroe. He practically rebuilt our house of worship at Monroe and at the same time he greatly invigorated the church. He is intensely interested in missions and church improvement, but never cuts down the gifts of his people for that cause. In fact, he is an all-round preacher, pastor, and fine fellowman."

'96. J. H. Gore, who was a prominent lawyer, met a deplorable death while duck-shooting on the river below Wilmington on December 8, 1904. A beautiful tablet in honor of Mr. Gore will be placed in the new Alumni Building. J. M. Alderman is pastor of churches in Duplin and Sampson counties, and is also teaching Bible in Dell High School. C. C. Austin is in business at Tarboro. W. C. Barrett is pastor of the Second Baptist church of Durham. W. J. Beale is in charge of the Academy at Boykin's, Virginia. G. N. Bray, who gave promise of great success as a minister and as superintendent of the public schools of Vance county, died four years ago. T. H.

Briggs, Jr., is professor of English in a normal college in Springfield, Illinois. W. G. Briggs is local editor of *The Raleigh Evening Times*. J. W. Carlton is practicing dentistry at Spencer. T. C. Council is farming and teaching in Wake county. W. H. Davis is preaching near Wilmington. S. Dowell is practicing law in Alabama. W. Jasper Howell has achieved distinction as a minister in the State of New York, where he is meeting great demand as a lecturer. C. R. Hairfield is teaching and preaching in Virginia. E. J. Harrill is pastor of the Baptist church at Woodland, Northampton county. J. D. Hufham, Jr., is in business at Franklin, Virginia. D. F. Lawrence is part owner and editor of *The Chronicle*, Baptist organ of Louisiana. H. H. McLendon is practicing law in Wadesboro. R. B. Powell is associated with the Consolidated Naval Stores Company of Savannah, Georgia. V. O. Parker is in the real estate business in Raleigh. D. B. Richard is pastor of a church in Kentucky. A. M. Ross is also preaching in Kentucky. R. G. Rozier is a leading physician in Lumberton. J. M. Tolar is preaching in Kentucky. I. M. Meekins is postmaster in Elizabeth City. He was candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the Republican ticket at last election. Bruce Benton is part owner and proprietor of *The Baptist Chronicle*, Alexandria, Louisiana. M. B. Dry is principal of the Wingate High School, Union county.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

The Christmas number of *The Hendrix College Mirror* is neatly bound with glowing colors. The writer of "The Sights and Sounds of 'B. A. 'Dom'" is somewhat witty, but his brave attempt to display this little wit is humorous and pathetic. "An Outing" is a probable story. The writer paints vividly the scenes and relates interestingly the experiences of a mountain hunt. The would-be poem, "The Test of Red Lightning," falls far short of being poetry. The departments are weighty.

The William Jewell Student for December measures up to the high standard of this magazine. "A Christmas Story" stands head and shoulders above the average story of this nature. The writer develops his plot as one who knows what he is about. The attractiveness of his style is especially commendable. "When the Clocks were Striking Nine" is the best poem in the magazine. "The Athletic Parson" is a short, interesting story telling how very important it is that a preacher should know how to do something else than preach. "Dog Days" is the best story of its kind on our table. Wit and humor are the predominating elements, and they are carried out to perfection. Athletics are given the proper amount of space. Judging from the Constitution of the Athletic Association the institution from which this magazine comes has the correct idea of college athletics. The poems, appearing now and then, add to the looks of the periodical and tend to raise its standard.

The essay, "The Weird and Uncanny in the Prose Works of Hawthorne and Poe," published in *The Central Collegian* for December, is carefully written. The writer seems to be acquainted with his subject and knows how to handle it. The characters and aspirations of these two eminent writers are discussed and nice distinctions are drawn. The article, "The Throne of the Czars," is pleasing in style and contains no surplus words to make the meaning vague. "Lorna Doone" is a readable article. The writer attempts to prove, by the subject in hand, how, although rejected, a novel of merit will finally come to be recognized as one of the best. In general the quality of the material is up to the average, but we suggest that the quantity be increased in the next issue. The editors are doing creditable work.

As we begin our perusal of *The Criterion* for December we are greeted by a group of the editorial staff. We are favorably impressed; it puts a good taste in our mouths to start with. "The Christmas Carol" could have been improved slightly if the plot had been developed a little more. It tells of the trials of many orphans who are being forced to live under a heartless, haughty stepmother. We beg leave to quote the most striking paragraph: "Oh, women of the world, to you is entrusted the future of our civilization; be careful of your smallest thoughts, set high your ideals, for, though you may never realize them, the world will be better for their presence." Columbia College should be proud that such a sentiment is within her borders. "The Last Days of the Confederacy" sums up in a few words incidents always to be remembered by every Southerner. It seems that three pages are a little long for one paragraph. "A Modern Comedy of Errors" is a story bordering on the light kind. The general trend is commonplace, and is sorely in need of rest. "At the Seashore" is of a humorous nature. The writer is to be commended for her originality. On the whole the material seems a little frivolous. A poem or two is suggested. The departments are not lacking for attention.

We are glad to renew our acquaintance with the *Co. Ed.* The December issue is now before us. The essay, "Elbert Hubbard, a Man of Protest," was prepared with care. The faults of the man are admitted and good qualities are sought. The central thought seems to be: look for good qualities and profit by them. "Smallpox and Other Little Things" is a burden on the reader's imagination. We hope to see "Betsy" trying a story of a different nature, or an essay in the next issue, for it can be safely said that she possesses some of the qualities which are necessary for a successful writer. "A Trip to Pisgah" is a striking description of a mountain tramp. The reader can almost see the crooked roads, changes of scenery, and the typical mountain huts inhabited by the unique mountain characters. "The Thing that Turned Up" is an evidence of some originality. The conversational element is good. Only one inconsistency noted is, we can't imagine how the preacher could have driven some twelve or fifteen miles with ten five dollar gold pieces in his gloves without discovering them. Such little slips tend to hurt the merit of a story. The editorial department deserves special mention.

The December *Guilford Collegian* publishes an essay, "Arabic Contributions to Science," which is not so interesting as it might have been had it been written up in a less bookish style. "By Frowning Popocateptl" has too much plot. There are really two plots of a

different nature and of course the connection is forced and artificial. The writer needs to pay more attention to ease of expression. "A Crumb of Love Food" is sufficiently supplied with wit and humor. We failed to catch the point, if any, in "A Fowl Adventure." Such pieces have to be read with much forced interest on the reader's part. The writer of "Confucius" should have given more space to his subject. Subjects of this kind are well worth working up. We wonder if the anticipation of Christmas is why the poets failed to show up in this issue. A few poems would tend to tone up the magazine.

The December number of the *Southwestern University Magazine* is a credit to the institution. The writer of "The Passing of Despotism" is wholly out of sympathy with Russia in her downfall. After a to-the-point discussion he concludes with the following sentences: "Oh! diffuser of joylessness and despondency, sleep thou forever in the cheerless tomb where thou hast so long suppressed and subdued the hopes and aspirations of humanity. Thy mission was contrary to the dominant spirit of the age, and that spirit decreed that thou shouldest die the death of a slave and inherit the gloomy tomb of thy victims." The article, "An Apology for the Roosevelt Reign," gives a fair and unprejudiced discussion of Roosevelt Reign. The following sentences sums up the conclusions reached: "If we could waive the question of the negro, which seems to be passing, and the Morton episode, the present administration would inevitably commend itself to the impartial mind." The general trend of "The Present Political Tendencies" is sound and true in many respects, but we feel safe in saying that the writer is too pessimistic in some of his views. It is only necessary to read a few verses of "My Hunting Experience" to discover that the writer is the fortunate possessor of the right-work style. "An Unsuccessful Elopement" is too much on the order of common love stories. "In the Garden of Trees" is a love story of a high order and calls forth our warmest commendation. It stands pre-eminently above any production of its nature before us in plot, and exhibits the artistic work of a skillful writer. "A College Boy's Love" is degrading to the magazine and institution. We wonder if this is the typical student life at Southwestern; if so we are very much surprised. The departments evince signs of study and care on the editor's part.

CLIPPINGS.

NOT THERE.

"Ahoy, there, don't give up the ship!"
The captain wildly cried:
"I won't," the seasick passenger
Vehemently replied,
"For I've not had a symptom yet
That your old ship's inside.

—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Miss Wrinkles—"Johnnie, I hear that you have a little sister at your house. Would you rather have a little sister or a little brother to play with?"

Johnnie—"If it wouldn't a made no difference wif God, I'd rather it 'ud been a goat. —*Ex.*

UNAPPRECIATED AMBITION.

"My hair," remarked a middle aged man, sadly, "is the most ambitious thing about me, it seems."

"What's the answer?" queried his friend.

"It is always coming out on top," explained the party of the first part.

SHARP EDGES.

In days of old,
When knights were bold
And sheet-iron clothing wore,
The styles were not
Like ours, I wot—
A rare good thing, I'm sure.

No chance, egad,
Would maids have had
On knightly knees to stay—
No earthly chance
Had sheet-iron pants
Been creased like pants to-day.

Professor (in grammar class)—"Parse *Hug*" McCord. "It is an indeclinable conjunction, active and personal, and both proper and common."

Tommy greased the stairs with soap;
Father struck the slimy slope;
Ma said, "My! ain't Tom got tact?
I always looked so well in black.

—*Cornell Widow.*

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail,
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail." —*Ex.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. H. VANN, Editor, Pro tem.

—Anniversary!

—Is *she* coming?

—Enrollment is drawing nigh unto 350.

—Remember the "Howler," boys. If you have any good story or drags, the editors will be glad to receive them.

—Mr. C. A. Upchurch, who is preaching near Cary, was on the Hill for a few days at the beginning of the spring term.

—Miss Lulie Dickson, of the Baptist University, visited her parents for a few days last month.

—Miss Annie D. Crudup, of Kittrell, who was formerly a resident of Wake Forest, has returned to take a position in the post-office, where she will succeed the popular Miss Hall.

—Their many friends will miss the familiar faces of Messrs. S. F. Caldwell and J. H. Townsend. They have entered the Sadler, Bryant and Stratton Business College, of Baltimore.

—Dr. Poteat was at Hollins Institute, Va., January 20th, where he delivered his lecture on "Dante" before the faculty and students of that institution. He reports a pleasant trip and a delightful time.

—Miss Mattie Gill had as her guests during the month of January Misses Margaret and Julia Etheredge, of Selma, and Miss Sarah Martin, of Winston-Salem.

—Rev. Paul Bowers and wife, of South Carolina, spent a few days on the Hill during January visiting Mrs. Bower's father, Mr. A. C. Perry.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Richard Crozier, with their little daughter Dolores, have returned from Evansville, Ind., where they spent Christmas with Mrs. Crozier's parents.

—Mr. Calvin Holden, of Newark, N. J., has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Isaac Fort.

—Hon. E. Y. Webb, of the ninth district, who spent the holidays here with his wife, has returned to attend the sessions of Congress. Mrs. Webb is still visiting her mother, Mrs. Simmons.

—The new firm of J. M. Brewer, Jr., & Co. adds to the business of the town. They occupy the handsome brick store erected by Prof. Sledd.

—Mr. J. M. Picot has resigned as Senior Speaker from the Eu Society on account of his preparation to go before the court in February. Mr. E. B. Earnshaw has been elected to fill his place.

—Miss Sallie Green, who has been visiting Miss Ada Lee Timberlake, has returned to Louisburg.

—Mr. W. C. Toon, better known as "Bob," stopped by to see his friends on the Hill about the first of the year. He was on his way to Atlanta, where he has entered a business college.

—Miss Margaret Rogers, of Raleigh, spent some time last month visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Dickson.

—The travelling representative of the *Biblical Recorder,* Rev. J. S. Farmer, was with us a few days not long ago.

—It is a pleasure to have on the Hill again Miss Mary Taylor, who has been teaching near Laurinburg.

—We have a new and efficient guardian of the police in the person of Mr. E. R. Timberlake, of Youngsville, who entered upon his duties the first of the year.

—Mr. Walter Holladay, of Durham, was on the Hill last month making groups and individual photographs for the *Howler*. On account of careless handling by the express company the plates were broken, and it was therefore necessary to re-make the groups. It is hoped that he will have better success with this lot.

—At a recent meeting of the Medical class, the following officers were elected: President, W. M. Johnson; Vice-President, R. C. Timberlake; Secretary, E. C. Harriss; Treasurer, John E. Ray, Jr.; Historian, R. H. Freeman; Poet, A. D. Morgan. Besides these regular officers, it was deemed necessary to elect a Chief Surgeon, which fell to the lot of Mr. C. E. Martin.

—We make mention with pleasure of the interest being taken in commemorating the birth-days of our illustrious men. On January 17th, Dr. Sikes made a short talk in chapel upon the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth. He told of Franklin's peculiar characteristics and the part he played during the Revolution. On Lee's birthday, January 19th, Dr. Taylor spoke from his personal recollections of Robert E. Lee. Such occasions give great pleasure to the student body.

—Classes in mission study have been organized by Mr. W. A. P. Pollard, chairman of the committee, and at a mission study rally over seventy-five were enrolled. There will be four classes. Mr. H. M. Poteat and Mr. John Green will take up Japan; Mr. H. W. Baucom will lead a class in Social Evils Among the Heathen Religions, and Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon's class will study the Nine Great Religions of the World.

—The Moot Court has been recently reorganized, and the following officials chosen: Judge, J. M. Picot; So-

licitor, G. J. Spence; Clerk, J. W. Hall; Sheriff, B. T. Holding; Coroner, T. A. Lyon; Justice of the Peace, M. L. Davis.

—A skating rink is the latest addition in the line of amusements. Messrs. H. L. Wiggs, Lewis M. Powell and Kyle Elliott have fitted up the old bed-spring factory, which makes a suitable place for skating. Much interest and enthusiasm is being manifested among the boys over this new sport.

Mr. Ralph Harper, of Yale University, spoke before the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday night, January 16. He is an interesting talker and his visit was much enjoyed. Mr. Harper came in the interest of the International Volunteer Conference, to be held in Nashville the last of February. This is to be truly a world conference. At least three thousand delegates will be present, representing five hundred colleges and universities. Messrs. W. A. Pollard, C. A. Leonard, H. W. Baucom and F. W. Kurfees have been selected as delegates from Wake Forest, and application has been made for three or four more. Dr. Brewer will probably represent the faculty.

—The operetta given by Misses Edith and Agnes Taylor during the holidays, "A Witch in Fairyland," was repeated January 12th for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It was indeed a pleasant experience to go "Back, back, back to Fairyland." The king of the fairies has fallen captive to the witch and her troupe of imps. The queen with all her court sets out to rescue him, but unfortunately some of the fairies are captured by the witch and transformed into roses. At the approach of winter the beautiful little rose-buds are buried beneath the snow. Just as the king is being carried off by the imps, under direction of the Snow Man, he is rescued by

a brave band of fairies. Then the king and queen are happily united; they wake the roses, and compel the witch to change them back into fairies. Louise Peed as Queen, Kent Hodnett as Witch, Bruce Holden as King and Sam Turner as Snow Man were good in the leading parts. The whole program was greatly enjoyed, especially the chorus, "In the good old baseball time." A small admission fee was charged and the proceeds amounted to twenty-five dollars.

—We are glad to note the reappearance of the *Wake Forest Weekly*. Two issues have come out, and there is a decided improvement over last year's paper. In the hands of Mr. Eugene Turner, as editor-in-chief, and Mr. Bruce Powers, as business manager, it should be a success. Mr. Earle Gore has been elected athletic editor; Mr. C. B. McBrayer, associate editor from the Eu Society; Mr. Wingate Johnson, from the Phi Society, and Mr. Harvey Vann, Y. M. C. A. editors. We bespeak for the *Weekly* the hearty support of the entire student body.

—The first steps towards a preliminary for the Mercer Debate were taken when those who intend to speak met in the Law Room and decided upon a time. The following gentlemen will speak: From the Phi Society, Liston Jackson, B. T. Holding, J. B. Weatherspoon and O. R. Mangum; from the Eu, T. B. Ashcraft, E. B. Josey, R. H. Ferrell, F. F. Brown and L. A. Parker. The first debate will be held about the first week in March.

—At the last meeting of the Athletic Association, it was decided that half the expenses of furnishing the basket-ball team with suits should be paid by the association. The suits are to consist of short pants and jersey, with a small monogram, "W." In token of their

appreciation to Misses Edith and Agnes Taylor for their services in getting up the operetta, it was unanimously voted to present them with a complimentary ticket to all the ball games this spring.

—In place of the customary entertainment given by the Glee Club on the night before Anniversary, there will be a concert by the music faculty of the Baptist University. It will be in charge of Prof. Wade R. Brown, and will consist of organ, piano, vocal and violin numbers. Prof. Brown will be assisted by Mrs. Henri Appy, Mrs. Wade R. Brown, and Mr. A. C. Jackson, vocalists; Miss Emma V. Anderson, violinist, and Miss Elizabeth D. Burtt, pianist. The proceeds will go toward establishing a permanent organ fund, and a most enjoyable occasion is in store for all who attend.

—Basket-ball is quite the thing in the gymnasium of late, and every afternoon are heard the loud shouts of the players. Mr. Crozier has been carefully training the candidates for the team. The following have been selected: Forwards, Couch and Keith; centre, Elliott, K.; guards, Beverly, Turner, J., and Gore. A trip has been arranged to Winston-Salem, Spartanburg and Charlotte.

—Decidedly the hit of the season was the "Trip to Punkinville," which came off Tuesday night, January 30th, in the gymnasium. No words can describe the performance. The original Punkinville troupe, about thirty in all, appeared in all their striking, startling, and hair-raising feats of strength and agility, made the more interesting by the diversity and originality of costumes. "Capt. Small and sum fellers first did sum fansie drillin. Them fellers could tumbull sum two, and were their on gimnasticks, too." Willie Small's mar-

vellous performances on "them two-bar things" were only equalled by Sep Jones' thrilling stunts showing "thos sitie slickers sum swings on wrings," and Johnny Toadstool's wonderful agility on "that lether hoss."

The drawing card of the Punkinville troupe was their band. "Buy speshuel inquest" they rendered "Susie's latest," under the direction of their capable drum-major. In their finish and technique, beauty of tone and harmonious blending of sound the Punkinville Band is unsurpassed, while their artistic rendering of such difficult and classical selections as the "Wake Forest Song," "Newish Whistle," and "Good Old Summer-time," would have made "Susie" himself turn green with envy. By no means inferior to the band was the "Punkinville quartet," composed of Messrs. Sigh Green-horrible, Lem White-awful, Josiah Brown-dreadful, and Jack Black-terrible. They delighted the audience with several popular songs.

"Physicul culshur buy Sigh Spivvens and hys babie bruther" completely captivated the audience. The younger Mr. Spivvens made his initial appearance in public, but was not at all embarrassed. By his excellence in drilling he was unanimously voted the star performer of the evening. Then followed "Voice Culshur buy Farmer Hopkins and Lunge Culshur buy The Rube," which were greatly enjoyed. Sep Jones and Sigh Spivvens, exponents of "Feete Culshur," proved themselves past-masters in the art of clog-dancing and fancy side-steps. They were forced to respond to several encores. "Finul Wake Forest College Song sung by the entyre compine, acumpined by the band." Everybody expressed the opinion that "A Trip to Punkinville" was the most enjoyable occasion of its kind ever witnessed on the Hill.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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LELAPS AND I.

When the breeze is like balm and the welkin is clear,
We go running and sporting and make the birds fly;
And we joy to behold them convulsing with fear,
While we hunt them, my little dog Lelaps and I.

Through the fields and the woodlands and pleasant old groves,
Across hills and deep valleys and mountain tops high,
We have wandered and hunted and slept in old coves,
A companion, my little dog Lelaps and I.

With our hearts well attuned to be true and sincere,
We have found us a language that knows not a sigh;
And as comrades we have lain by the side of the mere,
We have chatted, my little dog Lelaps and I.

REGAINED.

T. S. W.

It was evening. The moon poured forth its brilliant rays through the parlor window of Capt. Morgan's home, beautifully situated on the banks of the French Broad River. Pearl, his only daughter, was waiting for her sweetheart Raymond Harward, who was to call that night for the last time before his departure for college. She was longing to hear the joyful sound of his footsteps or see the face of the one who would soon enter the door. She knew that this would be the last time she would be with him for months. Since their childhood Pearl and Raymond had been the best of friends. Now since both had reached womanhood and manhood, they had become affectionately attached to each other.

Pearl Morgan was the most popular girl in the community. Every one loved her. Her features were beautiful, and her character spotless. Her parents had given her every possible advantage of an education. In a few weeks she was to return to the Baptist Female College at Raleigh, it being her senior year.

Raymond Harward was a tall figure, erect, with well-shaped limbs and a good physique. Intellectually he was quick, accurate and witty. He was kind-hearted and true, and a nobler heart never beat in human breast. In his High School studies, he was the leader of his classes. In athletics he surpassed his comrades and towered as high above them as he did his classmates in the school-room. With his energy and skill, every one expected great things from him at college. There was an indescribable charm about his broad forehead, his

laughing black eyes, and his great rolls of black hair which fell dangling over his shoulders, seeming to reach his great, brawny arms, that even his rivals admired, and sometimes they would tell him in what high esteem they held him. The door bell rang. Pearl's heart leaped to her throat. She met Raymond and invited him in.

"You will excuse me for being a few minutes late, will you not, Pearl?" he asked softly.

"Why certainly," answered Pearl, looking at her watch, "It's only a few minutes late, but somehow I expected you would come before time. Have a seat on the sofa, Raymond. Oh, isn't it a beautiful night, and I am happy. How I wish my entire life could be as pleasant as to-night!"

"Such a thing is not impossible," replied Raymond.

For a moment he ceased to speak. He sat and watched Pearl. He was summing up her qualities. She was indeed prettier to-night than he had ever seen her, attired as she was in an evening dress of white chiffon and a large white scarf thrown around her shoulders. Her eyes gleamed with brightness, and the ruddy color of her cheeks showed a figure of health. Besides these charms of personal beauty, she possessed a noble character, and a disposition of sweetness that could not be excelled. From his childhood Raymond Harward had loved Pearl, but to-night his love was of a deeper nature than ever. Every throb of his heart seemed to beat for her. Her affections toward Raymond were no less than his, yet she had not told him that of all his sex he was her choice. Raymond broke the silence. "Pearl," he said, "You will not object to going out under the old maple tree and take a seat in the old swing. Will you? I have something to tell you and I prefer telling it out there where nothing

will hear it except the restless whip-poor-will, and where no one will ever see us but the man in the moon."

"Yes, Raymond. I enjoy the beautiful moonlight, and think it much more pleasant out in the swing."

He led her out to the spot mentioned and determined to find out his fate.

"Pearl, you know my feelings toward you. I have told you often, but I wish to tell you again. I love you. My hope, my life, my all is yours."

He paused, she blushed, and a soft smile crept over her face.

"Why do you smile," he asked. "Oh, I was just thinking how foolish boys will act. I was expecting an eloquent little speech from you to-night, but you came with the same speech. Why didn't you tell me something I didn't know?"

"Did you really know I loved you"? he asked.

"Yes, Raymond. Your every action proves that you love me."

"It is true, my dear, I have loved you from childhood, and I speak it with all the earnestness of my soul. You are the object of my life. My thoughts and future is wrapped up in you. You are the only girl I ever cared for, and every word of love I have spoken I have spoken them to you. To-morrow I shall leave you. Before I go I wish to know the truth. I wish to know if you truly love me."

"Are you anxious to know now?"

"You cannot doubt me, can you? I have spoken in earnest and I desire to know if you love me. Be honest with me, Pearl. If you do not love me, tell me so. 'No' from your lips would make me the unhappiest of

persons, but I prefer it to a falsehood. Tell me, Pearl, do you love me."

"Raymond, I will be sincere. I do love you better than any boy I have ever seen. I have loved you devotedly for several years, and I do not wish to hide it from you any longer. I have the utmost confidence in you, and am willing to trust you in anything. I will always be true to you and rejoice in your success."

"My dearest Pearl; allow me to address you thus for the first time. You don't know what a burden you have removed from my heart. Those were the sweetest words I have ever heard. Now will you promise me to be true to me and love me to the end."

"I promise," she softly whispered.

Captain Morgan's retiring bell rang, so they arose and started to the house. At the door he again repeated to her his never-dying love. There they both made an oath, the oath that bound them through all future years.

"Pearl," he said, "this is our last meeting for a long time. To-night you have given me your promise. Now won't you give me the first kiss"?

"Raymond, I promised mamma that I would never kiss a boy without her consent, but we are one now. If mamma cares, I don't."

He drew nearer and they embraced each other and impressed a kiss of devotion and love, which they swore should be eternal.

Raymond grasped her soft, white hand, bade her a long good-bye and darted down the walk and was gone. She watched him until he was out of sight, and then she went to her room, where she spent one sleepless night.

He left the next day for Brown's University, Tennessee. As soon as he reached Nashville he sent a message

to his love. For several weeks they wrote twice each week. Their correspondence was kept up regularly for about seven months. The time was nearly at hand for the Annual Reception at Brown's University. Raymond sent his sweetheart an invitation. The next day he wrote her a letter.

Pearl had met during her stay in Raleigh a young man, Sidney Cranford, whom she admired. Cranford was a man of elegant appearance and a man whom all citizens of the Capital City liked. His figure reminded her of Raymond, so she could not help from liking him a little, yet her heart was with Raymond.

It was now three days until the reception, and he had not heard from his love. "Surely it will come to-morrow," he said to himself. He met every train, but no letter came.

"Every man in the State could not have made me believe that she was so discourteous, even if she had ceased to care for me; I won't believe it. She failed to get my letter or there is one on the road."

The day of the reception was on hand, the biggest day in the college year, yet Raymond failed to get his letter. His watching and waiting had been in vain. About noon he received a letter from a friend telling him that Pearl had fallen in love with a young man in Raleigh, and that he was a frequent companion of hers to and from the theatre. For the first time his heart began to sink with doubt and fear. He did not believe it at first. Yet, the thought had taken root in his heart and was growing every day.

The next day he picked up a Raleigh paper and found the report of a dance, in which Miss Pearl Morgan was a prominent figure. He ceased to doubt any longer. He had decided it. Pearl had ceased to love him, and had

fallen in love with young Cranford. He hastened to his room, threw himself across his bed and tried to reason the matter with himself. The more he thought about it the worse he became enraged. He arose and wrote:

NASHVILLE, TENN.

MY DEAREST PEARL:—For weeks I have anxiously waited for your letter which you never wrote. I did not understand why it was then, but now I understand. You love another. You have broken your oath, your promise. Now, I guess I am free. You love Mr. Cranford. Your act has torn my heart out by its roots, I love you although you have acted thus. I love you and can't help it. I do not desire to help it. I will go away, will leave college to-morrow, and go so far that I can never again see you. Though lost, yet I will love you till death.

Yours devotedly, RAYMOND.

He sealed it and sent it to the office by a boy. Then he sat by the window and gazed out upon the lawn, trying to think of his future. His life was suddenly transformed from one of sunshine into a storm. He had laid his life at the feet of the woman he loved and now she had failed him. He removed from a casket her picture, looked at it, kissed it, and placed it back, exclaiming, "Oh, woman, how deceitful." He retired at twelve o'clock, but could not sleep. His brain was on fire. He could picture to himself his darling in the ball room with the arm of another man thrown around her shoulders sweeping carelessly across the floor, keeping time to the strains of entrancing music. How he wished that man had never lived. "I could stamp my foot down on this high, frivolous society and wipe it out of existence," he muttered. He did not sleep that night. Rising early the next morning he made a resolution, "I am a free man and will act as one. I will not allow a woman to master me. I will pay my bills and go home. From there I will go South, where I can never again get the glimpse

of Pearl. I do not desire to see her again. I'll live the remaining days allotted me like a man, but I will never cross Capt. Morgan's threshold again."

He carried his resolution into effect; left college, went home, and told his mother of his trouble, and next day left home against the wishes and pleadings of mother and father.

In six days from the time he read the article in *The Raleigh Times* that meant his fate he was in Tampa, Fla., acting as Teller of the First National Bank.

Four weeks passed, then Pearl received a letter from her mother stating the action Raymond had taken, and all because of her treatment of him.

Pearl was shocked as if an earthquake had occurred. "Why did he not write me before taking such a step. I am heart-broken. Surely he did not know how I loved him. But why did I treat him so. I only did it to try him, and now I have lost him. What a fool a woman can be when she tries. Oh, he is gone, gone and does not wish to see me. I could not believe him so cruel. Oh, Raymond, can I not regain you? After you understand I believe you will come back; come back! Raymond, I will love you always."

She shed bitter tears, but they were tears of love and regret.

She replied immediately to her mother's letter. The letter that Raymond wrote her on the night of the reception never reached her.

She had now received her mother's reply, in which she gave her Raymond's address. It was Sunday night, but Pearl wrote the letter that meant a life of peace and of happiness to her.

She wrote:

RALEIGH, N. C., May 30, 1894.

MY DEAEST LOVER:—My heart is broken over your departure from us and Mamma says you will not return. Oh Raymond, why did you treat me thus? I'll admit that I mistreated you by not answering your letter, but I only did it to try you. You cannot realize how I love you. Won't you return? I am going home to-morrow and will make preparations not to be away from you again a single day if you desire it. I love you and will until the end of time. I will love you good or bad. My life, my hope, my all is yours if you will only come and accept it. I am yours—all. Come back Raymond! Come! I will love you always.

Your own true,

PEARL.

When Raymond received this message he could hardly believe it, but he did. He resigned his position to take effect immediately. He boarded the train that night, and as it speeded its way across the sand-hills of Georgia and South Carolina, every echo seemed to say to him, "Come back, Raymond. Come; I will love you always."

A SONG.

GEORGE ARTHUR RANES.

I.

A theme of love! Did you hear
Chanted at the door?
Tells that balmy days are near,
Winter's reign is o'er.

II.

The brooklets murmuring on their way
From icy caverns flow,
Echo too the same glad song—
The theme of long ago.

III.

What's the song; what the theme?
Is love the sweet refrain?
Awake! oh, Springtime, from your dream,
Awake thou once again.

NAWIJA.

RUFUS PEARSON.

Nawija stood on a little mound by the broad Potomac and brooded over his fate. He did not hear the ripple of the waters, nor the songs of the little birds as they poured forth their music from the trees. Nor did he see the canoe bearing two of the Algonquins, his mortal foes, as it glided silently down the river. His thoughts were on the fate of his tribe. He had seen the beginning of that movement which was to wrest from the Red Man his boundless forests and his broad prairies, and force him westward to set with the setting sun.

Two moons previous he had been allowed to meet with the wise men of his tribe in council of war. They had watched the encroachment of the white settlers on their hunting grounds with suspicion. They had seen their forests cut down, and some of their own number insulted, and they could bear it no longer. War was resolved upon. And although their numbers had been greatly reduced in their battles with the Algonquins, still they decided to descend the Potomac and fall upon the whites.

Nawija was a perfect type of physical manhood as he stood by the door of his tent on the morning before the attack. He had acquired that symmetry of form and litheness of movement so characteristic of his race. His face was painted, his hair was adorned with eagles' feathers, and he carried in his hand a painted rifle which he had secured from the whites by trading. But before leaving he must tell Hazel Eyes good-bye. Hazel Eyes was the daughter of a distinguished brave, and Nawija's little lover. From childhood they had roamed the forests together, or fished in the lucid streams. But as they

grew up into young manhood and maidenhood Hazel Eyes began to assume a coy shyness, and Nawija would look grave in her presence. The braves understood; and Hazel Eyes' father had told Nawija that he might woo his daughter if he would distinguish himself in the hunt. Each man had marked his arrow before descending on the buffaloes. And of the three which had been killed by the huntsmen it was found that one had been brought low by Nawija's arrow. Henceforth he was a brave. After the hunt was over he had sought out Hazel Eyes and told her his story—a story none the less dear to her because coming from the heart of her untutored lover. They were betrothed, and were to be married within three moons. This was the little Hazel Eyes at whose tent Nawija paused to say good-bye.

Farewell said, Nawija joined the other warriors, and at dusk they dropped down the river in silence upon the settlement. But just as they were landing a sentinel fired a signal shot, and fell back within the barricade. The Indians sprang ashore and rushed upon the settlement, making the night hideous with their yells. But they found the settlers up and in arms, and were met by shot after shot. Finding it impossible to destroy the settlement the surviving warriors retired to their boats, but were overtaken and slain the next day by a band of whites—all except Nawija, who escaped by slipping from his canoe into the river and hiding in an uprooted tree, which happened to be floating by.

Not being satisfied with the destruction of the warrior band the whites pushed up the river and attacked the Indian village. The aged braves and boys who had been left behind made a show of resistance, only to be shot down; while the women rushed into the river and were drowned.

Nawija floated down the river all day long half submerged in water. Past the settlement he floated. But at nightfall he swam ashore and made his way back to his village. Tired and sleepy he slept not, nor halted, for he was anxious for the safety of Hazel Eyes. But when he reached the village he found it in ruins, and saw the bodies of his people strewn over the ground. He looked for Hazel Eyes, but found her not among the rest. Some days later he found her body washed ashore down the river. Tenderly he laid her to rest beneath a little mound of earth down by the broad Potomac. Nawija could never know happiness again. His own little Hazel Eyes, she with whom he used to rove, and fish, and his intended bride, was gone from him forever. Over her grave he vowed to be brave, and live to avenge her death; and this done, he would go to be with her in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." Long he lingered by her grave and knew not that the two Algonquins were ready to lay him low—him, the last of his tribe. They were almost upon him before he knew of their approach. Resistance was useless. He stood still, too brave to fly, until they seized him and hurried him into their canoe.

But a fourth party was an eye-witness to what had just transpired. He had seen all, although none had seen him. This silent watcher was a young English hunter who lived a few miles up the river and made his living by killing fur-bearing animals and deer and selling them to the settlers. When he saw the two Indians start to row off with their captive he stepped from his place of concealment and called on them to halt. They dropped their oars and reached for their rifles. But there was a sharp crack from the hunter's rifle, and one of the Indians threw up his hands and fell into the river. By

this time Nawija and the remaining Algonquin were struggling for the possession of the latter's rifle. By a lucky turn Nawija threw him from the canoe and sent a ball crushing into his head before the young hunter could protest. For a moment his sense of gratitude almost overwhelmed him. But suddenly he realized that the white man was his foe, and the slayer of Hazel Eyes. Sullenly he came ashore, and stood in the presence of his rescuer, and possibly his captor. But the hunter said, "Go to your forests and your people, for I am your friend." Nawija thanked him and disappeared in the forest.

Orlando Chester, for such was the young hunter's name, turned and went in search of game. On the morrow he loaded his canoe and set out for the settlement, which he had not visited for several weeks. Just before reaching the settlement he noticed that a new house had gone up on the outskirts, some little distance back from the river, since last he was there. After disposing of his hides and venison he supplied himself with powder and ball and set out for home again. But as he was passing the home of the new comers he anchored his canoe and made his way up to it. A graceful young girl with dark brown hair and eyes, was planting flowers in front of the house. As Orlando addressed her he could not help admiring her beauty. In the succeeding months he was to learn that she was as kind, and gentle, and modest as she was fair.

Reader, think not that our young hunter was too bold in addressing the girl before him, or that he committed a breach of propriety. For in those early days, when the settlers seldom heard from the mother country, every one considered it a privilege to call on new-comers and

get news from Old England. Orlando made himself known to the young lady before him, and was informed in turn that her name was Alma Greene, and that she and her people had arrived about a month before on the sea-going vessel *Queen Anne*. After wishing them well and making a few other pleasant remarks, he went back to his boat; however, not before being invited to call again.

After this, whenever Orlando Chester came to the settlement, he always made it a point to call at the Greene home, whose inmates extended him a cordial welcome. One day in the Autumn, when the flowers which Alma had planted in the springtime were in full bloom, Orlanda came down to lay in his winter supplies. On his way back he stopped at the Greene home as usual. Alma was out in the yard admiring her flowers. Of late his heart beat faster in her presence, and sometimes a pretty little blush would steal over her face when he was about. On this morning he expressed his admiration for her flowers and then asked her if she could spare him one. She plucked one of the nicest ones and handed it to him. He tried to pin it on, but made a failure, and said, "Oh I can't fix it, please pin it on for me." She fastened it on his coat, and looking sweetly up into his eyes, said, "You couldn't fix it, could you?" What was it that led Orlanda Chester to come down to the settlement so much oftener after this particular Autumn day? Was it because his stock of hides and venison increased so rapidly? Go, reader, into the home of the new comer, and see the pretty crimson steal over the fair maiden's cheeks, and behold the new light beaming from the young hunter's eyes, when in her presence, and see if you can't guess why he came so often?

Those were happy days for Alma and Orlando. To her the sunshine had never seemed half so beautiful before, and the little birds had never sung half so sweetly. And he confessed that he had never known before what life meant. In the following spring Alma became satisfied that Orlando was a young man to whom she could fully trust her future, and since they both loved each other she betrothed herself to him. The following Christmas the aged minister of the settlement gave outward expression to that union which had already taken place in their hearts. Side by side they proceeded to work out their destiny in the wilds of an unexplored continent. But what matter for that? Their love was true love: and they could take the flowers of Paradise and plant them in the sacred precincts of home; and the birds would sing sweetly in the old trees that seemed whispering emblems of benediction over its sacred walls, even though it was built in a vast wilderness.

* * * * * * * *

After Nawija disappeared in the forest he pushed on towards the northwest, until he came into the hunting grounds of a powerful tribe which dwelt far to the north of the headquarters of the Potomac. Here he stopped and lived as one of their own people. Many moons waned, and still all was quiet. But by and by there were rumors of war. The braves met in council of war. Nawija heard them plan an expedition to the south against the English settlement. His heart thrilled. Here was an opportunity for him to help to avenge the death of Hazel Eyes. And then he remembered that the young hunter who had rescued him from the Algonquins, and said to him, "Go, I am your friend," lived at that settlement, and would most likely be killed in the attack. "Shall I

assist in killing the friend who has saved my life?" thought he. And then he thought, "I think Hazel Eyes would not like for me to slay my friend, but to save him." Softly he stole from the council, and by morning light he had placed many miles between him and the tribe with which he dwelt. For three long days he journeyed through the woods and across rivers, carrying a word of warning to the whites. One evening just at dusk a strange Indian appeared at the settlement. He hailed Orlando, who was standing with a group of settlers, and said, "Pale Face, beware! Within a week you will be attacked from the north." Thus having spoken, he turned and strode from the settlement. There was something about the Indian that seemed strangely familiar to Orlando. And yet he could not recall him.

In a few days the Indians from the north poured in on the settlement by the hundreds. But forewarned is forearmed. The settlers were in a state of defence. From behind their fortifications they laid low scores of the red men. Finally the savages withdrew and for many a long year the settlers were left in peace.

One day after the Indians had disappeared, the same Indian who had warned the settlers made his appearance at the home of Orlando and Alma. Orlando went out to speak to him. The Indian smiled and said, "Nawija never forgets a kindness." Then he turned and proceeded into the forest in the direction of a little mound down by the broad Potomac and was never seen again. Orlando and Alma watched him until he disappeared in the woods, and then she turned to her husband and said, "There is something noble in the breast of even the savage."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY R. LEON KENDRICK.

On the eighty-seventh anniversary of George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1819, James Russell Lowell was born at Cambridge, Mass., the son of Rev. Chas. Lowell, a Unitarian minister of the First Church in Boston. Thus, it seems, that the day of his birth had fated him to the world-wide prominence which he won as a statesman and political writer. His father was an accepted authority on all religious topics of his day, and played a conspicuous part in directing the religious thought in New England. That Lowell represented a long line of highly educated ancestors, many of whose lives had been spent in trying to establish the right doctrines of worship and sound principles in politics, is plainly brought out in the pure character and noble genius which he inherited and so admirably portrayed in his daily life and in his works. He received his lofty ideals of right and wrong, self-respect and personal dignity from both his learned parents, but his loving disposition, his friendly attitude and his imaginative feelings and taste for poetry were especially handed down from his mother's side. His birthplace was the famous old colonial mansion, situated on the banks of the Charles River, popularly known as "Elmwood." It was a large square house, surrounded by beautiful elms and spacious lawns, a lovely place of natural scenery, suitable to inspire the youthful mind of the poet with pure and noble thoughts. Amid these ideal scenes of nature and beautiful landscapes, Lowell was quietly brought up in this old historic house with five other children until he was prepared for Harvard College in his sixteenth year in 1834.

During his college course he frequently came in contact with his friend and fellow-poet, Longfellow, who then lived on the same street in the old Craigie House. Because of some slight inattention to his studies and failure to attend chapel services, he was suspended from college in his senior year, and sent to Concord for punishment, where he became acquainted with Emerson, the leader of the Transcendentalists. While at Concord, he composed his notable class poem, the first real production of his literary career. Upon graduating with the A.B. degree, he also received a degree from the law school at Harvard, and two years later got his license to practice law. But his successive failures soon convinced him that his calling did not lie in the field of law, and henceforth he turned his attention intently toward the literary world. His production entitled, "My First Client," remains to us as the only evidence of any interest that he afterwards took in law. The subjects that chiefly occupied his mind at this period of his life were love lyrics and literature. This was the tentative and trying time of our poet's life when he was slowly feeling his way with the production of one poem after another until 1841. In this year he made a collection of his poems and published them in a volume entitled "A Year's Life," the main theme of which was his love for a young woman, Maria White, who became his wife three years later. A clue to all his earlier writings is found in the closing lines of this collection:

> "The poet now his guide hath found,
> And follows in the steps of love."

With what seemed a promising future before him now, he began with hopeful heart to publish a new magazine of his own in 1843, called the *Pioneer*, but financial fail-

ure put an end to its publication after the issue of the third volume.

A second volume of poems was now published, among which "The Legend of Brittany" is perhaps the most important. "Rhoecus," "A Glance Behind the Curtain," and "Shepherd of King Admetus," are also worthy of special mention.

From these earlier poems we can find passages that convince us beyond doubt that Lowell was greatly influenced by many authors who lived and wrote before him, especially Keats. Lowell now came under the influence of an ardent abolitionist in the person of his wife, who intensified his feelings in the anti-slavery cause. She exerted all her power in turning Lowell's thoughts in a protest against slavery. Consequently, the various magazines of the North soon contained many contributions of poems and essays from Lowell, denouncing slavery. These papers showed that the poet was completely wrapped up in democracy, mind and soul. It must be acknowledged that Lowell had extreme views about what a democracy ought to be, and tried to confine public opinion to his own individual belief; but at the same time we admire his high ideals and strenuous efforts to keep our American politics and literature free from any blemish.

In 1848, the "Biglow Papers" were published, a satire which will, perhaps, ever be recognized as a masterpiece of wit in the humorous poetry of America. The poet by this time had reached a more mature period of his life, and through these papers showed the growth of his mind as he slowly grasped a firmer hold upon human nature. They consisted of a collection of poems in witty Yankee dialect, directed in the main against slavery and

the Mexican War, but they also criticised everything base and dishonest. Hitherto the abolitionists had been held in disfavor and generally despised, but upon the appearance of these poems, they found a leader to champion their cause. In the same year another volume under the title of "A Fabe for Critics" came out, in which the author criticises the merits and faults of his eminent countrymen. In making this amusing criticism of his contemporaries, Lowell is honest enough to include himself with equal severity among the others. It is evident that he realized his own weakness and inability to face life's struggle as a literary character unless certain difficulties were removed, as he wrote these lines:

> ' There is Lowell whose striving Parnassus to climb,
> With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme;
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching."

This was a remarkable year in Lowell's literary career. He was busy in the study of nature. His thoughts had taken on a more serious strain, caused by the death of his only little daughter. Then appeared, perhaps, his most popular poem, "The Vision of Sir Launful," in which he pictures a knight, clad in full armor, going in search of the Holy Grail, but returning to find that the significance of the Holy Grail is the simple deed of charity to the poor. This is his most beautiful poem, and perhaps is the best example of Lowell at the height of his poetical powers. The only fault worthy of note in the poem is the author's imitation and hints taken from Tennyson's Legend of Arthur. In the first prelude, his overflowing praise of June is universally accepted as perfect poetry.

Some of the lines of this well-known poem should indeed immortalize the poet, such as

> "And what is so rare as a day in June?" or,
> "Not only around our infancy
> Doth heaven with all her infancy lie
> Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
> We Sinais climb, and know it not."

Where he undoubtedly used the line from Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality:

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

On account of his wife's health, Lowell in 1851 sailed for Europe, visiting France and Italy, during which time he wrote essays on Italian literature and won his eminence as a student of Dante. He returned to America in 1853, and a few months later became grief-stricken over the death of his wife. In 1855 Longfellow resigned his professorship of modern languages at Harvard and Lowell was called upon to fill the vacancy, which position he accepted and resumed his duties in 1857 after two years abroad in preparation. This study in Germany made him one of the best-equipped scholars not only of America, but also of the learned world.

Lowell now married a second time and settled down to his work with more zeal and determination. In 1857, he began to contribute papers to the *Atlantic Monthly*, most of which were political writings, because the sectional strife between North and South had caused him again to enlist his powers in the cause of the Union. He now reviewed the characters of the "Biglow Papers," and again applied to all non-unionists the sting of his satire. Accordingly the second series of his "Biglow Papers," which constituted the main part of his poetry to the Civil War, was published in 1863 in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

But the "Commemoration Ode" to the fallen alumni of Harvard must not be forgotten, for it gives us Lowell's own idea of a national hero in Lincoln, and glows with the feeling of patriotism. In this same year Lowell, in connection with Chas. E. Norton, undertook the editing of the *North American Review,* and remained editor of this magazine until 1868. Each issue contained some of his best papers, such as the poems which made up the collection entitled "Under the Willows." These show the man and artist in his maturity. The collection, "Heartsease and Rue" followed in 1888.

Up to this time Lowell was known widely as a poet, and had scarcely accomplished anything as a prose writer; but in the closing years of his literary activity he abandoned the song and rhyme of poetry to give the world his excellent essays of criticism on such masters as Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dryden, Milton, and others. These essays, formerly delivered at Harvard as lectures to the students, were collected and published in two volumes, "Among My Books," 1871, and "My Study Windows," 1871. With the exception of "Three Memorial Poems," 1878, Lowell's career as an author came to an end.

But that part of his life which was to make him forever remembered by the world at large was yet to come. In 1876, he became minister to Spain, having been appointed by President Hayes. He became acquainted with many customs and manners of Spanish life and studied their language thoroughly during his stay there. In 1880, he was transferred to England where, for the next five years he performed the duties of office with credit to himself and honor to the American people. It was through his diplomacy with England that he won

a world-wide reputation as a representative of our great Nation. He became very popular throughout the kingdom, and was called upon on all public occasions for addresses and lectures, an example of which we have in the memorable address on Democracy, delivered at Birmingham, 1884. He won the hearts of the people of both England and America and sealed the bond of love and unity between them, instead of stirring up international strife and disputes. No man has been more instrumental in raising the English estimate of American character and institutions than did Lowell. He returned to his old home at "Elmwood" in 1885, and after making a few more addresses before the Lowell Institute, passed away in 1891, thus coming back to die in the house where he was born.

Because of the many-sidedness of his life, Lowell ranks high as the representative man of letters in America. As a poet, he will always be remembered by our people, for it was in poetry that his most important lessons were taught—an instance of which we find in these lines:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side,
Some great cause God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

His sympathy for the weaker classes of humanity is clearly drawn out in his "Vision of Sir Launfal," where he teaches us that the most acceptable offering we can render God is service to the poor.

Lowell was also a critic and a scholar. American literature is especially deficient in criticism, and for this reason the critical essays of Lowell are the more remarkable. His criticisms were penetrating and sensi-

ble, never made in the heat of passion, but always coolly, in the way of kind advice. His thorough study of men and his lasting criticisms are evidences that he was familiar with the master-minds of many nations—and are worthy of a man of the highest genius. Along with his stinging thrusts of criticisms in "A Fable for Critics," there are also real outbursts of wit and humor. His humorous speeches also testify that he was especially gifted along this line. They were always eloquent, graceful and learned, spiced with a keen sense of humor, which made him popular as a speaker. But above all, Lowell's merits as a patriot, a lover of everything true and noble in statesmanship, claim for him a reverence by all who believe that honesty and friendship is the best policy in political and national affairs.

As an editor and writer he was a leader of national thought and exercised great influence over the destiny of our country. He guided the way for his more ignorant fellowmen through the turmoil and struggles of a people divided against itself. Never did he trouble himself with the personal greed and ambition of politics, but only cared for and endeavored to solve the great problems which affected the interests of humanity at large. In his dealings with the government as a representative, he bound the two nations—England and America—closer together, with a firmer bond of friendship than they had ever experienced before. Truly, then, he deserves to represent American letters and to stand out as a shining example of American manhood to all who come after him.

THE STORY OF AN EMPTY SLEEVE.

OSCAR R. MANGUM.

It was a cold, wintry morning. The earth, during the night, had been wrapped in a mantle of snow. The slender trees had bowed their heads and spread their long branches, laden with snow, to the ground, as if seeking to bestow a benediction on some cold, homeless and hungry animal that had crouched beneath for protection. The sun had just peeped up from behind the hills and was smiling at the pure white dress Miss Earth had on. As the rays from the sun came streaming through the myriads of icicles hanging to the trees, it gave the appearance that she was wearing all her diamonds that morning, and that each flashed a score of colors.

This scene was a vision—a revelation—to a city lad who was visiting his grandparents among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, far back where the shrill whistle of the train is not heard; and where, in this vast solitude, the echo of your voice awakens feelings akin to fear. This morning he had forgotten himself, and stood long by the window, looking at the snow. It was so pure and white—so different from city snow! For miles around there was not a track to be seen except that of the chief huntsman, the cat, who had returned from a night's ramble with a bird that he had caught napping and perhaps dreaming of summer days to come when there would be plenty of food.

Far up among the hills he could hear the bark of the hounds and the roar of the guns as the hunter put an end to the experienced back-tracking of many a rabbit, which made beautiful music that still morning; and down in

his heart he longed to break away from the solitude that depressed him there, and join them. His grandsire seeing his restlessness, asked him to sit down by him, in mother's old arm-chair, before the glowing wood fire, which was "treading snow" now and then—a sign among country folk of more snow—and he would tell him a story.

"What shall I tell you this time, Otis?" the old man said.

"Grandpa, tell me the story of that empty sleeve of yours. How did you lose your arm?"

"Well, it was this way," he began. "I was the only living son at home, and my parents seemed to bestow all the love they had felt for their dead children on me. They expected me to fill the void made in their lives by the grim Enemy who stole three away. When the war broke out they were unwilling for me to go. Mothers detest wars, you know, but the very sight of the gray suits, waving banners and flashing swords set my heart afire. Oh, how I did want to go! I was more restless than you awhile ago when you heard those hunters.

"A company was formed of the neighborhood boys, and they wanted me to enlist, but they knew that this was out of the question unless they used some diplomacy. So on the night before they were to leave they secretly sent me a gray suit, prepared especially for me, and asked that I put it on just as they marched up to our home, thinking this would aid them in getting my father's consent.

"When they came the next morning, the drummer-boy was beating 'Dixie,' and the very air was split with their joyous shouts. Never had I seen anything more beauti-

ful, or heard anything more thrilling. My father was overwhelmed with the sight, and sent for me. When I came to him clad in my new uniform, as if ready to go, a shadow passed over his face—but in a moment he threw his arms around my neck and burst into tears. After a little he said: 'Son, I don't see how we can live without you—but, anyway, go and fight for Dixie like a man. They say you are to be color-bearer. Now don't ever let the dear flag trail in the dust.'

"After embracing mother again and again—it was my last embrace, for she died before I came back—I grasped the coveted banner, raising it aloft, and dashed away.

"In the first battle our regiment lead the fight, won the first victory, and shed the first blood. After that day they wrote in letters of gold the word 'Bethel' on my banner, which caused me to determine that my flag should lead every fight, and that it did so long as I could carry it.

"But it was at Gettysburg that I lost my arm. As we rushed up those stony heights in the very face of the enemy's fire, our captain fell wounded. I stooped to lift him up, but he cried in a voice I shall never forget: 'Never mind me—but carry the flag onward! Onward with the flag!' Then, as I thought of my father's words, 'Never let it trail in the dust,' I sprang forward, forgot danger and death, and plunged onward toward that wall of fire, while comrades fell all about me. Just in front of me I saw a man raise his gun (I shall always remember his face) and aim at me. In less time than it takes to tell it, the flag fell. My arm was numb. I knew it was broken, but I grasped the flag, dripping blood, with

my other hand, sprang forward and dried its blood in the belching flames of the mouth of the enemy's cannon.

"I looked behind me, and lo! it reminded me of a wilderness, with only a scarred tree standing here and there. Our ranks had suffered dreadfully. Cannon balls had ploughed deep trenches in our lines. The ground was covered with the dead and dying—but we had driven the enemy from their guns. The earth began to whirl (as it seemed to me). Scene after scene passed before my dazed eyes, until I reeled and fell. I knew no more until the next day, when I awoke in a house near the battlefield. The sight there made me sick. They were butchering people in a human slaughter-pen—but they called it surgery. Near me was a pile of men's arms and legs that had been amputated. The room was filled with groans and shrieks, but my time to be butchered came, and I heard no more. There were hundreds on different parts of the field wounded and dying, as well as myself, for want of surgeons to dress their wounds, and because enough surgeons were not to be had, in this extremity raw recruits were called to their assistance. One of these unskilled surgeons fell to my lot. After binding me to the cot on which I lay, he roughly cut the flesh all around on my broken arm, and had nothing to give me to deaden the pain—medicine was a luxury in those war days. When this was done, he took a common old saw—for that was the only instrument of surgery at our disposal—and sawed the shattered bone off just below my shoulder, while I looked into the very jaws of death. I tell you I thought I had fought my last battle and was conquered, for it took far more courage to lie there and suffer all the pangs of death alone, than to face a thou-

sand booming cannons on the field. Presently I knew no more. The world was lost to me. Time and space, for the time being, were blotted out, and I sank into unconsciousness.

"Some months later I was sent home on furlough, but I never returned to the ranks any more. My battle had been fought. I had met my Waterloo—but I hear the hunters coming. See if they haven't brought you a rabbit."

WILLIAM HARVEY.

VALLIN C. RAY.

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, one of the "Masters of Medicine," was born at Folkestone on the 1st of April, 1578. He was the son of Thomas Harvey. Thomas Harvey was born in 1549; he married in 1575, and his wife, Juliana, died in the following year. He was married again on the 21st of January, 1577, to Joane Halke. Thomas was an alderman of Folkestone, and he was mayor in 1600. He seems to have been a man of more than ordinary intelligence and judgment, for "his sons, who revered, consulted and implicitly trusted him, made their father the treasurer of their wealth when they got great estates, who, being as skillful to purchase land," says Fuller, "as they to gain money, kept employed and improved their gainings to their great advantage, so that he survived to see the meanest of them of far greater estate than himself." After the death of his wife in 1605, he came to London, which he made his home, and where he died in June, 1623.

William was the elder of six brothers and two sisters. Very little is known of his early life. His first education was probably carried on in Folkestone, where he learned the rudiments of knowledge, getting his first acquaintance with Latin. One of his earliest recollections was of watching the constant transport of troops to Spain and Portugal, which was so noticeable a feature at this time in the Cinque Ports. His school ended and he entered as an ordinary student at Caius College, Cambridge, his surety being George Estey.

The choice in colleges seems to indicate that his father had determined for him to follow the medical profession. His habit of minute observation, his fondness for dissections, and his love of comparative anatomy, had probably shown the bent of his mind from his earlier years. There is no way of telling whether Harvey did more than to follow the ordinary course taken by students until he graduated as a bachelor of arts in 1597. His education probably consisted in a sound knowledge of Greek, a very thorough acquaintance with Latin and some learning in dialectics and physics. He was not to begin his professional studies now, and the year after he had taken his arts degree at Cambridge found him travelling through France and Germany toward Italy, where he was to study the sciences relative to medicine, as well as medicine itself.

In 1578 Harvey chose to attach himself to the great North Italian University of Padua, and many reasons probably influenced him in his choice. The University was made famous by the labours of Vesalius, the first and greatest of modern anatomists, and also the work of his successor, Fabricius. The fame of the college led Harvey to go there. Padua was also a much safer place for a Protestant. Fabricius was professor of medicine in Padua, and was a fast friend to Harvey. Harvey's youth, his comparative freedom from the trammels of authority, and his more logical mind enabled him to outstrip his master, and to avoid the errors into which he had fallen.

Harvey graduated as Doctor of Medicine at Padua in 1602 with great honors. His diploma allowed him to practice and to teach arts and medicine in every land

and seat of learning. It further says that "he had conducted himself so wonderfully well on examination, and had far surpassed even the great hopes which his examiner's had formed of him. They decided, therefore, that he was skilful, expert, and most efficiently qualified both in arts and medicine, and to this they put their hands, unanimously, willingly with complete agreement, and unhesitatingly."

Harvey must have returned at once to England, for he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Cambridge in the same year.

He was admitted a candidate of the College of Physicians on October 2, 1604, the candidates being the members of the college from whom its fellows were chosen.

Harvey married in 1604, but his union was childless, and we know nothing of Mrs. Harvey except that she died before her husband.

He spent the first few years of his married life in London. He was probably engaged in some observations of the heart which have since made his name famous. His lectures show an intimate acquaintance with the anatomy of more than sixty kinds of animals, as well as a very thorough knowledge of the structure of the human body, and such a knowledge must have cost him years of patient study. At the same time he practiced his profession and won for himself the good opinion of his seniors.

He was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians June 5, 1607, and then he sought to attach himself to St Bartholomew's Hospital. He was elected to succeed the man that now held the position. Thus Harvey had to serve in his absence. He carried this on with much success. In July, 1626, his salary was increased. His

brother Eliab probably helped him in these transactions, for William was extravagant and had no business qualities about him.

On the fourth of August, 1615, he was appointed to the office of Lumbeian lecturer. His first lectures have been preserved. At this time Harvey was thirty-seven years old, he was low and round-faced; his eyes were small, round, black and sparkling, his hair was very black and curly; he spoke fast and was very nervous while speaking.

Harvey was a good Latin scholar, and while he was in Italy he learned Latin so well that it did not make any difference whether he expressed himself in English or Latin. Some of his Lumbeian lectures that are preserved until to-day are written part in Latin and part in English.

Harvey was appointed as a Physician in ordinary in 1631 by Charles I., and he was perhaps the physician to the household of many nobles and men of rank.

The year 1628 may be looked upon as the crowning year of his scientific life. It was in this year that he published his matured account of the circulation of blood. After this year he was heard to say that "he fell mightily in his practice." All physicians were against him.

He soon attained a high office in the College of Physicians; this was only a small body, but it was the picked men of the medical profession. He was appointed censor; a censor had the power "to supervise, watch, correct and govern" those who practiced physics in London or within seven miles around, whether members of the college or not.

Harvey's position as personal physician to the King seems to have brought him in close contact with his mas-

ter. He became, in fact, a personal friend to the King and accompanied him in his travels abroad. Early in 1633 he went to attend Charles on his trip to Scotland.

In the time of war in Scotland he was a surgeon in Charles' army.

He went with Charles to Oxford. While here he held some office at the University of Oxford, but it was of short duration. He drew many worthy students to that University, and after the surrender of Oxford in 1645, he was almost retired from public life and was severed from the court.

He went back to London. He was sixty-eight years old; having the gout, childless and downcast on account of bereavement.

His publication of his Essay on Development was almost his last literary effort. Although his mind was engaged upon the problems of the circulation of blood, nothing else of importance was published by him.

Harvey gave a large and valuable building to the college of Physicians, in which his statue was placed. To show its gratitude, the College of Physicians elected him President, but on account of his health and bereavement he could not accept.

He died of the palsy at the home of his brother Eliab on the third of June, 1657, and was buried at Hempstead in Essex.

Harvey laid the foundation of modern medicine, he was a careful and competent observer. Much of his work was destroyed or scattered by the violence of the times in which he lived, and we can only be proud that so much is spared to us.

The influence of good breeding and education is no-

where more marked than in Harvey. His knowledge was always well within the grasp of his intellect.

He lived at an extremely religious age and a distinctive religious tone runs through all his work, and he said in his last will: "I do most humbly render my soul to Him who gave it, and to my blessed Lord and Savior Christ Jesus."

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF JURY SYSTEM.

GEORGE J. SPENCE.

The subject we propose to investigate is the historical genesis and gradual development of an institution, which is to-day an inseparable element of English jurisprudence and an important factor in the administration of justice wherever the English or common law holds sway over the rights and wrongs of men.

In a paper of this length it will be impossible for us to go into all the details of our subject, nor will we be able to give more than the merest mention of the different modes of trial used in England long before our day. The most common means of determining the guilt or innocence of an accused person in those days was by ordeal, by corsne, by battel, by peers of Great Britain and by jury. But the one mode to which we shall apply ourselves is the trial by jury.

A jury has been defined as a body of men who are sworn to declare the facts of a case as they are proven from the evidence placed before them, which men are further designated as being *liberos et legales homines de vicineto.*

The origin of this system has never been clearly settled, but nearly every one at the present day has a pretty clear conception of its nature and functions.

The English jury system is so closely interwoven with the historical and political development of the English nation that in order to arrive at a satisfactory understanding of the jury system we should have to study it in connection with the political and historical growth of the nation at the same time, for each of these had its own peculiar and lasting effect on the system.

To the jury may be truly applied what Maine says of law, "that it is a matter of growth, the result of the needs of the community in which it originated, and it is an institution which does not owe its existence to any positive law, it is not the creature of any Act of Parliament establishing the forms and defining the functions of the new tribunal. It arose silently and gradually out of the usages of a state of society which has forever passed away."

But let us look at its source and origin and then at its present workings.

"Many writers of authority," says Canon Stubbs," have maintained that the entire jury system is indigenous in England, some deriving it from Celtic tradition based on the principles of Roman law, and adopted by the Anglo-Saxons and Normans from the people they had conquered. Others have regarded it as a product of that legal genius of the Anglo-Saxons of which Alfred is the mythic impersonation, or as derived by that nation from the customs of primitive Germany or from their intercourse with the Danes. Not even when it is admitted that the system of recognition was introduced from Normandy, have legal writers agreed as to the source from which the Normans themselves derived it. One scholar maintains that it was brought by the Norsemen from Scandanavia, another that it was derived from the processes of the Canon Law, another that it was developed on Gallic soil from Roman principles, another that it came from Asia through the Crusades."

An American authority insists that "it is undoubtedly a development of English institutions and civilization." Again it is suggested that it was borrowed by the Angles and Saxons from their Slavic neighbors in Northern

Europe; it has been traced to the Assises of Jerusalem of Godfrey de Bouillon; it is even claimed to be of divine origin; and finally a French scholar despairingly claims, *"Son origine se perd sous la nuit de temps!"*

According to Robertson, "the true answer is "that forms of trial resembling the jury system in various particulars are to be found in the primitive institutions of all Aryan nations, and that which comes nearest in time and character to trial by jury is the system of recognition by sworn inquest, introduced into England by the Normans,—the instrument which the lawyers in England ultimately shaped into trial by jury."

Now let us look at the workings of the jury system at the present day and see some of its merits and demerits.

Among the charges brought against it, the most prominent are, first, the faulty method followed in the selection and assignment of jurors, such as packing the jury; secondly, the excess to which exemption from jury duty is carried; thirdly, occasional incapacity of the judge to regulate properly the conduct of the trial, and most prominent of all the charges is the prevalence of the principle of unanimity.

Still another charge is that it retards, especially in our larger cities, the disposition of suits which could be more expeditiously tried by a judge sitting alone; and that even after verdict the administration of justice is hampered by appeals based upon exceptions taken at the trial to the rulings of the court in erroneously admitting for or excluding from the consideration of the jury certain evidence, to the alleged prejudice of the appellant.

On the other hand, one marked benefit of the system as put in practice by us, is, that it affords a school for the

more intelligent and responsible citizens in the principles and details of the municipal law. The effect upon the people at large of the instructions from learned judges to the assembled juries from year to year cannot be too highly estimated. No other means are provided for communicating to the great body of the people any knowledge of the rules of the civil and criminal law, and of their practical workings in controlling the daily business life.

The great point of attack is the civil jury. "In civil cases," writes a modern jurist, "where the issue must be determined one way or the other on the balance of probabilities, a single judge would probably be a better tribunal than the present combination of judge and jury. He would come to conclusions on the facts and give a decision in accordance therewith more quickly. Time would be saved in taking evidence, summing up would no longer be necessary, and the addresses of counsel would inevitably be shortened and concentrated on the real points at issue."

He contends further, "that we might limit the application of the jury system to penal, criminal and political causes and actions arising on tort, leaving all matters of account, contract, title and estates entirely to the court, without the intervention of a jury."

As against this contention it is urged that such a change would necessarily add greatly to the labors of the court, tending to cause inaccuracy in and hostile criticism of its decisions of fact, and would expose the judiciary to attempts at bribery or charges of corruption, which, however unfounded, must lower its standing in popular estimation; and that without the jury a potent

factor in educating the citizens and widening their ideas of law and right would disappear.

It is the judiciary which is to stand an impartial umpire between the State and its citizens, and the arbiter of private rights. To it the citizen looks for protection when his rights are invaded, and men in all conditions of life yield homage to its judgment.

But when we look on the other side we see that there can be no deeper wound inflicted on a free government than that which a venal and corrupt court can inflict by its unjust judgments. And when men talk of substituting the learning and experience of the court for the good sense, practical experience and unbiased instincts of an impartial jury, they do violence to history and injustice to the cause of personal liberty and right. It seems that it would be better in all cases to trust to the verdict of twelve fair minded men of average shrewdness and intelligence in a jury box, than to the judgment of any one man trained to the habits of judicial investigation, and accustomed to measure his conclusions by the scale and standard of the law.

The question of abolishing the jury can hardly be called a living one, and its discussion at the present day is purely academic. Until a reformation of the system of trial by jury shall have been made, until it shall have been in operation as reformed for a considerable period, and not until its continued inefficiency will then be demonstrated, any movement looking to its abolition will fall flat and must be deemed premature. The dual association of a jurist who lays down the law and of laymen who determine the facts, is too clearly interwoven with our social fabric, too deeply grounded in our political system to be torn out by the roots during this generation.

THOMAS NASH AND HIS WORKS.

EARLE GORE.

Born at Lowestoft in 1567, the son of a curate, Thomas Nash was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He resided here for nearly seven years, but he seems to have left college in his third year because of some actions which brought upon him the righteous indignation of the authorities. Before entering upon his literary life in London he travelled abroad, visiting for a short time France and Italy in 1588.

The history of Nash is in many respects similar to that of Greene. His object in coming to town was to make his fortune by the exercise of his wit. He was also a prolific writer of pamphlets, largely satirical, which, however, far from being exposures of the corruption and vice of the age, were mere literary lampoons. It was probably fortunate for the peculiar bent of his nature that he began his career as a man of letters, just when the War-Prelate Controversy was creating such a disturbance among the writers of the time. He gained considerable credit by his share in bringing it to an end. Puritanism being detestable, he took the Anti-Puritanism side, and wrote many pamphlets, both witty and scurrilous, which made him great numbers of enemies, but he had also many friends. Whatever results this controversy may have had, it operated to establish the reputation of Nash as a satirist.

Like Greene, both a playwright and a poet, he was, however, the inferior in some respects of Greene, but in his vigorous expression and outlook over life Greene is far surpassed. His naturally quarrelsome disposition

was the cause of his participation in the War-Prelate Controversy, during which he carried on a most embittered dispute with Gabriel Harvey for several years. His poverty and his inflated self-esteem heightened his irritability and his contentious mood. In the most remarkable of tracts, *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil,* he says of himself:

"Having spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance and address my endeavors to prosperity. But all in vain; I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity; for all my labors turned to loss, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my pains not regarded or slightly rewarded, and I myself in prime of my best wit laid open to poverty."

While occupied in this war of libels, his time was not given wholly to compositions of a controversial nature; but he had been busy with other work. Still while the controversial element was eliminated, he did not abandon the natural trend and flow of his thought in satire. In his social satires, of which *Pierce Pennilesse* and *Lenten Stuffe* are types, his queer learning and singular ideas of life are given conspicuous prominence. Anecdotes and witty sayings predominate. Notwithstanding this fact he was evidently a man of letters who, by his habit of close observation, had developed a keen insight into the things of the world about him. Consequently for illustrations of the manners and customs of his time, no more authentic and valuable writer could be named, and throughout his works runs a vein of quaint humor which not many of his contemporaries possessed. He also had

an effective style, which, scorning imitation of other writers, he had acquired by allowing it to be formed by his matter.

The most important, or rather his only, production of literary importance is *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jaek Wilton.* And its importance is due not so much to its literary merit, as to its being a forerunner of the English novel of the eighteenth century. The characters are uninteresting, but the incidents, which are taken from the writer's own experiences, claim the reader's attention. He introduced freely historical personages, from Martin Luther to Pietro Aretino, and worked out incidents in such lively and impressive pictures that the reader is led to ignore the absence of a plot.

So far as his dramatic works are concerned, it is known with certainty that he composed two plays, besides assisting in the composition of, or completing, Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage.* Of these the first was a "pleasant comedie" of *Summers' Last Will and Testament,* which was first printed in 1600, having been acted privately in 1592. By a pun upon his name Will Summers, the celebrated jester of King Henry VIII, beside the seasons and some mythological figures, is introduced as a real personage. *The Isle of Dogs* was the other. It was a satirical comedy. According to some it was never printed, but it is certain that the offence given by it caused his imprisonment in the Fleet Prison for a time. Nash claimed only a part of the play as his work—the introduction and the first act—but he was treated as the author of the whole, since no one seemed anxious to claim any part in its production.

Nash's genius was not essentially dramatic. While the argumentative element in his genius added largely to

the attractiveness of his dramatic work, it is in itself not really a dramatic quality. As has been said, "He was the incarnation of reckless wit, and we cannot say that either human life or the drama would be the poorer for the absence of such sallies as those which he introduced in his regular course of operations."

After his imprisonment he seems to have been in needy circumstances, for the remainder of his life. Like Greene, who did not leave enough for a decent burial, but through the charity of a poor shoe-maker and his wife received Christian burial, he died almost a pauper. He left the character of "a man who had never paid shoemaker or tailor," when he died in 1601.

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

JIM B. TURNER.

After spending a hard year's work in college, and my health's being very much enfeebled, I was advised by physicians to go to the mountains and recuperate. So, acting upon their advice, I joined a party of my college chums who were going to Western North Carolina on a camping expedition.

We arrived at our destination safely, and at first were puzzled as to where to place our camp, but after parleying for a short time, we decided on a stretch of woods, about twenty miles in length.

The first few days in our summer home we were somewhat lonesome, for there was not a person living in fifteen miles of our camp; but we soon became accustomed to our surroundings and were learning to love the solitude and grandeur of the forest.

One morning, eager to learn something of my new surroundings, I put a light lunch in my pocket, told the boys my intentions, and started out on an exploring expedition. I walked until one o'clock, and feeling somewhat the gnawing pangs of hunger, I sat down to eat my lunch. I had just finished when, much to my surprise and astonishment, I heard some one calling in a loud voice. I looked around and saw coming toward me a young girl of about seventeen summers with dishevelled hair and a sad countenance. She was the most beautiful girl I ever gazed upon, and I was anxious to find out why she was in the forest alone.

Coming in talking distance, she told me in a trembling voice that her aged father was very ill and wanted to see

me at once. "Please sir," she pleaded, "won't you come? He has something of importance to say to you."

In response, I followed her, and after going about three hundred yards, she stopped, parted some vines and bushes, and entered a cave. She turned and stopped me after entering the first door, and telling me to make myself at home, went into another room.

I amused myself by looking at the pictures that adorned the walls, and many other things that were of interest to me. The general appearance of everything, however, convinced me readily that they were once people of refinement, and I was now more anxious than ever to learn why they were living in this secluded cave, apart from life and its pleasures.

I was suddenly aroused from my thoughts by the young girl who entered and invited me into the further room.

I followed her, and the first sight that met my gaze was an old man lying on a bed. His hair was whitened by age and his face showed plainly that his troubles for the past few years had been many.

He beckoned for me to come nearer and take a seat. I did so, and he began talking in an almost inaudible tone.

"Friend," he said, "I am about to tell you something that no living mortal except myself knows. It is the story of my life, and the cause that compelled me to come to this cave."

"Katherine," he said, addressing his daughter, "go into the other room. I am going to tell this young man something I never want you to know."

The girl obeyed, and the old man continued: "Now what I am to tell you must never be breathed to any

living person. Will you promise this?" I nodded my head and sat waiting in expectancy for what he would say next.

"At the age of ten," he resumed, "my parents died, and I was sent to the City of M——, Maryland, to live with my aunt. She treated me cruelly and showed no interest whatever in my welfare, so I determined to leave her, and going to H——, a thriving little town in Tennessee, I secured a job as office boy in a large bank. I stuck to my work and labored hard for promotion. The directors, realizing my worth, steadily promoted me, until at the age of 32 I was elected assistant cashier.

I fell in love with a girl of a prominent family, and married her. During the third year of our married life, a little girl, the same you saw a few minutes ago, came to brighten our home, and, friend, I was as happy as any man wished to be; but the sun could not shine always, and a few months after the birth of our little girl, my wife was taken sick and, after a lingering illness, died. This almost killed me, for she was the dearest friend I had on earth, and I loved her better, far better than I did my own life. Her death left little Katherine on my hands and I was at a loss as to what to do with her. I had no relatives except my aunt, and I knew it would never do to send her there, so I finally decided to entrust the little thing to a nurse.

My life after this sad blow was full of sorrow, and thinking that perhaps I could drown my cares, I began drinking. Well, you can guess, as always is the case, I went from bad to worse. Soon I became neglectful of my work, but I managed to stay sober long enough to attend to my duties at the bank and occasionally visit my child.

My life soon caused me to contract debts, and I began taking money from the bank to pay them. I continued this until I had taken quite a large sum, and I was so emboldened by my success that I determined to take a large amount and with my child, who was then about three years old, flee the State. I had already discovered this cave several years before while on a hunting trip, and I knew that this was my safest refuge.

I began now to make preparations for my departure. I secured a trusty old negro, told him my plans, and one night I went into the bank, took about $50,000 and hurried to this cave, and here in solitude, shut out from civilization, I have lived for fifteen long years, and perhaps now you want to know how we secured our food all this time. Well, it was this way. I paid a man at Asheville big money to bring us a load of provisions every month, but a few weeks ago he died and starvation is staring us in the face. Now, friend, this ends my tale, as I said in the outset. You know more about my life than any mortal living. Sorrows have bent my form and age has turned my locks gray, and I feel that my time in this world is short; but before I die I think it my duty to intrust my daughter to your care. Guard her as a father, love her as a brother, look after her welfare as a friend, and I will leave this world contented. She has been well prepared and I think can enter college without difficulty. Take what money I have left, educate her, and after her graduation take her abroad for a few months. I want you to come to-morrow about this time, take my money, my daughter, and anything else that will be of any service to you, and go where you think best; but lis-

ten, let my last words be to you, Never mention what I have told you."

I promised the old man that I would carry out his wishes as best I could, and hurried back to camp.

I ate a light supper and retired early; but was unable to sleep much, for the responsibility that I had shouldered was troubling me no little.

I arose early the next morning, and leaving a note on the table telling my friends that I had been suddenly called away, I started for the cave.

As I walked through the lonely forest that beautiful spring morning I realized more than ever my great responsibility, but I had promised, and meant to be faithful to what I had said.

Coming in sight of the cave I saw Katherine standing at the entrance weeping. I knew by this that the Hermit of the Mountain had breathed his last, and I hurried in the room without speaking to the girl to see if my supposition was true.

I found the old man dead, and thinking that it was my duty, I buried the body beneath an old cypress tree that stood near the entrance of the cave, and as the clods of earth fell upon her father's body, Katherine wept as if her heart would break.

I consoled her as best I could, and packing everything that I thought would be of any service, we began our journey to the depot. Here we boarded the train for R——, for there I knew was located one of the foremost universities for women in the South, and knowing something of its rules I was confident that it was the school for Katherine.

She entered the Freshman class with little difficulty, and after warning her never to mention anything of her past life, I told her good-bye.

She studied hard and was popular both with her schoolmates and the faculty—this was made evident by the fact that in her Junior and Senior years she was voted the most popular girl in school. She graduated with honors after four year's of hard work, and true to her father's wish I took her abroad for three months. We visited all the historic places and the time was spent in such an enjoyable manner that she was reluctant to come back; but my business would not permit of my staying off longer, so we returned, and it seemed that now I was to experience the most trying time since I made my promise to her father, nearly five years ago. I was a travelling man and had no time to look after her pleasure whatever, but this burden was relieved the second day after our return, when Katherine received an invitation to spend a few months with one of her school mates in Tennessee; but before giving her my consent to go, I made her promise that she would be on her guard and not mention anything whatever of her early life, for I was now more anxious than ever that the fact that she had an assumed name should not be recognized. She made the promise and left the next day, but before leaving she begged me to tell her the secret of her father's life; but her entreaties were of no avail, for I had promised never to mention it, and meant to keep my promise to my dying day.

She remained with her friend four months—rather long, I thought, for a visit; but I understood the meaning of her extended stay when one morning, much to my surprise and anxiety, I received an invitation announcing her marriage to the son of the banker her father had robbed.

This announcement gave me no little trouble, for I was

afraid now that in some way her early life would be found out, so to relieve my anxiety I boarded the train for Riply. Arriving there about two o'clock I went at once to find Katherine, and much to my joy she assured me that she had said nothing whatever of the profound secret and never expected to if it was against my will.

Unable to remain until the wedding I left the following day to resume my work, feeling that Katherine's happiness was a result of her father's crime, and I was relieved also to know that my time as her guardian would soon cease.

I was unable to be present at the marriage, but from the accounts I read in various papers it must have been an elaborate affair, and the many costly and handsome presents they received bore proof of the widespread popularity of this happy couple.

Three years after the wedding I had occasion to be in Ripley, and of course called to see Katherine.

Her home was radiant with love and jay and she told me in a humorous way that her happiness would be complete if she only knew the secret of her early life, (but remembering my promise, I did not tell her, and the secret to my dying day shall never be told).

THE FATE OF INFERIOR RACES.*

T. B. ASHCRAFT.

This is popularly known as an age of peace. The conflicts of nations in this modern age affect directly the whole world, so much so, that the gods of war hold conferences, and peacemakers effect treaties between foreign countries, and thus we are moving toward the "federation of the world." A feeling of brotherhood extends from village to village, from nation to nation. The fierce war-whoop of the savage has been changed to the whizzing notes of thriving industries, and the forests have been converted into seas of yellow grain. The roll of the war-drum no longer marshals armies to the battle-field, but accompanies the processions of a peaceful people. The "clanking of chains on the plains of Boston" is no longer heard, and the bonds of slavery are buried with the past. The fear of famine is banished from our midst, the barns are filled with plenty, and some are beginning to say to their souls, "Take thine ease." Others, like greedy eagles, are seeking to fix their talons in the wealth of the whole world. The rose of honesty is yet expected to bloom even on the nettle of insurance, and our people, though superabundantly rich, to be content. It has been prophesied that 1905 will mark the date of the last great war on earth. Democracy has been driving autocracy to the wall for one hundred years, and now Russia herself is waking from her slumbers. Progress is being made toward permanent law and order, and the weaker peoples of the world will soon cease to be round-shouldered under their heavy burdens.

* Oration on occasion of Anniversary, February 16, 1906.

This prosperity we hail with joy, and with Tennyson we cry "Forward," and look to the fulfillment of his vision into the future, as he

> "Saw the heavens fill with commerce argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
> Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

The progress of the world has not been made without cost. Civilization, from its earliest stages, has been a mighty tide drifting from one section to another and depositing in its course a rich sediment to be gathered for future generations. Humanity like a tireless traveler has passed along these shores and has preserved the deposit. Fierce competitors, either by violent wars or mere contact, have passed it from one race to another till to-day the completest civilization the world has ever seen is embodied in the Anglo-Saxon race. Just as the gem which to-day decorates the neck of the English lady passed from the wife of the drunken Roman into the ox-wagon of the Goth, back to its native India and finally to England, so these factors of civilization have had their course among the nations of the world.

In the history of all life ceaseless progress is the fruit of ceaseless *stress* and *rivalry*. The world of nature that fills the soul with its beauty has been bought by the death of many beautiful antecedent worlds. The grass of the field and the trees of the forest have been and will continue to be engaged in a stubborn conflict till the weaker is exterminated. The existence of man himself is an illustration of the same law,—rivalry and stress issuing by progressive stages in his development. It is like the construction of the "mighty hall which Merlin built for Arthur long ago." "Tower after tower, spire

beyond spire" was added till there were "four great zones of sculpture."

> " And in the lowest beasts are slaying men.
> And in the second men are slaying beasts,
> And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
> And on the fourth are men with growing wings,
> And over all one statue" * *

with front toward the sunrise, "and peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star."

But in all this progress there has never been a uniform advance of the whole human family. The superior race has outstripped the inferior in the struggle. The path of civilization is strewn with the wrecks of nations and their governments, melancholy memorials of the fierce conflicts of races. These struggles for survival are an essential condition of progress and are destined to last so long as humanity is to advance. For nations or races or peoples to cease to struggle means a dead calm, and in Dead Seas no life is found. The Law of Struggle is the Law of Life. The Anglo-Saxon race may never again make war on an inferior race, she may "beat her swords into plough-shares, and her spears into pruning hooks," but to the inferior races her civilization is more destructive than war itself. History is not the dime-novel story of war, it is the story of one civilization in struggle with another.

But what distinguishes the superior from the inferior race? The history of civilization is as complex as a Gothic cathedral where our eyes are lost in infinite details. Yet the victor nations of the world have each had its own essential trait, have each made its peculiar contribution to civilization, and the victor race of the future will combine these characteristics. Those races

that are unable to absorb and make these principles their own must inevitably fall by the way.

The Hebrew contributed to our civilization his religion. From the time the old Patriarch emigrated from the green meadows of Mesopotamia to the Golden Age of David and Solomon, the Hebrew, though at times enslaved, was still triumphant. The Philistines, a contemporary race, may have been a civilized, agricultural and commercial people, but they lacked the essential factor of an elevated religion, and so passed away. A lofty conception of religion is the core and the vital support of our social and political organizations. It is the force that strengthens the civil tie, and raises public motives above personal ambition. Though the Hebrew has been universally hated, though he has wandered in every land and been persecuted in every nation, yet he is reckoned among the foremost promoters of the advance of humanity and civilization.

The Greek placed intellect above brute force. This enabled the small number at Marathon and Salamis to stand successfully against the countless hordes of Persia. This made the little mountain tribe under Philip of Macedon a master-race. This made Alexander the conqueror of the whole world. The supremacy of intellect was in Alexander's mind when he "with eagle glance" conceived the idea of making Alexandria a centre of intellectual activities for the world. The same idea was in Ptolemy's mind when he gathered the wise men of Greece around the Alexandrian School.

Outwardly, Carthage was Rome's equal, but lacked Rome's power of organization. The Phoenicians were the foreign element of Carthage, and those bold mariners who committed their fragile barks to the mercy of

the seas and carried science and art to distant shores. In spite of the heroism of Hamilcar, the reckless daring of Hannibal and Hasdrubal, in spite of her wealth and navies, in spite of her war-elephants and bold cavalry, Carthage had to give way, a discrowned queen of the seas. Against Rome's superior organization she battled in vain. Rome's power rested on her social and political equality, on the moral qualities of her character in her ancient simplicity of life. It rested on her reverence for law and family ties, and on her common interests and blood relationship.

But Rome lost the old simplicity and had to pass the torch of civilization to a race of primal vigor from the wilds of Germany. Says one historian, "The sages of the East were teaching wisdom beneath the palms; the merchants of Tyre and Carthage were weighing their heavy anchors, and spreading their purple sails for far seas; the Greek was making the earth fair by his art, and the Roman founding his colossal empire, while the Teuton sat, yet a child, unknown and naked among the forest beasts; * * * but the child was of a royal race, and destined to win glory for all time to come."

Standing on the Capitoline at Rome and viewing the city below one might have seen an enormous accumulation of all that is beautiful and fair. "The quarries of the world had been emptied to find precious metals. Forests of exquisite columns met the gaze, * * * polished granite, streaked marble in the hues of a tropical bird, * * * ten thousand statues, groups of colossi of dazzling Parian or of golden bronze; the work of Greek genius, of myriads of slaves, of unlimited wealth and absolute command. Power so colossal, centralization so ruthless, luxury so frantic, the world had never seen, and, we trust, can never see again."

But looking from the same view-point toward the Alps, a human deluge could be seen rolling downward upon the plains of Italy, which was to clutch these "fair apples of Sodom" and find them turn to ashes in its hands. For five hundred years the Teuton had felt the contact of Roman civilization, and had added to his massive (Herculean) strength Roman law, order and discipline. The Romans had the higher civilization and had "grown grey in the experience of the forum and the camp," but with that they had degenerated into corruption and physical weakness. And so Alaric, with rugged physical strength, was able to stand under the very walls of their capital city and say, "The thicker the grass the easier to mow." The Teuton won not only because he had individuality, adaptability, courage and a genius for government, but because he was young and uncorrupted.

When we come to consider the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon as a superior race, the briefest way to express it is by the words of the poet: "He the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." The Anglo-Saxon has inherited all the benefits of the Hebrew's religion, the intellectual capacity of the Greek, the law, discipline and power of organization of the Roman, and the genius for government and the physical strength of the Teuton.

Now, what is the relation of this dominant race to the less gifted races of the world? Nowhere is its superiority more conspicuous than in the history of its contact with other races in the field of colonization. England's colonial policy has developed through evolution rather than revolution. In India she is no longer a greedy invader, but goes with a humanitarian feeling,

urged on by that altruism which underlies our civilization.

> "Let us not dream her work shall come to naught,
> Whose hands have made the desert place to bloom,
> And quickened into light the jungle's gloom,
> And peace and order to confusion taught."

England gives to India what neither India's race, religion nor language could give,—a common bond of union, the result of common obedience to an individual leader. Their love for the British sovereign is so great that the death of Queen Victoria, like the music of Orpheus, had the power of bringing iron tears down a Pluto's cheek. The interference of England in the affairs of Egypt effected the same result. Within a few years Egypt has been rescued from warring factions and hopeless brankruptcy and placed on a solvent basis and stable government. The lands have been snatched from the grasp of the deserts by irrigation and the principles of humanity, honesty and justice are being established. England is the best Joseph that Egypt ever knew.

But the native is not always susceptible to the Englishman's civilization, as his contact with the American Indian proves. Shall the superior English race be justified in taking by force the native Indian's hunting ground? Shall he be justified in actually civilizing the Indian off the face of the earth, and in taking from him his only delight, the thick forest, and his bow and arrow? For an inferior race to struggle against such a civilization is to oppose the inevitable. The world can no longer afford to allow the waste of her resources simply because they are possessed by a race lacking in social efficiency. The right of possession is to be respected, but

if it is a gain to civilization the possessor must be exposed to the strain of rivalry and work out his own destiny. If he refuses civilization as in the case of the American Indian, he simply chooses a battle with destiny. After a struggle of two and a half centuries the Red Man has been driven to the centre of his hunting-ground with the white man's civilization on every side. If we could pull back the silken veil of unborn time, the American Indian would be seen utterly exterminated or lost in the blood of his civilizers. We may change him from a marauding robber and relentless butcher into a semi-civilized producer, we may take the string of beads from his neck and the feather from his hair, and put the white man's garments on him, and while he may stand "clothed," he is not "in his right mind," and has refused to accept the white man's burden. The American Indian seems to have nature's stamp of wildness on him, and just as Hawthorne's scientist removed the birth-mark from the cheek of his beautiful wife, but at the same time sent her spirit into eternity, so when nature's stamp on the Indian is removed, likewise this race will have vanished away.

But the great inferior race, whose problem challenges our solution at the present time is the negro race. Snatched from the jungles of Africa, he has been in contact with the white man for more than two hundred and fifty years. Different from the Indian, he accepted servitude, but the white man paid dearly for his service. The many deeds of valor during the Civil War have furnished material for many a Southern orator, and have brought applause from as many Southern audiences, but that is not an adequate compensation for its cost. The one devil of slavery was cast out, but to-day we face the

seven devils of the negro problem, still unsolved. Indeed we glory in the renown won by Southern arms. Never did Homer's gods nor Milton's devils display more bravery than did the battle-stained soldiers who followed our Southern generals, as they swept up the Shenandoah valley like an incoming tide, or scaled the stony heights of Gettysburg. All the world crowns Lee as the great soldier. Lincoln, Grant and Lee did their parts well, and the American republic was placed again as the "helmeted queen among nations," but they never solved the problem.

We are confronted by a still greater one as the negro stands related to us to-day. He has been raised to the level of his master in the eyes of the law, and has been given the full right of suffrage; he has raised himself by education and accumulated millions of wealth, but to the white race he is the inferior still. Inferior because he is imitative not initiative, and it is ever easier to imitate vices than virtues; inferior in family life and social efficiency, possessing none of the traits that make the world's victorious races. In the language of Thomas Watson, the contribution he has made to our civilization may be summed up in three words: "Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!" Why should we not expect that the inexorable law will deal with him as with the inferior races that have preceded him? Like some wild animal domesticated, if left to himself he would escape the superior civilization and return to the barbarism whence he came. He is capable of knowledge, but not wisdom, prudence, not virtue, regret, not remorse. We have spent, and continue to spend, millions upon the education of the negro, and what is the result? Like Caliban in "The Tempest," he has been taught our language, and the profit of it is, he knows how to curse.

The white man of the South was not obeying merely his prejudices when he drew the line of social demarcation; but was rather obeying the sternest law of nature. But this line has been drawn and either race crosses at hazardous risk. If it be the negro he is chased back with violence and cruelty or left dead on the way; if it be the white man his penalty is ostracism from society. In the political world we have given him the ballot, and like an unskilled soldier he is slashing with this new weapon great wounds in his own flesh. Never will the white race submit to negro rule, and so long as Anglo-Saxon blood runs pure in our veins, so long as the sun warms our Southern hills, white domination will be maintained. The economic future of the negro is sure to be one of struggle. He has been displaced in the barber business by white competitors, and the bootblack on the street corner is being displaced by parlors of mahogany finish and electric lights. If immigration is encouraged in the South, the negro's lack of efficiency and reliability will defeat him in the struggle for existence.

What then is the duty of the superior to the inferior race? This is the one momentous question of all the leading nations of the world. The inferior races are held in the conflict by some unseen and unwritten law which is slowly but surely doing its deadly work. Its grasp is firmly fixed on the inferior race, as inevitable as the gaze of the Ancient Mariner. The Aboriginese of Australia, the Burmese Hindoo, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Negro and the Indian of America, are all gradually melting away before a superior race. Since fate has tipped the balance against them, we should not deny them our uplifting kindness. In our mad conflict against the weaker peoples we should remem-

ber the words of Kipling: "If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

> "Wild tongues that have Thee not in awe—
> Such boasting as the Gentiles use
> Or lesser breeds without the law—
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Every superior race that has forced itself in amongst inferior peoples or has brought them under its dominion, owes them a duty. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us not only "echoes of glory," but also a legacy of duty. By the valor of our soldiers and the honor of our flag, we have driven mediaeval tyranny from the fair tropical islands, and now to leave them to savage anarchy is unworthy of the "Stars and Stripes."

Until the inferior races accept a higher religion, till they forsake the spirit of lawlessness, till they disprove their economic inferiority, till their attitude toward woman is changed, till they learn to be honest and to acquire individual property; in short, till they grasp the essentials of true civilization, then and only then, can they compete with the superior race.

Nature, then, has a law more destructive than spears and swords, and if allowed to take her course she will eventually destroy the inferior races. They may in a way accept civilization, and Pallas-like walk full-panoplied among the stronger races. But God has His elect, nature has her strong races and her inevitable laws. Till the mighty angel, standing with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the earth, shall cry "Time is no longer," these chosen races will hold and rule this earth. As well attempt to bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bonds of Orion, or guide Arcturus with his sons, as to fight against nature's inevitable decree.

A MODERN FORT.

A. K. POWERS.

"Those who are really awake to the sounds and sights which the procession of the months offers them finds endless entertainment and instruction. Yet there are great multitudes who are present at as many as three score and ten performances without ever really looking at the scenery, or listening to the music, or observing the chief actors."

—O. W. HOLMES.

This is true in life and Mr. Holmes saw it. And it is equally true in North Carolina. There are people who live in her borders who have never given a thought to the importance of a modern fort to protect our coast from a foreign enemy. The Congress of the United States saw the necessity of such a protection, and in 1898 passed a bill to build a fort at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, and named it in honor of Richard Caswell.

Fort Caswell was begun in the year of 1898 and has never been finished, and it is very likely never to be finished, for the government is constantly at work on it and adds more batteries as soon as one is finished. When it is completed it will be one of the best equipped forts on the South Atlantic coast.

Now come with me on a trip to the fort and I will endeavor to explain some of the workings of the batteries and the life of the soldiers who form the protection for our harbors. When we start we must go down on a boat from Wilmington a distance of thirty miles. This is a most delightful trip down the river to the ocean. We see all the historic places along the banks of the river and have two hours of delightful sea breeze and boat ride with the popular Captain of the *Wilmington*. When

we arrive at Southport we are transferred to the steamer *Southport* and continue our trip to the fort. Upon our arrival at the fort we are met by a guard, who escorts us to headquarters. The officer of the day details one of the men to take us over and show us everything.

Thereupon we are taken first to Battery No. 1. This is concealed behind a sea wall sixty feet through, and is constructed of concrete and sand. (The wall extends the whole length of the fort.) This battery is to protect the mine field, and contains one five-inch rapid-fire gun, which is fired about five times per minute. Then we go to the next battery, known as "Battery Caswell." This contains two twelve-inch "Borbett" rifles. They throw a shell that weighs eight hundred (800) pounds a distance of twelve miles effectively, which is capable of piercing an eight-inch armor, or one of even greater thickness. Next we come to "Battery Swift" and find four 8-inch disappearing guns. And it is a treat to see how effectively they can be used. Another peculiar thing is that the gunner never sees the object or target. But the gun is fired from observation towers, in which the distance is found and telephoned to the gunners. Next is "Battery Bagley." Here we find a battery in two sections, each section contains four eight-inch steel mortars, which are used to drop an eight-hundred pound explosive shell on the decks of ships. They are fired similarly to the disappearing guns. One man can easily adjust them after they have been loaded and ready for firing. And now we have come to the last, "Battery McDonough," another battery of five-inch rapid-fire guns; it is similar to Battery No. 1 and can be used in almost any direction.

After leaving the batteries we come next to the companies' headquarters. Here we find three companies, about three hundred enlisted men. They have bunks and mess-halls, rooms for recreation, and such as will help them to pass away their time off duty. Each company has a separate library and reading-room, which affords them literary entertainment. They have a modern gymnasium, which is fitted up with all modern equipments. Each man is required to go to the fort's school so many hours each week and is given a practical knowledge of the geography and history of the United States, and such other things as are necessary for a good soldier. Then we come to the hospital, in charge of an expert surgeon; everything is under his supervision. It is equipped with all modern conveniences, and is situated so that everything is quiet and nothing can disturb those unfortunate enough to get in there.

When a man tries to desert or is guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman he is placed in the "guard-house" and made to work on the streets for a given time. You can see them; they have on work-uniforms and perform such duties as hired laborers. In fact, the soldier at these posts enjoy practically all that people do in villages. It is practically village life, and they don't fail to enjoy it all.

Now our trip is over and I trust you have enjoyed it as much as I have, and trust you will never enlist in the army unless your country is in danger. But we have seen that the life of the soldier is easy and affords, in time of peace, an opportunity for some to see and learn something of their country.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS:

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.
E. B. EARNSHAW ---------- Editor
C. A. LEONARD ---- Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
G. J. SPENCE ---------- Editor
K. R. CURTIS ------ Associate Editor

W. H. WEATHERSPOON, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

GEO. J. SPENCE, Editor.

Patriotism in the South

Patriotism is something more than a love for one's country, for the word country only signifies a certain amount of land with fixed and prescribed boundaries and of itself would hardly excite the feeling of love, but patriotism is a love and reverence for the men who have made that certain amount of land, called a country, dear to us.

The men who threw off the shackles which England had placed about us and proclaimed to the world that we were in name and in fact a free and independent people, the men who lead the conquering armies through the bloody fields of the Revolution, the men, who, when they had made success complete upon the battlefield and then began with the crude material at hand to mould and shape the many different and complex elements from as many different sections of those original colonies into some substantial governing body, these men were from the South, for the South was then not only the centre of the Nation but it was the Nation itself.

The men who put the machinery of this government in motion and then patiently watched it, noting its defi-

ciencies and remedying them as they saw them were Southern men. The men, who, all through those early years guarded the interests of this country and held the reins of government for the first thirty years of its existence, and made these United States a possible world power, were Southern.

Due evidence of patriotism is some exhibition of our reverence for the memory of the great men of our country who have gone before us. Does the South reverence her great men?

Were a foreigner to visit Boston and were he unacquainted with the past history of the United States, he would be lead to believe that Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Marshall and Madison were all born, lived and died in New England. He would see the days which marked the births of these men set apart and kept sacred. He could go into some little New England school-house on the 22d of February and find the little girls and boys declaiming selections pertaining to Washington and his work for the American nation. He would find Jefferson spoken of as the greatest of his time after Washington.

The North has taken all these men from us and made them its own, and it seems to be only a matter of time before the North likewise will place Lee and Jackson and Davis by the side of Washington, Jefferson and Marshall and say that these, too, are its own.

And if they do, who can blame them?

It would hardly be making too rash an assertion to venture that there are ninety-nine school-boys out of every one hundred who cannot tell you the day of Lee's birth, and nine out of every possible ten couldn't tell you whether Jackson was a Texan or a Virginian.

North of Mason and Dixon's line, wherever there was a battle fought and brave men died, there you see well-kept graveyards, each grave marked and a marble shaft or stately monument rearing itself skyward to tell the passer-by that here the dead are sleeping.

In the South the graves of our famous dead are overgrown with briars and brambles, unmarked and unknown. No marble shaft marks their resting-place and the pen of the historian and the lyre of the poet alike are silent as to the noble deeds of our noble dead.

And why is all this? It is because whenever the anniversary of the birth of any four great men of the South comes round we let it pass unobserved and unnoticed.

It is not because we do not feel that these men were great men, but it is because we are too busy to stop in our mad rush after wealth and pay these men this tribute of respect.

When the 22d of February comes round let us have a holiday and some fitting celebration, and upon Lee's birthday let us give his memory the reverence due it. Let us at least remember that these men once lived and that they are ours, men of the South, and when we begin to remember them in some substantial way patriotism in the South will become something more than an empty name.

Let us build monuments above their graves, let our historians of the South write their deeds of valor upon the pages of our history, let the poets of our Southland weave their matchless grandeur into deathless songs, and then the South will come into its own.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'04. T. Allen is practicing law at Anderson, S. C.

'04. B. A. Critcher is practicing law at Williamston.

'02. A. J. Bethea is editor of *The Era*, Darlington, S. C.

'02-5. J. N. Vann is farming near Union, Hertford County.

'00-1. M. R. Herring has a desirable position at Gloucester, Va.

'75-76. O. T. Edwards is the pastor of several churches in Chatham County.

'95-9. Elbert Young Pool, of Sanford, has been called to the Fayetteville Street church, Raleigh.

'92. Edward S. Reaves has accepted a call to the Fort Mill, Oak Grove and Flint Hill churches in South Carolina.

'96-7. Edward Lee Fox has accepted the pastorate of Macedonia and Antioch churches in the Tar River Baptist Association.

'87. W. F. Watson has resigned the pastorate of the Monroe Baptist church and has taken charge of a church in Portsmouth, Va.

'04. S. A. Ives is making himself well known as an efficient teacher of natural sciences in the Chowan Baptist Institute, Murfreesboro.

'98-01. John F. Mitchener is leading forward with earnestness and much success the members of the Western Avenue church of Statesville.

'88. Claude Kitchen was one of the honored speakers at the annual dinner of the North Carolina Society of New York, held at the Waldorf-Astoria on the night of March 1.

'03-5. C. T. Tew, pastor of the Baptist church at Salemburg, was recently married to Miss Katie Henry, of Atkinson, Pender County. Mr. Tew's new church at Salemburg was dedicated March 18.

'69. R. P. Thomas is a successful planter of Bertie County, and is one of the strongest men of that county. He recently addressed the farmers of Bertie on a subject that was of vital interest to them—the labor problem.

'00. J. S. White has charge of the Graded School at Aulander, and is making a complete success. By his skill and ingenuity and the co-operation of his excellent colaborers he is showing the people what a graded school will do for a town.

'81. President Edwin M. Poteat, D.D., of Furman University, has been appointed University preacher in the University of Chicago for three weeks during December of the present year.

'93. Rufus Weaver has recently been called to the pastorate of the Mount Auburn church, the wealthiest Baptist church in Cincinnati. For the past two years he has been pastor of the Brantley Memorial church of Baltimore.

'81-4. George B. Carter, formerly with *The Insurance Field*, and well know in insurance circles, has been promoted from the secretaryship to the vice-presidency of the corporation of Styles & Cash, of New York City, which is getting a strong grip on insurance printing.

'97. P. S. Vann is principal of the Robeson Institute, situated at Lumberton. He is a successful teacher and is held in high esteem by the people of Lumberton. An effort is being made to get Prof. Vann to take charge of the Liberty Association school at Wallburg.

'79. R. P. Johnson has been a successful teacher in several towns since leaving Wake Forest. He now has charge of the Pittsboro High School and is county superintendent of the public schools of Chatham County. Mr. Johnson is recognized as one of North Carolina's leading educators.

'86. After a period of rest, J. O. Alderman has resumed his labors in the ministry, taking work in the West Chowan, at Ballard's Bridge, and other points. He is said to be one of our best men, is no stranger in his present region; and if he were we should commend him heartily to all the churches.

'02-3. M. D. Austin is doing well as pastor of one of the churches in Norfolk. Writing of his old alma mater he says: "It seems that lesser Wake Forest is to be established in and around the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, at least so far as the preachers are concerned. Still they come. God bless Wake Forest!"

'95. Speaking of *The North Carolina Baptist*, which entered upon its fifteenth year January 18, and of which John Alexander Oates, Jr., is editor and proprietor, *Charity and Children* says: "It has made a large place for itself and demonstrated its right to live and grow. With a circulation of six thousand and a fine advertising patronage, it has disproved the oft-repeated assertion that a dollar paper cannot live. It is a loyal and progressive paper, and preaches as well as practices the gospel of love and light. We congratulate its capital editor, Bro. John A. Oates, on the splendid success he has achieved, and hope for him a half-century more of labor and triumph."

'95-7. On January 23 Humphrey B. Folk was married to Miss Ruth Parrish at the home of the bride in Midway, Ky. Mr. Folk has resigned the pastorate of the church at Midway. The members there speak of him in very high terms. He has several other fields in view, but has not yet decided just where he will locate.

'90. The following, from *The Argus* of Louisville, Ky., is a compliment to our zealous and able State Sunday School Secretary as well as to the State: "Those interested in general Sunday school work would do well to send a postage stamp to Rev. Hight C. Moore, Raleigh, N. C., the head of the Sunday school work of the State, which is ahead of all the other Southern States in that work, and ask for his tract of 15 pages."

'93. Speaking of Jesse Daniel Moore, Jr., the Louisville, Ky., *Argus* says: "South Carolina's new Sunday school secretary, J. D. Moore, will find a work, the greatness of which will grow upon him from day to day. He is a brother of Hight C. Moore, the able Sunday school leader of North Carolina. It is interesting that the colleges of the Carolinas have brothers for presidents and brothers for Sunday school secretaries."

'82. "Bro. S. D. Swaim has resigned Cooleemee and Jerusalem churches and will move to Lexington. He has accepted the field made vacant by Bro. John R. Miller's resignation. Brother Swaim has done a beautiful thing. Realizing the fact that he owed something to the churches which he was leaving, as well as to his new field, he has not left his people comfortless, but has had Bro. J. J. Adams ['87-'9] on the field with him for some days. Coolcemee and Jerusalem have called Brother Adams and he will accept."—*Biblical Recorder*,

'99. Among the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary notes, in one of the leading religious papers of the South, is the following: "Bro. W. F. Powell has accepted a call to the church of Morganton, N. C. He left us last Wednesday for his field of labor. There have been few men in Seminary circles who have been so unanimously loved as Bro. Powell. Those of us who knew him best could hardly give him up and had it been left to us to decide he would be with us now. The more one knew of him the better he was liked. He may be fittingly termed 'a well rounded man.'"

'91. Richard G. Kendrick, Jr., has accepted a call to the Mount Olive church, having resigned Laurinburg and Spring Hill churches. *The Biblical Recorder* says of him: "He has rendered admirable service in these churches, following up worthily in the great Spring Hill succession. The churches have grown in numbers, in equipment and in grace.

Mount Olive is one of the most important points in Eastern Carolina—the heart of trucking interest. Brother Kendrick comes in a time when our church there is ready to go forward. We expect, too, that his usefulness will be felt throughout the Eastern Association."

'98. In giving an account of a reception by the Round Dozen Club of Hickory. *The Democrat* says: "About 9 o'clock there was a hush, and Dr. Murphy (always the right man in the right place) took his place in the hall, and announced that it was his delightful duty to introduce the guest of the evening—John Charles McNeill—*"The Observer's* poet." Mr. McNeill replied with a bright jest, and producing a few clippings, proceeded to give the audience the brief reading he had promised. From the first he held his hearers enchained. His manner is charming, in his readings, as otherwise perfect enunciation, sympathetic feeling, above all utter freedom from affectation, mark him a reader born, not made. Whether in the touching purity and tender feelings of "The Little White Bride," the perfection from the standpoint of the Southerner, of "Mistah Nigger" and "De Coon from de College Town" or the ringing fire and lofty sentiment of "John Paul Jones" (in our humble opinion his best as yet), the hearts of his hearers were with the poet, who is "bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh," who has taken up the work the beloved Avery laid down that he might answer the call to voice nobler songs where He who gives his poor children this gift which is both bane and blessing, listens with loving smile."

The Stanly Enterprise of a few weeks ago has the following: "Several of the old students and graduates of Wake Forest College were entertained on last Friday evening by Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Arnette. After supper the 'boys' organized a club to be known as 'The Wake Forest Association of Stanly County.' The purpose of this Association is to provide opportunity for the cultivation of the fraternal spirit and to promote the interests of the college and general education. The Association will be composed of the twelve or fifteen old students now in the county, others as they may come and, perhaps, of honorary members. Eight of the old students reside in Albemarle. Four are members of the bar—Messrs. Wright, Hatcher, Honeycutt and Saunders. The other four are Prof. George Coggins, principal of the graded school; C. M. Palmer, real estate and life insurance agent; S. T. Gaddy, boss in the finishing room of the Windemere Hoisery Mill, and J. M. Arnette, pastor of the First Baptist church. Among those out-of-town are Prof. E. F. Eddins and Mr. John T. Calloway, of Palmersville; Mr. A. P. Harris, of Norwood, and Mr. Samuel A. Underwood, of Bloomington.

Prof. E. F. Eddins was elected chairman and Rev. J. M. Arnette, secretary. After the organization, college 'yarns' were enjoyed until the clock hands pointed to midnight."

'97. *The Richmond Times-Dispatch,* along with a picture of W. L. Heck, gave a few weeks ago the following from Charlottesville, Va.: "Professor William Henry Heck, of the Curry Memorial School of Education of the University of Virginia, delivered his inaugural address at that institution to-night, his subject being 'What is Education?' Madison Hall, where the address was delivered, was filled with members of the faculty and students, who applauded the efforts of the first professor in the Curry School, recently founded by John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Heck was born in Raleigh, N. C., on November 1, 1879, and is doubtless the youngest full professor in any university in America, having graduated from Wake Forest College in 1897, when only seventeen years of age, being six years younger than the average of his class. A year after his graduation he returned to Wake Forest, in 1899, receiving his Master of Arts degree. In the fall of 1899 Mr. Heck entered Columbia University, where he held both the university and the honorary fellowships, and spent three years in post-graduate work in English and education. In the spring of 1902 he went abroad, where he studied for three months in the British museum Library, and on returning to New York was elected assistant secretary of the General Education Board, which position he resigned last fall to accept the professorship of education in the University of Virginia."

'52. John Mitchell died at his home in his native county, Bertie County, March 3. He was one of the oldest alumni of the college. His death brought forth from all over the State expressions of sorrow and appreciation of what he has done as one of the foremost ministers of the Gospel in North Carolina. He is spoken of as one who was universally loved. Writing of him, W. R. Gwaltney, '65-67, who knew him well, says: "He acknowledged the Lord in all his ways and sought to please Him in all things. Never in all my long acquaintance with men have I known one who every day seemed so fully ready to leave the world and go to heaven. I associated daily with him at Wake Forest for several years. His life was a benediction to me, teaching me humility, meekness, patience and resignation in all things to God's will. We shall miss him in the Convention and especially at the Orphanage. What a feeling of bereavement must be in the hearts of the children of the 'Mitchell Building' since 'Papa Mitchell' will visit them no more. He loved those children as a father loves his own, and so indeed he loved all the children at the Orphanage. All the children who have been at the Orphanage in the past, as well as those who are there now,

can never forget the loving smiles, the kind words and the fatherly care of this man of God. All who shall ever come to the institution will hear of him and love his memory. The money that he invested at the Orphange will continue to bless those who come to the institution, and through them thousands and thousands of others. To the earnest prayers which for more than twenty years he offered up for our Orphanage answers will come in streams of blessing to the end of the ages. In the final day will be revealed what, in his own quiet, modest way, he wrought for the glory of our Redeemer and the good of suffering humanity. In heaven now he is looking upon those whom he fed and clothed in the Orphanage at Thomasville."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

The Palmetto for January is up to the high standard for college journals. The writer of "The Jew as Shown in Shylock" seems to have abandoned that uncalled for prejudice hoarded by many against the Jew, and deals with his subject intelligently. "The Silence of Henry Dale" is a unique story. It is a little artificial and somewhat overdrawn. We are not surprised that the writer of "A Personal Experience" still has dreams about her experiences, but it is to be hoped that her horror for cows will not continue, for they are the students' "stand-by." We find the departments a strong characteristic of the magazine.

The *Buff and Blue* for January is before us. To say the least, this journal is sorely afflicted with the fatal disease, student-body-neglect. The editors are doing their duty, but it is an evident fact that they cannot get out a successful magazine without the hearty support of the students. Only eight pages being devoted to the contributions and twenty-six to the other departments shows that the editors are having to work without the co-operation of the student body. However, the article, "'Hiawatha,' Dramatized and Acted by his Descendants," and the story, "Jim Truesdale's Sherbet," are evidences that there are some in the institution who are capable of writing with credit to themselves and the magazine. Our main criticism is that the editors lack support.

The February *Wesleyan presents* an attractive appearance. In a plain, simple, and sincere style the writer of "Losses of the Educational World" tells of Georgia's loss during the last year of some of her foremost educators. In closing she pays a fitting tribute to the late Dr. Harper. The noble men mentioned in this article will long be remembered and their works will ever live. "Self Government in Our College" is an article voicing the sentiments of the majority of the leading colleges. The time has come when the students and faculty are putting their heads, hearts and hands together and are working harmoniously for perfect school discipline. The students and faculty have realized that what is good for one is good for both; and what is good for both is good for the college; therefore they are pulling together, in our best colleges. The poem, "The Summer Girl," exhibits signs of little thought, takes up one page, and a few minutes of our

time. An Unexpected Caller" is a refreshing little story after some hours of continuous reading. The writer knows the tricks and pranks of college girls and relates them in a natural style. The element of humor plays a conspicuous role and adds interest to the story. The departments are varied, interesting and spicy.

We are unable to find a table of contents in the February *Roanoke Collegian*. In the essay, "Some of Our Southern Writers," we find a short surface discussion of a few of our writers, such as: Poe, Simms, Hayne, Lanier, and several more. "Love and Friendship" is a story plotted and written with some degree of taste. It teaches a moral of great value. The editorials could be improved in many respects. This is the only magazine before us without an exchange department. Why not cut out the frivolous "College Fun" and insert one?

We have the pleasure of meeting for the first time and adding to our exchange list a magazine, *Isaqueena*, from Greenville Female College. It is neatly bound, small and full. "The World Our Tutor, or the Power of Observation," is a subject well worth studying, but the writer repeats, and of course this makes any article boring A considerable amount of study is necessary to give such subjects tone. The writer of "The Two Hearts" is tedious. The story reads as if the writer was trying to write by a mathematical or unnatural rule. The poem, "A Dream," is a true picture of the experiences of students. We wait with interest to see how "Carita" is going to "come out." The editor makes a sensible and reasonable plea for the aid of the student body. The periodical has made a good beginning, and if the students will rally to the support of the editors the magazine will improve and be successful. The departments deserve special mention.

We welcome the *Aurora* to our table with pleasure. It is neatly bound, and we hope to find the interior as attractive as the exterior. The writer of "The Secret of Longfellow's Popularity" gives a clear-cut analysis of this great poet and arrives at the following conclusion: He was popular because he spoke to humanity from a heart brimming over with love and sympathy. Such articles raise the standard of the magazine. "The Missing Note" is in some respects the best story in the *Aurora*. "The Phantom Organist" is about two pages long. This is all there is to say about such material. What more can be said? In the essay on "The Final Separation of Norway and Sweden," the writer advances several reasons for this separation: Interest of the two countries are not akin; Norway had no representatives in foreign affairs; the feudal system is the foundation of the Swedish constitution. "Deserted" is a short but striking description

of a deserted, dilapidated old farmhouse. "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall" teaches a helpful lesson. The editorial, "Beauty as an End," is well written and thoughtful. The departments deserve special mention.

We turn next to *The Clemson College Chronicle*. Our past acquaintance with this journal justifies us in expecting something good. The magazine is neatly bound, and the print is clear. "In the Realm of the Berry Growers" is a story of a high order told in a simple, straightforward style. Every Southerner likes to read about Stonewall Jackson and especially when the writer treats his subject as the writer of "Stonewall Jackson" in this magazine. The first sentence is strong and striking, and one is lead on by finding many more equally as good. "Friendship Saved Him" is a beautiful story, through which a delicate stream of pathos flows. The article, "The Results of the Spanish-American War," is arrayed in a logical style, and contends that the gain for America is threefold: military, commercial, and that prestige gained as a direct result. We think the idea of a College Magazine Association a good thing, and wish to congratulate the *Chronicle* on having the honor of originating this feature of college journalism. The editors are doing their duty.

The Baylor Literary for February comes next to our hand. The first contribution is a poem, "The Heart of the Night." The writer fully understands the art of presenting a pen-picture of midnight. The article, "Young's Night Thoughts," is short, instructive, and to-the-point. "The Tide of Compassion" is a true portrayal of the trials of a young physician who made a splendid impression but, finding a case beyond his reach, the people were ready to turn away from him and recall the old family physician. "Spring Buds" is a pleasing picture of the approaching spring. "Saddle Island Ford" is a love story tainted with the same old commonplace trend. "Oscar and Sallie's Trip Home" borders on the unreasonable. The beautiful little poem, "Time," is the best short poem in this number. "What might Have Been" is absolutely destitute of thought and plot. "The Newspaper as a Factor in Social Development" gives the newspaper credit for more than it really deserves. The writer seems to have forgotten that the editor in many cases is in the business for pecuniary advantage and is ruled by popular sentiment. If these characteristics stated by the writer are true of Texas editors, we feel ready to call on this State to make a specialty of training editors and to send them to her sister States throughout the Union. "The Little Foxes" should be read and studied by every college magazine writer.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Southwestern University Magazine, Limestone Star, The Messenger, Colgate Madisonensis, The Co-Ed, Emory and Henry Era, Red and White, Winthrop College Journal, Trinity Archive, University of North Carolina Magazine, William and Jewell Student, Central Collegian, Randolph-Macon Monthly, College of Charleston Magazine, Catawbian, College Message, Guidon, Park School Gazette, Converse Concept, Guilford Collegian, University of Virginia Magazine, Philomathean Monthly, Wofford College Journal, Monroe College Journal, Ouchita Ripples, Hendrix College Mirror.*

CLIPPINGS.

Geometry Applied.

Theorem.—You love your girl.

Hypothesis.—She is all the world to you, so prove that she loves you.

Proof.—"All the world loves a lover." (Shakespeare.) Therefore she loves you—Q. E. D.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is Ceres the goddess of?"

Effie—"Series, ma'am, is the goddess of continued stories."

"I suppose your daughter's trip abroad did her a wonderful amount of good?"

"Yes; she always says 'I fancy' instead of 'I guess.'"

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him.
He who knows and doesn't know that he knows is a Junior—trust him.
He who doesn't know and knows that he doesn't know is a Sophomore—honor him.
He who doesn't know and doesn't know that he doesn't know is a Freshman—pity him.

A Mistake.

A maid, two men, they love her so,
A brother small, a mischief though;
Electric switch outside the door,
A click, and darkness settles o'er.

Each suitor swiftly moves his chair,
Each finds the hand he'd hold for e'er;
Each pressure is returned, oh, bliss!
Each takes a very willing kiss.

Another click, the light is on,
A moment more the men have gone;
A maiden laughs in joyous glee,
They'd held each other's hands, you see!

—*Ex.*

Mr. Jones—"If I should die, pet, would you follow me to the grave?"
Mrs. Jones—I might, dear, but I wouldn't care to follow you further."—*Judge.*

When the unexpected happens,
As it is bound to do, you know,
You always find somebody
Waiting to shout, "I told you so." —*Judge.*

A little girl was asked to write a sentence containing the words "bitter end," and, after some effort, produced the following:
"Our neighbor's dog chased my kitty, and as she ran under the porch he bit her end.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Husband—"That beefsteak isn't cooked to suit me."
Wife—"Cook it yourself, then; you didn't marry a cook."
Wife (in middle of night)—"Get up, John, I think there are burglars in the house."
Husband—"Get up yourself; you didn't marry a policeman."—*Exchange.*

She—"This road is very steep; can't I get a donkey to take me up?"
He—"Lean on me, darling."—*Ex.*

A Hug—Energy of arms gone to waist.

CLIPPINGS.

Geometry Applied.

Theorem.—You love your girl.

Hypothesis.—She is all the world to you, so prove that she loves you.

Proof.—"All the world loves a lover." (Shakespeare.) Therefore she loves you—Q. E. D.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is Ceres the goddess of?"

Effie—"Series, ma'am, is the goddess of continued stories."

"I suppose your daughter's trip abroad did her a wonderful amount of good?"

"Yes; she always says 'I fancy' instead of 'I guess.'"

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him.
He who knows and doesn't know that he knows is a Junior—trust him.
He who doesn't know and knows that he doesn't know is a Sophomore—honor him.
He who doesn't know and doesn't know that he doesn't know is a Freshman—pity him.

A Mistake.

A maid, two men, they love her so,
A brother small, a mischief though;
Electric switch outside the door,
A click, and darkness settles o'er.

Each suitor swiftly moves his chair,
Each finds the hand he'd hold for e'er;
Each pressure is returned, oh, bliss!
Each takes a very willing kiss.

Another click, the light is on,
A moment more the men have gone;
A maiden laughs in joyous glee,
They'd held each other's hands, you see!

—*Ex.*

Mr. Jones—"If I should die, pet, would you follow me to the grave?"
Mrs. Jones—I might, dear, but I wouldn't care to follow you further."—*Judge.*

When the unexpeeted happens,
As it is bound to do, you know,
You always find somebody
Waiting to shout, "I told you so." —*Judge.*

A little girl was asked to write a sentence eontaining the words "bitter end," and, after some effort, produced the following:
"Our neighbor's dog ehased my kitty, and as she ran under the porch he bit her end.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Husband—"That beefsteak isn't eooked to suit me."
Wife—"Cook it yourself, then; you didn't marry a eook."
Wife (in middle of night)—"Get up, John, I think there are burglars in the house."
Husband—"Get up yourself; you didn't marry a polieeman."—*Exchange.*

She—"This road is very steep; can't I get a donkey to take me up?"
He—"Lean on me, darling."—*Ex.*

A Hug—Energy of arms gone to waist.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. H. VANN, Editor.

—Play ball!

—Have you had grippe?

—Mid-terms are past, and we breathe a sigh of relief.

—Mr. Paul Dunn, of Chapel Hill, spent a few days with his brother, Mr. Carl Dunn.

—Miss Ida Gwynn has been visiting Misses Lizzie and Mary Caddell.

—Mr. L. T. Buchanan, of Oxford, was the guest of Dr. Poteat for a day and night last month.

—Miss Isabel Gulley, who has been teaching this session, was at home for a few days during March.

—We were glad to see Prof. L. D. Watson, of the B. U. W., for a short while. He came out for a telescope loaned by Prof. Lanneau.

—Miss Mildred McLean, who has been visiting Miss Bessie Dunn, has returned to her home in Lincolnton.

Hon. Stephen McIntyre, of Lumberton, spent a short while on the Hill the first of this month.

—Mr. Claude Bell, of Dunn, who is a former Wake Forest student, was here not long ago.

—In its issue of March the fourth the *Charlotte Observer* has an interesting article on Mrs. Browning, written by Mr. Gordon Edwards, of Wake Forest.

—Mrs. Paschal has returned from Dillon, S. C., where she spent some time visiting her people.

—The weather during February was of various kinds. Many days reminded one of the pleasant days of May,

while others bore distinct resemblance to mid-winter. During the first week in March there was a light fall of snow, which lasted only for a short while, however.

—Mrs. E. Y. Webb has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Simmons.

—Dr. Poteat spoke before the Roxboro Graded Schools on the night of March the sixteenth. The following Sunday he addressed the congregation of the Baptist church at Monroe.

—The death of Mrs. W. H. Hagwood, formerly a resident of Wake Forest, brought sadness to many friends. The remains were interred in the Baptist cemetery at this place.

—With the end of the recent examinations is marked the passing of mid-terms. The faculty has decided that hereafter there shall be only two examinations during the session. A good deal of time is no doubt lost by mid-term examinations, and most of the students will bid farewell to this custom without regrets.

—Repenting of their former action to have a "Senatorial graduation" in long coats and high silk hats, the Senior Class has become very plebian. At a recent meeting the motion to graduate in caps and gowns was defeated, so at the graduation exercises the Seniors will not appear in any special uniform.

—Governor Glenn's address, on the night of February the twenty-second, was one not soon to be forgotten. He was here on the occasion of Washington's birthday, this being the first time we have had any public notice taken of such an event. For the first few minutes the Governor spoke in glowing terms of Washington, his character and his work. Then he passed on to the South, more particularly to North Carolina. The story of our

marvellous progress in recent years should be one of interest to every one of us. Gov. Glenn closed with an appeal to us, that we should be always mindful of the greatness and glory of the Old North State.

—Washington's birthday was also observed by the public school children of the neighborhood. The exercises were interesting and varied, consisting of acrostics, recitations, and singing. Prof. Carlyle delivered a short speech suitable to the occasion.

—On his way back from Rochester, N. Y., where he delivered his lectures on "Science and Religion," Dr. Poteat stopped by at Cornell University. Speaking of his trip, Dr. Poteat said that the Cornell faculty spoke in highest terms of two of Wake Forest's graduates who are now there—Mr. Joseph Q. Adams, associate professor of English, and Mr. Burton J. Ray, assistant in Chemistry.

—With the coming of spring, interest in tennis has been revived. Last fall the game was played here more than ever before, and it is to be hoped that this interest will continue. Why not have another tournament this spring? Only a comparative few are engaged in baseball, and a tennis tournament is just the thing to keep up interest in athletics while the baseball team is on the trip. Let the followers of tennis get together and arrange the matter.

—Perhaps the most enjoyable occasion of the year, to the Seniors at least, was the delightful reception given by Miss Mary S. Abbott on Friday evening, February 23d. It was given to the Senior Class of B. U. W., St. Mary's, Peace, and Wake Forest. The parlors were tastily decorated with evergreens and palms, and with the colors of the four institutions. Miss Abbott received

at the door. Naturally the progress of the Seniors down the receiving line was rather slow, but finally every one had been introduced. Then the company broke up into smaller groups. Dainty refreshments were served; and when the time came to leave, every one pronounced Miss Abbott a charming hostess and the occasion one of the most memorable in their college life. Those present were: from St. Mary's, Misses Foster, Greene, Ruff, Sloane, Sullivan and Woolf and Miss Hull and Miss Pixley, chaperones; from Peace Institute, Misses Paine, Scott, Fetner, Bumpass, Sherrill and McCullers, Miss Anderson, chaperones; from the University, Misses Brown, Bivens, Morgan, Johnson, Beaman, Stuart, Williams, Pickler and Purefoy; from Wake Forest, Messrs Ashcroft, Curtis, Davis, Earnshaw, Ford, Gentry, Greason, Jackson, Parker, Powers, Poteat, Ray, Royall, Vernon, Weathers, Weatherspoon, Kendrick, Ives, Jenkins, and Turner.

—The election of marshalls for commencement occurred the first Saturday morning in March. From the Philomathesian Society, Mr. John Ivey Smith was elected chief, Mr. G. O. Marshall second, and Mr. N. R. Webb, third; the Euzelian Society elected Mr. B. W. Dunn chief, Mr. T. E. Parker second, and Mr. W. G. Whisnant third. Let us hope that these marshalls will do their duty and furnish the best "Marshalls' Setup" we have had in recent years.

—Dr. S. C. Mitchell, professor of history in Richmond College, lectured before the study body and citizens of the town on Tuesday night, March 13th. His subject was "Socrates." Dr. Mitchell gave us one of the most able and scholarly lectures we have heard in recent years. Though his subject was one different from what

we are accustomed to hear, we feel that every one present learned much of the Greek philosopher, and the interest of the audience was attested by the good order and close attention which marked the lecture.

—Every Wake Forest man should be proud of our basket-ball team. Besides giving us another intercollegiate sport, Mr. Crozier has secured for Wake Forest the honor of introducing basket-ball as an intercollegiate game among North Carolina colleges. The team is composed of Messrs. V. F. Couch (Capt.) and O. W. Ward, forwards, Kyle Elliott, centre, T. H. Beverly and Earle Gore, guards, and B. F. Keith and J. B. Turner, substitutes. On the first trip they lost to Guilford, Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., and Wofford College, and won from the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. Since then they have twice defeated Trinity, at Trinity, by the score of 24 to 10, and at Wake Forest 15 to 5, making in all three games won and three lost—a good record for the first year.

The last game with Trinity was the only one played at home, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by every one. During the first half the playing was pretty even, Wake Forest scoring eight points to four for Trinity; in the second half, however, Trinity was able to score only one point on a foul, while Wake Forest scored once on a foul and three times from the floor. Couch threw three goals from foul and three from the floor, and Ward threw three from the floor; Elliott did well at centre, always getting the ball on the toss-up, while Beverly, Gore and Turner did good work as guards, allowing the visitors but few throws at the goal. White played the best game for Trinity, scoring their only goal from the floor.

Last fall we beat Trinity at tennis, now we have got the best in basket ball.

—The Glee Club trip was in many ways one of the best ever taken by the club. The places visited were Sanford, Rockingham, Monroe, Gaffney, S. C., Gastonia, and Charlotte. Unfortunately sore eyes prevented Prof. Eatman from taking part in the first two concerts, but he joined the club in Monroe. Under the capable management of Mr. John Ivey Smith, the financial part was well attended to. The Glee Club always makes a fine impression, and on this trip they won new laurels for themselves and for the College. The following men compose the club: First tenor, Davis, White E., Richardson, Earnshaw; second tenor, Curtis W., Adams, Smith R., Ray; first bass, Poteat, Lennon, Stringfield, Powell; second bass, Powers, Weatherspoon, White, L., Lyon. The orchestra consists of—Poteat (leader), first violin; Jenkins, first violin; Davis, second violin; Lennon, flute; Stringfield, first cornet; Curtis, second cornet; Bagley, trombone; Ray, bass violin; Powers, drums; Prof. Eatman, piano.

—We are under obligations to Mr. Crozier for starting up field-day—a custom which has not been observed here for the last three years. Mr. Kyle Elliott has generously offered a gold medal to the man winning the largest number of points; the second prize will be a handsome tennis racket, and the third prize is to be a black sweater. The various events will be relay races by the different classes, one hundred yard dash, two hundred and twenty yard dash, mile run, hurdle race, pole-vaulting, throwing the ball, putting the shot, and broad and high jumps.

—The preliminary contest for the Mercer debate was held in Memorial Hall, March the fifth. The speakers were Messrs. B. P. Gentry, E. B. Josey, T. B. Ashcraft,

O. R. Mangum, Liston Jackson, J. B. Weatherspoon, R. H. Ferrell and J. W. Vernon. The judges, Prof. Gulley, Dr. Powers, and Judge Timberlake, at length chose Mr. Ashcraft from the Eu. Society, Mr. Weatherspoon from the Phi. and Mr. Jackson as alternate. Judging from the excellent speeches of all who participated, Mercer must attain a high standard for argument if she wins the debate. Let us all go to Raleigh on Easter Monday in full force, prepared to cheer our speakers on to victory.

—Spring weather has brought out the candidates for the ball team, and they are quite a promising lot. Coach Crozier has given them careful training in fielding, batting, and base running. At this writing we should say that the team, barring unforeseen accidents, will be stronger than last year.

In the box will be 'Gene and Jim Turner, and when one is pitching the other will occupy first base. Hamrick will again be behind the bat and Capt. Smith on third, ready to take anything coming. Picot and Benton will probably play second and short, and Goodwyn and Richardson will occupy their old positions in the field, with either Baynes or Holding in right. Couch and White are both showing up well for utility pitchers, and both will probably be on the team. With this team, Wake Forest should win a majority of the games played. Manager Carl Dunn has arranged an extensive schedule, about ten games will be played on the home grounds. Games will be played with Chapel Hill, Trinity, A. & M., Guilford, University of Virginia, Oak Ridge and others. The first game will be March 21, with Bingham School.

It will be well for us to remember that, no matter how

carefully the team is trained or how carefully the men play, the team cannot be a success without the support of the student body. This doesn't mean the other fellow, but it means *you*. Let each one come out to every game played on the home diamond, and cheer the team until the last man is out. And whether we win or whether we lose, let it be said that each Wake Forest man stood by the team from start to finish.

—Another Anniversary has come and gone, one that will be remembered by all as a most pleasant occasion. Not a single thing happened to mar the pleasure of the event; even the weather man was unusually kind, giving us beautiful, sunshiny days.

Thursday evening a concert was given by the music faculty of the Baptist University, taking the place of the usual Glee Club concert. Mr. Wade R. Brown, organist, Mrs. Henri Appy, soprano, Mrs. Wade R. Brown, mezzo-soprano, Miss Emma V. Anderson, violinist, Mr. A. C. Jackson, baritone, and Miss Elizabeth D. Burtt, pianist, all contributed their share to the evening's enjoyment. To the people of Wake Forest it was a musical treat, as it is not often that we get the chance to hear such fine music. The vocal numbers were especially enjoyed.

The subject of the debate Friday afternoon was whether or not North Carolina should establish a reformatory for her young criminals Mr. L. A. Parker, from the Eu. Society, and Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon, from the Phi., spoke on the affirmative, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. B. T. Holding from the Phi. and O. J. Sikes from the Eu. There has not been heard in many years a more interesting and spirited anniversary de-

bate. Mr. Bickett, in announcing the decision of the judges, pronounced the debate, "without hesitation, qualification, or mental reservation," the best he had ever heard. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

—Friday evening orations were delivered by the representatives of the two societies. Mr. Herbert Jenkins introduced Mr. Thomas Bryce Ashcraft, who had for his subject "The Fate of the Inferior Races." Mr. Liston Jackson, introduced by Mr. R. E. Timberlake, spoke upon "The Economic Basis of Civilization." Both speakers showed that they had given much time to preparation of their orations; a commendable feature was their length, neither being so long as to tire the audience.

Following the orations was the reception in the Society Halls. These halls are always pretty, being made more so by recent work done in them. It would be wellnigh impossible to describe the reception: every student of Wake Forest knows that the reception on Anniversary night is a thing not to be described by mere words. Suffice it to say, that it was no whit inferior to other receptions, and that all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

We were glad to see several former students on the Hill during Anniversary. Among them were Messrs. J. D. Proctor, David Bland, W. L. Wyatt, T. W. Brewer, S. W. Bagley, C. T. Goode, J. R. Sanders, Raleigh Daniel, J. C. McNeill, T. W. Bickett and others. Some of the fair visitors to the Hill were: Misses Lulie Dickson, Helen Hilliard, Nellie Walters, Bessie Rogers, Louie Poteat, Undine Futrell, Jeannette Daniel, Agnes Watson, Inez Broughton, Mary Lee Bivens, Leslie Proc-

tor, Mattie Jenkins, Fannie Costello, Amorette Jenkins, Sallie Baker, Dozier Scott, Grace Bland, Florence Butler, Mattie Moore, Stella Brightwell, Luphelia Herring, Leia Memory, Rosa Broughton, Carrie Broughton, Julia Harris, Lydia Benton, and Lynie Hall.

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For 144-page Catalogue address

WILLIAM R. MILLER, Proctor,
RICHMOND, VA.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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LIFE.

BY "ELI."

An aspen tree, with limbs that writhe and twist,
And leaves that quake like human things afraid,
Unceasingly in tempest or in calm.
Then, lightning like, a crash, and all is said.

A fretful stream, enclosed by barren hills,
Complaining as it eddies to the main:
A drought—red sun and white and powdered dust—
But say no more—the dusty hills remain.

A human life—a lifted veil to show
The sunlight's gleam, then night's intensity;
A little hour of joy, a mist of pain,
The curtain dropped, and then—Eternity.

HOW JOHN WILLIAM LOST HIS SWEETHEART.

BY SYNGARDT

The crowning glory of earthly existence is to be able to look back over a well-spent life with the sweet consciousness that you were once one of the herd, that you, too, were born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards, subject to the same temptations, surrounded by the same blighting evils, rounded with the same sinful sleep as your earth-born companions and fellow-mortals; but through the sheer force of character, which the vulgar call backbone and the platform orator emphasizes as moral stamina, you have come out from the crowd, put off the old man and his deeds, risen above those petty foibles and besetting sins which still roll like dark clouds around the mountain side of life, and are yourself on the heights basking in the sunlight of eternal favors and everlasting content.

John Williams and I, or simply Bill, as he was known to most of his associates, were bred to work. The term *idleness* was torn from our dictionary, or, as I am constrained to believe, was never put in; it represented a course neither prescribed nor elective in the curriculum the fates and a stern father had designed for us. By far the larger part of the year, beginning in the early spring and extending through the summer and until late autumn, we spent in transferring our energy to the point of the hoe and the plough-share, or in swathing grain and hay with a Jerusalem blade, or yet at some other of the thousand things that come up for adjudication and settlement on the life of the farm, no matter what the course of the winds or what sign is set in the heavens.

The remaining months of the year we were allowed the advantages of an education in the Brownville Academy, where both wisdom and law were doled out upon the peremptory authority of *I*, an authority which by the way rarely failed to carry conviction with it. This for only five days in the week, of course; the sixth, or rather the seventh strictly speaking, was another draft on the bank of physical force drawn at the behest of that stern yet kind father, another authority little questioned. If the day happened to be intolerable for outdoor work we were *kindly* allowed to spend it in the blacksmith shop in pumping the huge bellows or pounding the hot iron with a heavy sledge until the patient anvil rung in distress and perspiration poured from our teeming muscles like the sparks from the yielding iron; but if the weather was not too violent, and it was usually tolerable—it was only on Sundays and school days it rained in torrents or snowed blizzards—we addressed ourselves to the ever-present task of prostrating giant oaks and pines preparatory for next year's "new-ground."

Thus our lives were allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way until John William was nineteen—I was only one year his junior. He had grown into a tall, athletic, handsome young fellow with a sweet temper, who in the art of book-wrestling had easily outstripped all the fellows of the community, for which, coupled with that even temper and supported by his innate goodness, he had been made teacher over the young men in the Sunday school at Brownville church and had made his *rep.* I, on the other hand, had developed into a slender, gawky, ill-appearing youth, always measuring up to the standard in the field of physical competition, but with the worst of ill-luck in the school-room, where for my

general pig-headedness the Scottish master had dubbed me a "ne'er do weel"; and on the plane of morals I was at a decided disadvantage, that is, I swore occasionally and had been known to fight under extreme provocation; consequently I was looked upon askance by the doting mothers of the community and pointed out to their credulous offspring, daughters in specialty, as a thing to be shaken well before taking.

But it is a long road that has no turning. Where there is no rain the dry is intense. A dull monotony seizes on anything that is protracted. And to these might be superadded, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." John William had so long been the recipient of special favors that he had come to look upon himself as the child of fortune and predestined leader of his realm; his course had so long been one unbroken success that he had come to consider it as stretching on into infinity everywhere replete with good. Meanwhile I had become accustomed to the portion assigned me from the lottery of the world and looked upon those sidelong, matronly glances with the concern of a criminal hardened to his crime.

It is said the Frenchman, upon hearing of his fellowman's disaster, asks not why it was, but who was *she*. So in this case, as in fact in every other, there was a woman. Not that that phase bore any special reference or in any way appertained to me: I had troubles of my own. But for full four seasons John William had been paying his vows to Miss Lucy Baber, a pretty, fair-haired, winsome lass of eighteen summers; the happy possessor of a rosebud mouth, rose-petal cheeks and large black eyes shaded by long, rich lashes which seemed to half close when you looked at them as much as to say, "I won't

blast you entirely with the lightning of these depths"; whose tiny white hand could rest so lightly and confidingly upon a masculine arm as to seem to endow it with superhuman strength; and whose low, sweet voice could play upon heart-chords like the fingers of the 'heavenly maid' upon the delicate strings of a lute. Indeed, no one doubted Miss Lucy's beauty or her charms. She was one of those airy, fairy beings whose very presence makes the ills of life so much more tolerable, in the light of whose countenance even the sunbeams brighten, and the poetry of whose smiles is the gladness of the world. Was there a rival in the game?—well, not to love would argue the object of pursuit a less desirable prize. In this case there happened to be no less than three.

One blithe Saturday in the above-chronicled year of John William's existence, father bade us take our axes and go over to South Forest and begin a clearing for the next year. South Forest was an immense tract of pine timber of the old-field variety; and the tall, slender, straight-sided, easy-splitting pines, whose towering tops seemed to melt away in the blue above, were a temptation to the youngsters whose muscles in the cramped life of the school-room had been tingling for some active outdoor sport. And father's express commands upon our starting to put up each three cords for the day promised to be sufficient to quell that tingling sensation and perhaps give rise to another.

Now, for the afternoon of that particular Saturday Miss Lucy and her female companions had planned an apron party, and of course we were invited. My invitation, I have thought, was due more to the fact that I was John William's brother than for any merit of my own, in consequence of which it was a matter of little signifi-

cance whether I attended or not. With John William it was different: if he should fail to go one of those rivals might win another tender look from Miss Lucy, and he had reached a stage when to harbor even the thoughts of such procedure was tantalizing.

With axes glistening from the fresh touch of the grindstone, we set out for South Forest early on that eventful day with the easy stride of assurance: he that his task would be finished in time for the party—what was three cords? he had many a day put up four!—and myself that mine would finish sometime, if not in time for the party, certainly in time for the weekly carousal at the little store at the cross-roads.

The soft pine at first seemed fairly to melt away before the keen edges of our weapons; the crash of falling trees was almost momentary; but as the day wore on and the keen axe edges wore off we learned to reserve our strength, settling into the easy swing of experienced woodsmen. We began by attacking the same tree, hewing from the same cut; but before half a dozen trees had fallen an incident occurred which taught me to draw aside and fell my own tree. As one of John William's giant strokes was descending his axe suddenly flew off the helve, passing within an inch of my ear. Of course he was not commanded like the apostle of old to put up his weapon; it was merely a suggestion to me, which was at once heeded, to draw aside to a safe distance and stick to my bush.

Nor was that one flying-off all. Its frequent repetition during the day proved a source of annoyance to my sweet-tempered brother. Notwithstanding the multitudinous wedges that were driven in, the perverse axe persisted in flying off the handle ever now and then,

spinning through the air some distance and alighting sometimes edge upwards, sometimes edge downwards in the soft earth. Once John Williams struck himself a prodigious blow upon the foreleg with the empty handle, while the innocent axe went whirling away, describing graceful curves in the open air. At another time it came down edge-foremost upon a large flint rock which lay at a happy distance, and the outraged owner was compelled to spend a full half hour in recovering it from the injuries received. Indeed, that four pounds of steel seemed bedeviled.

By noon we had not made any remarkable progress, but were still hopeful. Hastily penning our wood, each found that he had little more than half the required three cords. He had been a little worried because of the untrustworthy axe, but had not allowed himself to be needlessly riled thereby. He was still confident; his temper preserved its unruffled calm. We sat down upon the prostrate trunk of a tree and partook of a hasty but hearty meal, after which we traveled some distance to a spring for a fresh supply of water and were soon besieging the wooden foe again.

No sooner had we returned to work, however, than the treacherous axe began its manœuvres anew. In silence I cursed it for him; but his handsome countenance never lost its serene composure. At three o'clock we stopped and penned again, to find half a cord still lacking to each, and at four the party was scheduled to begin!

As the last stick was laid up I noticed a slight flush mounted John William's cheek and overspread his face. Evidently something that had been asleep in his breast had at last thought of waking. Without uttering a word he strode up to a tall tree, settled his feet firmly in the

ground, grasped tightly the handle of his axe, swung it high in air, then brought it down with a stroke that echoed and re-echoed throughout the hollow woods. A dozen others of like ponderosity rattled in the pliant wood in rapid succession; but the next—unlucky number!—the inglorious axe-head again freed itself from the handle, described a hasty semi-circle in the evening sunshine and landed face downwards in the soil fifteen feet away. John William took two or three vindictive steps, recovered his escaped treasure, placed it once more upon the three feet of unencumberd hickory in his hands, jabbed furiously the hand end against a nearby stump, and again assaulted his tree.

Twice more before the crash of his tree shook the hills, and again and again during the next half hour, the pestiferous tool performed the same airy flight, accompanied each time with looks that increased in venom as the moments passed. Meanwhile a turbulent demon was rising in the chopper's breast as thoughts of a lost smile or tender look crept into his ken.

The first tree had fallen and had been demolished; the second with a swish and a tremendous thud lay on the ground. Hardly had motion ceased when the athletic form of the chopper was astride the trunk with legs far outspread hewing at the first cut. Up went the gleaming axe high over the head of the wielder; the stroke turned at his back and the descent was begun but not finished. John William stood with uplifted hands and questioning, frenzied face. Meanwhile the object of his concern was soaring aloft on the wings of the wind almost directly above his head. The interrogatory expression vanished, however, almost instantaneously, to be replaced with poniard looks as the descending axe struck

his knee, glanced down his leg and lighted squarely on his pet corn. It was the limit of endurance; human patience had been taxed to the utmost; whose good nature could have withstood? A misplaced blow at the mute missile as it slid to the ground only added to his exasperation by nearly throwing him from the log. Then without a thought of his past unspotted career, John William, the people's idol, regained his equilibrium, raised himself to his full height, opened his lips, and unburdened his feelings in an oath that had both horns and teeth—long, loud, reverberent, ironclad, glorious! How the woods rang! Every leaf trembled and every blade of grass swayed as if shaken by a mighty wind.

For a moment he stood monarch of all he surveyed; his title there was none to dispute. But "the glory of the world passes thus," and so passed his. From the region of the road nearby there came a tiny, querulous voice, "John William, are you all not goin' to the party?" It was Miss Lucy and the rival he feared most. Poor fellow! from the loftiest height to the lowest depth he dropped at one fell swoop, and the whole force of his fall was depicted in his face. The grasp of empire slipped from his clutch and confusion and deep dejection took its place. I saw his perturbation and came to his rescue, although I had rather enjoyed his fall. Such is the character of ill-starred nature at times that it rejoices at any mishap to a more fortunate brother. And then in that climax he had spoken my sentiments. I informed the questioner that we might be expected only in case we finished our task. With that they passed on.

As soon as they had rounded a curve in the road, John William shouldered his axe, the cause of all his trouble, and strode off towards home. Another hour and he ap-

peared at the party in complete Sunday attire but with an unnatural look in his steel grey eyes. He must know if Miss Lucy heard him in that supreme moment of ungovernable fury. Of course there was little doubt in his mind; after the passion of the moment it seemed the whole world must have heard him; still he must know for sure. To ask her outright would, indeed, be folly; he would not do that, but relied upon his powers of insight to find out from her conduct toward him.

Hardly had he made his appearance at that scene of gaiety when the much-wished-for opportunity came. He descried her busy at something some little distance from the others—perhaps she had arranged it intentionally—and approached with as careless an air as he could command. But his usual courage seemed to have deserted him: despite his efforts to appear calm his heart beat violently, his face burned, and he knew that his hands were clutching nervously at whatever they came in contact with. She didn't look up as he stood before her. Ah, that was merciful; she couldn't see his agitation! Was it really? Without returning his greeting she asked in that same low voice that had thrilled him so often before but now chilled him to the heart: "John William, did you curse?" It was too much for the poor fellow. His heart leaped into his mouth, his vision became blurred, and without answering he turned hastily on his heel and strode away, heedless of the anxious glances thrust after him to please come back. Nor did he trust himself again until he was in the privacy of his own room, where the long period of his bitter expiation began.

Perhaps his abrupt departure was most uncivil, but really few knew of his presence, he had been there so

short a while, and even those who saw him thought the cause of his leaving was explained to the only one to whom he was supposed to explain it.

But that explanation was never made in full. Perhaps for a time a little heart bled in silence at his absence, too modest and too proud to ask for his return, but in the vivacity and mirthfulness of her youth it could hardly have lasted long. His own sense of self-abasement, mingled also with a little remnant of conscious pride, was too strong to request a reinstatement to favor; and then he, too, was young. Only one short year thereafter she was married to that same rival who once loomed so formidable on the horizon of his amours but who now was cheerfully awarded the prize. John William continued to enjoy his enviable reputation in Sunday school as well as hold his exalted place in the hearts of the people; for the little woman was too true to turn informant, and the rival in the joy of conquest quite forgot or was too magnanimous to strike a needless blow at the vanquished. I, of course, was mute. But the memory of that lost excellence clung to him ever and would not be shaken off; in consequence of which, I have often heard him say in his latter period of affluence, goodness, and renown, he never cursed again.

WHEN CUPID HOLDS HIS SWAY.

BY ARTHUR RANES.

I.

Dan Cupid started out one morn,
His bow all nicely strung;
This was when the work of love
Had truly first begun.

II.

No quicker than I barred the way,
He made a deadly aim,
And smiling let an arrow go
My stubborn heart to maim.

III.

For the boasts that once I made
I caught Dan Cupid's dart;
"Come," said he, "this debt to pay
And yield your marble heart."

IV.

I came with faltering step and low,
Abashed I stood at bay—
It's cruel art that wins the heart
When Cupid holds his sway.

THE "LOST COLONY" FOUND.

O. R. MANGUM.

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.—*Coleridge.*

In the dawn of American history the word Croatan is first heard. This word bears but an uncertain meaning to many, but how infinite to him who knows there stands enwrapped in that word the most pathetic incident in our history—the actual losing of a colony of English settlers in the forests of North Carolina, with no companions save a few friendly Indians, at Croatan. This has been called "The tragedy of American history," and well it might be.

The fact will be recalled that in 1587—long before the plantations of Jamestown were settled, or the rock at Plymouth consecrated—Sir Walter Raleigh sent out a second colony, after the failure of the one under Greenville, to the unknown western land, which Columbus had introduced to Europe less than a century before. Governor John White was at the head of these 117 daring souls who set sail for the New World.

They landed on Roanoke Island and came to the spot where the former settlement was made, by Sir Richard Greenville, and found the "City of Raleigh" as desolate as a graveyard, with the exception of a stray deer here and there, feeding near the bones of some dead colonist. This condition of affairs presented a gloomy aspect; nevertheless they began to build homes on the island, where the former colonists had met so terrible a fate.

To this island belongs a unique honor for all ages to come. It is the birthplace of the first girl of English

parents in America, for shortly after the arrival of the colonists Virginia Dare was born. By this incident North Carolina won the distinction of being the mother of the first white child born of Anglo-Saxon blood on the continent of America.

With the coming of this tender child in their midst, there came also a sense of fear and insecurity, arising from the fact that they were weak and surrounded on all sides by treacherous enemies, and so they sent Governor White back to England for more men and better equipments. In leaving, he told them, should in any case they have to leave the island, to carve their destination on a certain tree with a cross cut above if danger threatened.

This act decided the fate of the weak colonists, for at the time of his return, England was in a commotion over the approaching Spanish Armada, and White abandoned his preparations for returning to Roanoke, and joined in pursuit of the "Invincible Armada" in the hope of booty and prizes. But when the Spanish were routed, and he failed to get his expected booty, he turned his attention again to the colonists.

After an absence of three years he steered into the harbor near the "City of Raleigh" once more. He found it as desolate as upon his first arrival. They searched the island over and no trace could be found until at last—

"The pine! the pine! the Governor groaned;
And there each staring man
Read in amaze, one single word,
Deep carven, Cro-a-tan!

"But cut above, no cross, no sign,
No symbol of distress;
Naught else besides that mystic line
Within the wilderness.

"In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search!
No tidings reached them more;
No record save that silent word
Upon the silent shore."

In a few days after this fruitless search, Governor White returned to England, disappointed and heart-broken. Thus the effort to find the lost colony ended. They were evidently *lost,* from the civilized world, in the numerous swamps along the sound, where it was one long, sad gaze over the waters: where the eye might strain itself over the sea, but it looked in vain for the expected ship. No vessel ever came—until their fate was decreed, until they were lost in a tribe of darker hue.

But this much is certain: tradition illumines many periods of the past which history leaves in darkness, and tradition tells how this colony found among friendly Indians, in the tribe of Manteo, a refuge from the dangers of starvation, or a treacherous death from hostile tribes; and this legend, which the Indians have treasured for three centuries, relates how the infant Virginia grew into fair maidenhood, but was changed by the sorcery of a rejected lover into a White Doe, of immortal beauty, who haunted continually the place of her birth, and at times was seen gazing wistfully over the sea. In that form she was slain by a rejected lover, a young Indian chief, in the hope that if he shot her with an enchanted arrow she would be restored to him in human form.

Now this legend shows that the Indians knew of her and doubtless she lived with them for years. But you may suggest that her disappearance, as well as that of the colony, is a mystery that history has been powerless to unriddle, and that legends cannot be relied upon to

supply the needed data, forgetting the fact that tradition is the mother of all history. For nearly all of our ancient history is merely a myth which, bearing the seed-germs of truth, float down the centuries robed in the superstitions of that era until finally they are moulded into a permanent form. As Mrs. Cotten says, in her book, *The White Doe*—"The seeds of truth are buried in a legend's inmost heart."

But fortunately in this case we do not have to depend upon legends for the proof of this theory, for from recent research into the subject by students of history—chief of whom I would name Hamilton McMillan—a chain of evidence has been found from which it has come to be an established fact that the "Lost Colony," hopeless of succor from England, and deprived of all other associations, became a part of a tribe of friendly Croatan Indians, shared their wanderings, and in course of time intermarried with them, and that their descendants are to be found to-day among the Croatan Indians of Robeson County, North Carolina.

To prove this, let us consult history. Gov. White, in the report of his last voyage, shows that he believes that the Colonists went to settle with the Croatans, for he says: "On the other side, I greatly joyed that I had found a *certain* token of their safe being at Croatan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the *savages of the island our friends.*"

That the colonists went to Croatan, and that gradually they became incorporated with the tribe there, is shown by Lawson, who wrote in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians (another name applied to the Croatans) who live on Roanoke Island, or much frequent it, tell us that *several* of their ancestors were *white* people and could

talk *in a book,* as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being found frequently amongst those Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices." This tradition of the Hatteras Indians does shadow forth the ultimate fate of the colonists of White, for there is no other English colony in North Carolina to whom such a story could apply.

What became of this colony was not definitely known until information was obtained from the Indians after the English settled at Jamestown in 1607. It was then learned that they had intermixed with the natives, and were living with them about the time of the arrival of the colony at Jamestown.

In his "History of Travaile," Wm. Strachey, secretary of the Jamestown Colony, writing 1612 of the events that occurred in Virginia 1608-10, said: "At Peccarecemmek (in the land of Croatan) the people have *howses* built with stone walls, and one story upon another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter of Roanoke at that *tyme,* and where at Ritanoe, the Weroance Eyanoco (chief lord) preserved seven of the English alive, *fower* men, two boys, and one young MAYDE, who escaped the massacre (instigated by Powhatan), and fled up the river Chanoke (Chowan), and in return for protection they taught the savages the art of civilized life." From these English and Indians there was descended a tribe found in the viciinty of Roanoke Island, by Lawson in 1709, and known as Hatteras Indians. They had gray eyes and claimed white people for their ancestors.

Notice the word "young mayde" in the above quota-

tion. It is probable that this is our Virginia Dare, for at this time she was about 21 or 22 years old, which would fill the description exactly.

At another time the Jamestown Colony makes mention of these English as "yet alive and within fifty miles of our fort."

The settlement of the Croatans on the Lumber river, in Robeson County, was made possibly as early as 1650, for some of the Huguenots, located in Eastern North Carolina in 1709, tell us that they found many Indians in the interior, on the Lumber river, who had many evidences of civilized life. They were *speaking English*, tilling the soil, owning slaves and practicing many of the arts of civilized people.

The theory of Mrs. Norment, in "The Lowrie History," that these Croatans came from a mixture of runaway slaves and mulattoes, who settled in Robeson (then called Bladen) as early as 1769, and who intermarried with the Tuscarora Indians, thereby giving them Indian blood, is exploded by this fact, that as early as 1609—long before Mrs. Norment's date—the Croatans were in existence, practicing the arts of civilization and *speaking English*. This proves their long acquaintance and association with some English colony, and history provides no other than White's illfated one.

Hamilton McMillan, in his little book, "The Lost Colony," says: "The first grant of land to any of the tribe, of which there is written evidence in existence, was made by King George II in 1732 of 100 acres of land to *Henry Berry* and *James Lowrie* (note English names), and was located on Lowrie Swamp, in the present county of Robeson. But according to tradition there were deeds of land of older date, described as 'White' deeds and 'Smith' deeds." (Note the name White in the above.

Evidently referring to Gov. White, to whom grants of land were made.)

Before the coming of the Huguenots in North Carolina, in 1709, a portion of the tribe went north as far as the Great Lakes, and some of their descendants are to be found in Canada at the present time. Many families now living in Western North Carolina, in Lincoln and Buncombe counties, known as white people, emigrated there from the banks of the Lumber river, and are claimed by this tribe in Robeson County, as descendants of the lost colony of Roanoke. They have preserved their blood pure to such a degree that they cannot be distinguished from white people. The fact is, Ex-Senator Revels, of Mississippi, was born of parents in this tribe in Robeson County, and went West, where he was educated, and later he settled in Mississippi. He passes for a white man and has the blue blood of the English in his veins—yet he is a Croatan.

Their language, according to Dr. S. B. Weeks, reminds one of the days of Chaucer. It is almost the pure Anglo-Saxon of three centuries ago. The number of old English words in common use among them, which have long been obsolete in English-speaking countries, is corroborative of the truth of the tradition that they are descendants of the Lost Colony of Roanoke. Mon (Saxon) is used for man, father is pronounced *faythe*r, and a tradition is usually begun as follows: "Mon, my fayther told me that his fayther told him, etc." Hit for it, aks for ask, hosen for hose, housen for house.

But possibly the best evidence of all is that out of the 117 colonists left on Roanoke Island, or rather out of the 95 family names represented in the colony, 41 of them are still in existence among the Croatans in Robeson. The traditions of every family, bearing the name of the

lost colonists, point to Roanoke as the country of their ancestors, declaring that "we took the English to live with us, and there is white man's blood in their veins as well as that of the Indian."

Now let us briefly summarize the facts in the case:

I. As to *External Evidence.* Gov. White believed them to be with the Croatan Indians. Capt. John Smith and Wm. Strachey heard that they were still alive about 1607 and within fifty miles of their fort. They were then living with the Croatans on the peninsula of what is now Dare, Tyrrell and Hyde counties, from whence they travelled and settled on the Lumber river. Rev. John Tendern heard of them in this direction in 1670, and remarked on their long beard, which was never worn by full-blooded Indians. Thos. Lawson met some of them in 1709, and they told him that their ancestors were white people, who could talk in a book. White settlers came into the middle section of eastern North Carolina as early as 1715 and found the ancestors of the present tribe of Croatan Indians tilling the soil, and speaking English. This, therefore, gives the links that join the distant past to the present, which we believe, as far as external evidence goes, proves our case.

II. The *internal evidence* that the Robeson County Indians are the descendants of the Lost Colony is seen (1) by their *legends.* Invariably they tell you that their ancestors were white people and lived on, or near, Roanoke Island. They tell of "Mayno" or "Maino" going to England, evidently meaning Manteo. Also some years ago, when an old chronicle of their tribe was told the story of Virginia Dare he recognized it, but said they knew her as Darr or Durr.

(2) Proof is found in their language. They have preserved the Anglo-Saxon language pure, as it was

given them by the colonists, while it has changed with us. This is positive proof, for if they had received this language from merely contact with passers-by, they would have changed, when the passers did, from the old Saxon to the more modern English.

(3) Family names. Out of the 95 family names of the colony left on Roanoke Island, 41 of them are found at present among the Croatans in Robeson County. These are pure English names—free from Indian mixture.

(4) Besides this, their habits, dispositions and mental characteristics show traces both of savage and civilized ancestry.

In conclusion—I quote here the words of Dr. S. B. Weeks—"No other theory of their origin has been advanced, and it is believed that the one here proposed is logically and historically the best, supported as it is both by external and internal evidence. If this theory is rejected the critics must explain in some other way the origin of a people which, after the lapse of 300 years, show the characteristics, speak the language, and possess the family names of the second English colony planted in the western world."

With this fact in view we make haste to declare the truth, that this colony is no longer "*lost* in the deep solitudes of North Carolina's forests"—but that in Robeson County the once "Lost Colony of Roanoke" has been FOUND, and that the Jamestown Colony is not the first permanent settlement in America, for this one has never become extinct, but still bears, despite the changes of time, the ear-marks of evidence, that it is White's Colony, which we deem worthy to present to the grand jury of time and posterity to judge the worthiness thereof.

INDEPENDENT VOTING.

J. B. WEATHERSPOON.

For many centuries humanity has been reaching out toward a recognition of the rights of man. Before the coming of the Christian era paganism had utterly denied such rights, but Christianity proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

But humanity's evolution was not the work of one day. During eighteen hundred years the civilized world was engaged in leavening society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation.

This came at last, in 1776, in the Declaration of Independence, which named America the "crowning effort of the ages in the aggrandizement of man," the country of individual liberty. In this instrument the fathers of our republic declared that "all men are created equal," that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. By this declaration our fathers purposed that there were to be no masters in America who govern in their own rights, for their own interests and at their own will, but our government was to be "of the people, by the people and for the people." They recognized that the sweetness of man's life and the power of his growth lie in liberty; therefore they took from the liberty of the citizen only so much as was necessary for the weal of the nation. Thus, when the Star Spangled Banner waved toward the skies was liberty caught in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

The steps toward liberty and union was taken, it is true, at the cost of a long and bitter war, but we believe he was no shallow thinker who said, "To win liberty is far easier than to maintain it." It is one of the most glorious pages of history that recounts the story of Greece in her struggle for freedom, but one of the saddest pages of history is a record of Greece in her struggle to preserve freedom. What was the secret of this great change? The heart of the people was false, treacherous and debased. Every statesman had his price and honor, liberty, and good government were sold for personal gain.

What may be said of the personal freedom won by the American Revolution? Has the heart of the people remained true and elevated, working for the weal of the nation? Have our politicians prized honor above gold? Have the rights of the individual been respected? For the last three or four decades we have receded from, rather than advanced toward, the lofty ideals of the founders of our republic. The demagogue has played an important part in our politics, seeking to obtain political power or the furtherance of some sinister purpose by pandering to the ignorance of the populace. Trusts and monopolies have taken away from the laborers freedom by the use of money in corrupt legislation. The immigrant, becoming the tool of the political boss through bribery, has robbed the American people of that which was bought by their fathers' blood. If these evils in American politics continue, Dr. Strong says truly, a change is destined to be wrought in our nation similar to that great infeudation which in Europe during the rise of the Feudal system converted free proprietors into vassals and brought all society into subordination to a hierarchy of greed and wealth.

Before the national election in 1900 the people seemed to be asleep to their individual power, they seemed to forget that through suffrage their rights could be asserted and their liberty protected, but in that year men stood up in all parts of the Union as Mr. Wanamaker did in Pennsylvania, exposing the corrupt legislation in election laws which hindered every conceivable way of independent nomination and independent voting, showing that the State encourages the intimidator, spy, and bribe-giver and invites them to follow the timid or independent voter into its precincts and supervise his suffrage. During the period from 1900 to 1904 the people awoke to the fact that the remedy for this tyranny and spoliation was a union of all reputable citizens in an honest endeavor to secure an honest administration, and that this would not come until the citizens should believe that a triumph of honesty is of more consequence than that of party, not until there should come into existence the independent voter.

At the polls in November, 1904, this independent voter did come upon the field of action and assert his power in Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Illinois and New York. And who is this independent voter? Is he a man who turns his back on a party because it is a party? No, he is a man who believes that no man is free who is not in truth, and not in mere semblance, master of his own vote. Is he a man who votes for personal advantage or with prejudice? No, he is a citizen who is able to stand before his fellowmen and, with uplifted hand, solemnly affirm that in exercising the high duties devolving upon him as a voter, he has studied with diligence the issues presented for decision; that he has made careful inquiry concerning the integrity and administra-

tive abilities of the candidates in nomination; that he will cast his vote without prejudice, without personal bias, without influence of money or promise of personal advantage, direct or indirect; and that, in casting his vote he will have regard solely and entirely to the benefit of the country or community.

Of course it is possible that a people may be given a good government, much better than it could give itself, for freedom to an infant means death; to a youth it often means the wreck of all present and future happiness and usefulness. Freedom to the Philipino would mean decay, but the American people is not such a people. We claim to be free and in so far as we are not what we claim to be, the impairment of our liberty works, not for good, but for grave and shameful evil, to tarnish our fair fame as a nation, to debase our politics, to degrade our public men and corrupt individual, no less than popular morals, as well as to waste our material resources, lessen general wealth and comfort and clog civilization. These things follow the sacrifice of independence in suffrage, but the development of self-government by independent thought and action in voting means the development of righteousness and good government.

What hope for this development may be gleaned from our recent election? In Missouri a victory was won over corrupt politics in the election of Jos. W. Folk as Governor. He saw the corruption in his own party organization and vigorously prosecuted the criminals in both parties, thus winning bitter enemies on both sides. But when the election came the people voting independently elected Mr. Folk by over a 30,000 plurality, while on the national ticket Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican nominee, was elected by a large majority. In Wiscon-

sin was shown the political weakness of wealth. Governor La Follette led a popular revolt in his party against its machine, conducted by rich men and corporations. A great effort was made to defeat him, but again the "demos," the people, mindful of the power in suffrage, stood up saying, "Our State shall not be a slave of wealth," and Mr. La Follette was elected by a good majority. In like manner in Minnesota, Massachusetts, Illinois and New York was shown a decay in party discipline. The people were victors and not the party.

This independent voting last November forbids us to share in the fear that wealth and corruption are destined to overthrow our nation, and we believe that the statement was well grounded when some one recently said, "I believe that for every vote bought two or more are lost in its purchase." The time was when men valued a victory for the party higher than the victory of manhood and honesty, but their number is fast diminishing. Partly through the educational effects of the Australian ballot and partly from the mere growth of the community in common sense, more and more of our citizens each year think for themselves and vote for themselves.

But, gentlemen, those who surrender to the demagogue, to wealth and to party are yet too numerous for the public good, and now is the time for the American patriot, who prizes his country's honor and seeks good government, to do his greatest work. If this patriotism need not to be so courageous as it was, it needs to be more watchful and enduring, for the evils against which it contends are more stealthy in advance and more delusive in attack. We can easily imagine that a country, invincible in war, may go down to its ruin amid the lux-

uries and somnolence of prolonged peace. Hannibal won upon the battlefield, but he lost the fruits of his victory in the vineyards and orange groves of Campania. It may possibly be thus with our nation. We have been victorious in all our wars, and now in the reign of peace we must in season and out of season look to the patriotism of the country, that it suffer no diminution in vigor and earnest work, recognizing that the patriotism of peace is just as necessary as the patriotism of war; that the patriotism of the ballot is even more necessary in a free country than the patriotism of the bullet." Plenty of men will die for their country, but the man who will live for his city, his State and his nation is the man good government needs.

O, that every American citizen who is capable of intelligently voting would seek to arouse the ignorant and teach them the importance of suffrage and the crime in its misuse. The poet Vergil recognized that suffrage is the power of life and death over the State when he placed amid the horrible torments of his hell the man "who sold his country for gold and imposed upon it a master; who made and unmade laws for a price."

The theory of our government is that every citizen is sovereign. How long shall these sovereigns quiver under the party lash? Shall we forever support a measure because it is to the party's interest, or shall we inquire in the words of Henry Clay, "Is the measure right? Will it conduce to the general happiness to the elevation of national character." Shall we forever vote without regard to the character or capacity of the candidates, or shall we again recur to the test of Thos. Jefferson, Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution? It is true, gentlemen, that we are sovereigns; but

have we not for the past 40 years been sovereigns in exile? When shall we come to our own again?

By the circumstance of our living in the opening decades of the 20th century our generation will be in the minds and on the lips of our countrymen in future generations in comparison with their own character and condition. What shall they say of us? How shall they estimate the part we bear in the unbroken line of the nation's progress? Do we not want them to point back to us with pride as a generation that honored the traditions of our fathers and contributed to the preservation of individual liberty.

Let us then take heed to our ways, and while it is called to-day resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the long line of advancing generations, the home of individual liberty, the abode of justice, a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

THE IRON CROSS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EMIL FROMMEL BY H. A. JONES.

About a year after the close of the Franco-German War a landlord of Pomerania noticed one morning among his workingmen a sturdy laborer who had the "Iron Cross" on his breast. When the rest-hour came the landlord called for him, and, in order that the Pomeranian might be induced to talk he gave him first something substantial to eat, for only then does the mill begin to run.

Then he asked him how he had come to wear the "Iron Cross."

"Well," replied the Pomeranian, "that is a long story, for I got it from King William himself, and really for nothing but just pegging away at the enemy."

Thereupon the Pomeranian took a pull from his flask and continued his story:

"It was after the famous battle of Champigny in which the Wurtemberg soldiers conducted themselves so nobly and bravely and were driven back only by a superior force. Then the bugle call was sounded for the advance. My company had to swarm out, and I sought a cover so that I might shoot better. 'Now for a fight, boys,' cried our captain as the great army of the French bore down upon us; 'those fellows must be held back until our comrades arrive. Shoot just as much as you please.'

"I spread my cartridges conveniently before me so that I could easily reach them, and began firing. But the French continued to pour in upon us until the Colonel began to think things pretty serious and ordered the bugler to sound the retreat. I hear it, but I think

to myself, 'it isn't pleasant to bundle up all of these cartridges and neither can you leave behind these dear and costly goods. So you just let the fellow blow and blow and you stay here and shoot away your cartridges. Then it will be time enough for you to take to your heels.' I was now busy shooting when our adjutant dashed up and cried: 'Back, fellow; haven't you got any ears?' 'Never mind, said I, as I turned half around, 'I shall shoot away my cartridges first.' Away went the adjutant, and nothing more was seen of him. At last I was left entirely alone, and before me everything was red with Frenchmen hardly twenty paces away. As I had shot the last cartridge, I think to myself, 'Now it is high time for you to get away from here.' So I take to my heels, and like a deer, I dash after my regiment. The Frenchmen shot at me and it was just like a hailstorm, but the bullets all went too high, and I came without a wound up to the regiment. As I am about to join the ranks I see the adjutant talking in a lively way with the colonel, and I noticed him point his hand toward me. Then I think to myself, 'Ah, ha! now something has gone wrong on account of disobedience to orders.'

"Our colonel, a downright good man, he comes dashing up to me and, laughing heartily, he asks: 'Young man, are all of your bones still sticking together?'

" 'Yes, colonel, at your service,' says I.

"Then he laughed again and says: 'You can do more than merely eat bread.' I think to myself, 'Well, this time the matter has been settled very smoothly, and all the adjutant's tale-telling hasn't been of any use.'

"Then the report goes around suddenly on the following day that his Majesty, the King is coming; and that was truly a joy when the old hero came. He rode

by, and I had already got a couple of potatoes, for I was terribly hungry. Then the adjutant suddenly galloped up to me and said that I must appear before his Majesty at once.

"Well, it did seem to me that I had a stroke of apoplexy, but I gather myself together again and say: 'At your service, I have certainly not done anything bad.'

"The adjutant grinned from ear to ear as if he were about to say: 'Wait young man, now I have got you up for disobedience, you can't get out of it so easily.' I certainly had not thought that a man could be so resentful.

"And how my knees did shake. I was led into a house and on into a hall where there was an odor so delicious that it would make one's mouth water. And as I was thinking, 'Well I wonder who can be eating there,' I am led into the next room. At that moment the king himself comes up to me and, in the most friendly manner says: 'My son, how about that story of the cartridges yesterday? Tell me everything that you know about it at once.'

"'At your Majesty's service,' says I, and then I tell him all exactly as it happened; that I really did hear the signal but wasn't willing to leave behind those dear and costly things. And how the adjutant came and cried out, 'Back, fellow,' but that I thought that certainly wasn't any time for ceremony, and so had told him, 'No, sir; I'm going to shoot away my cartridges first.' That is the whole story, king, I haven't done anything else wrong.'

"Then the king laughed heartily and said: 'You have acted bravely, my son.'

"I think to myself, 'Now everything is all right, now the adjutant may say what he pleases.' Then his Maj-

esty asked me: 'Have you already eaten dinner, my son?'

"'Yes, your Majesty, at your service, but I am still quite empty.'

"'Are you really hungry?' asked the king further.

"'Yes; and my thirst is not so very poor.' Then the king laughed again all over his face and said that I must take dinner with him.

"I sit down to the beautiful, large table with a great crowd of distinguished lords and generals. There was soup, pure pea-soup, but not the kind made in Berlin. They gave me a plate only half full, and I thought, 'Oh, if I only could have a little more soup!'

"When I was nearly through the king called over to me, 'Would you like to have more soup, my son?' 'If you please, your Majesty,' said I, 'if there is enough of it."

"Then all the distinguished gentlemen laughed, and one of the waiters brought me another plate full. Sir, that soup tastes good in my mouth even to this day!

"Then another servant comes in and brings a roast of veal almost as large as a joint of beef; and still another takes a large knife and carves several pieces on a large plate. 'Well,' thought I, 'this one understands his business much better than that soup man.' The large plate comes to me first and I take it for myself, and also a small plate of potatoes which was with it. I think, to be sure, that it was right much, but I think I must show myself equal to the occasion, so I set to work. Bright drops stand on my forehead until the slices are all eaten. Then as I had finished and the gentleman near me had gallantly filled my glass many times that I might wash it down, his Majesty, the king, asks me

again: 'How is it, my son, would you like to have more?'

"I say, Yes, your Majesty, at your service, if there is enough of it.'

"Then all the men roared with laughter, and the king himself almost split his sides. I am sure that I don't know why. But the king at last said: 'That is enough of that for to-day. Now another dish shall be brought in.' And I was glad that it was all over with the roast veal, but I wondered what could then be coming. At that moment an officer, high in rank, with twisted silver cords on his shoulder-straps steps up and hangs the "Iron Cross" on me.

"When I come back to my regiment the adjutant laughed heartily again, and, twisting his mustache, extended his hand to me. I was glad that he was reconciled again and that all his blabbing to the king hadn't done him any good, and that I for just pegging away had received the "Iron Cross" from his Majesty himself.

"So it happened and in no other way."

MARCH.

BY J. H. SPAULDING.

Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Sing that sweet song of old.
Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Blow a blast full loud and bold.

Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Break up the icebergs and melt away the snow.
Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Free the brooklet and let the farmer sow.

Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Wake up the drowsy love in the young man's breast.
Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
And break with sighs the maiden's careless rest.

Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Fill all the streams with fishes, frogs and snakes.
Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
And call the fishermen to the rivers, sounds and lakes.

Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Shake up the forest and the leafless trees.
Blow bugle blow, blow bugle blow,
Wake up the butterflies and humming bees.

ORIGIN OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

BY RUFUS FORD, JR.

"At all periods of history the stage has been a mirror of the age and race in which it has arisen. Dramatic poets more than any other artists reproduce the life of men around them; exhibiting their aims, hopes, wishes, aspirations, passions in an abstract more intensely coloured than the diffuse facts of daily experience. It is the function of all artistic genius to interpret human nature to itself, and to leave in abiding form a record of past ages to posterity; but more especially of the dramatic genius, which rules for its domain the manners, actions, destinies of men. The result attained by a great drama in those few ages and among those rare races which can boast this highest growth of art, is two-fold. On the one hand it shows the very age and body of the time his body and pressure; it is strictly local, national, true to the epoch of its origin. But it is more than this; it is on the other hand a glass held up to nature, reflecting what is permanent in man beneath the customs and costumes, the creeds and politics of any age or nation."

In these words Symonds gives the function and purpose of a great drama—that, in the first place, it should be national, and, in the second place, universal. They are appropriate at the least, not to say anything whatever as to the great and underlying truth contained in them, in showing the importance of a subject, the origin of which is to be taken up here.

The main source of the modern drama, of which the English is a branch laden with fruit, lies outside the domain of literature. It springs, as indeed does that of the drama at large in so far as we are acquainted with its

beginnings, from popular religious worship; but we must remember that there were also several subsidiary elements in the sources of the drama, and these were either in part purely literary or were connected in some way with literature.

We turn to the main source of the modern drama—the fact that it sprung from popular religious worship. It appears that the Liturgy of the Church was the original mystery. Ward says that "The meaning attached by the Greeks to the word *liturgy,* and illustrated by historical associations which would have made it memorable even had it never come to form part of Christian life, was that of a service performed by an individual or by an association of individuals on behalf of the community to which they belonged. This expression was appropriated by the Christian church and applied by her to the public performance of a religious rite of paramount significance." In the Eastern church, apparently, there were attached to these performances the designation of the 'divine' or the 'mystical' liturgy. In the Western church, in the course of time, the term 'mystery' was applied to the religious service of any of the great festivals of the calendar, and even to the services of the church in general. Soon the services or religious mysteries became identical with the mass, which, from the time of Gregory the Great (590-604) at least, became the central act of worship in the Western church. "In the wide dimensions," writes an eminent Protestant ecclesiastical historian, "which in the course of time the mass assumed, there lies a grand, we are almost inclined to say *artistic*, idea. A dramatic progression is perceptible in all the symbolic processes."

There seemed to be a readiness of the times for litur-

gical symbolism. The mass had in it elements of dramatic action, partly in pantomime, partly in the epical and lyrical elements. The people of the church then had no idea or intention of bringing forward and fostering these elements, but yet they were there. The objectors to the pomp and circumstance surrounding ecclesiastical worship, although by no means altogether absent, were still comparatively few. What few censures there were against the church form of worship were futile, against the two-fold purpose of the church to make her services on the one hand symbolically complete, and on the other generally attractive. Whatever enriched, expanded or diversified the services was assured a widespread and unstinting welcome. These church services and church festivals, with their gaiety and grandeur, as well as their peace and serenity, were of first importance in the life of the people, for they were connected with all the chief happenings and events of both public and private life. Besides this the church and its ceremonies were the centres of their social as well as religious life. This was most clearly applicable to the time when the papacy was extending its temporal and spiritual dominion, especially during the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries. But the mass had long before this time begun its progressive development.

We have mentioned the dramatic elements of the liturgy—the pantomimical element, the epical, and the lyrical. "This service has—beginning, which is at the same time an explanation or exposition of its cause, a central action (the Immolation and Consecration), and a close or completion. The remark seems strictly correct, therefore, that from the mystery of the liturgy to the liturgical mystery-drama no step is needed but that

of a dramatic *intention*. So long as the reality of the central action (and such the immolation actually possesses for the believing worshipper or spectator) causes everything else to be regarded as merely an adjunct to it, so long the mystery will preponderate over the drama. No sooner will the adjuncts begin in any degree to emancipate themselves from their original character as such than the play will prevail over the mystery."

The *pantomimical* element in the mass lies in the actions, motions and gestures of the priest. The *epical* element is to be found in the portions of scripture read to the congregation. The *lyrical* element presents itself in those portions of the service which are prescribed by the *antiphonary,* just as the portions of the scripture to be read aloud are prescribed by the *Lectionary.* The antiphonies were originally chants or psalms sung in alternate verses by different choirs or parts of the choir; the afterwards came to include introductory verses, often Scripture texts, prefacing the offertory and other salient passages of the service.

We see then that the liturgy could develop itself dramatically in any of these three ways. And there was yet another incentive toward developing new attractions for the eye as well as for the ear, which was because the language of the service was in Latin. At a very early period it became the custom to animate the words of the service by the presentation of living pictures of scenes from the Gospel, such as the Adoration of the Magi, the Marriage of Cana, the Death of the Saviour.

The next step was a process of gradual combination of the pantomimical, epical and lyrical elements, which process seems to have been completed by the eleventh century. Instead of being a mystery of the liturgy it

became a *liturgical mystery*. The church formed their given scene; the clergy and their assistants were their actors; and the function of the congregation consisted of lyrical responses to passages evoking them. The earliest liturgical mysteries which have been preserved date from the twelfth or perhaps in part from the eleventh century. Though of French or Anglo-Norman origin they are composed in the Latin tongue, French being admitted only in certain refrains.

The transition from the liturgical to the popular mystery is the next step. There were certain tendencies which, in the gradual development of the mystery-drama from the beginnings, make themselves manifest at an early date, and which as they continue their course may be said almost to make up the entire history of the subject. The first of these is the substitution of the vernacular for the Latin language. This came first in the choral responses of the congregation, then was extended to lyrical passages in general, and then in the speeches of certain of the characters.

Next came the separation of the mystery-drama or the miracle-drama from the office of which it had at first formed a dependent, and then a more or less independent part, and of which it came now to form only an interesting adjunct.

The third advance was not as logically unavoidable as the other two, and was not so universally entered into. It consisted in the joining together of a whole series of mysteries on different incidents from the scripture history into a single work or production. At first this was only roughly done. It was known as the collective mystery, and this is the form in which the principal English contributions to the mystery-drama were composed.

We have now brought the history of the drama's development down to the time or rather the stage of the Mysteries, Miracle-plays or Miracles, and Moral-plays or Moralities. A few words quoted from Ward as to each will be fitting here.

"Properly speaking the *mysteries* deal with Gospel events only, their object being primarily to set forth, by illustrating the prophetic history of the Old Testament, and more particularly the fulfilling history of the New, the central mystery of the Redemption of the World, as accomplished by the Nativity, the Passion and the Resurrection. *Miracle-plays,* on the other hand, are more especially concerned with incidents derived from the legends of the Saints of the Church. *Morals* teach and illustrate the same religious truths, not by direct representation of scriptural or legendary events and personages, but by allegorical means, abstract figures or virtues or qualities being personified in the characters appearing in this species of plays."

There are frequent combinations of these three species, and in time they began to be always intermixed. In England there was practically no distinction at all between the Mysteries and the Miracles. At least they were so combined as to bring out no distinction, and to seem as if identical. When these plays began to break away from the church on account of greater elaboration, both externally and internally, they were played by guilds or trade-companies. Groups of plays, known as cycles, were arranged for the stage. The subjects of the different series were generally scripture narratives. To each guild was assigned a particular series or scenes, and these were presented on *pageants,* large, moveable platforms drawn from place to place. As soon as one

pageant with its play had gone another would take its place, and in this way the people of a town were able to get all the scenes presented by a cycle. Miracle-plays of such a series were presented regularly at towns such as Chester, York and Coventry, which are famous for these.

Coincidently with the miracle-plays developed the *Moralities;* and these latter—allegories in which the virtues and vices appeared under their own names—enjoyed a popularity equal to that attained by the earlier religious dramas. These existed in England as far back as the reign of Henry VI, from 1422 to 1471. Comic elements were introduced into them, and, as in the miracle plays this was the most popular part. Conventional types are brought in, such as the Innkeeper and the Peddler. But most characteristic of these personages are the Devil and the Vice, who swagger through the play together, supplying rough and ready humor to tickle the common folk. These characters were always dressed in appropriately ludicrous costumes, and their actions corresponded to their make-up in crude wit, humor and drollery.

The next innovation was the introduction of interludes, generally exhibitions by professional actors, given in the halls of the nobility, in intervals of banquets, and on holidays in the open squares of the town. They soon began to be used at all the elaborate feasts and entertainments and supplied amusement for the people. As has been shown, the farcical element was generously mixed with the serious.

With the secularization of the mysteries, miracles and moralities other than sacred elements were speedily added. The main elements contributory to the progress

of the popular drama which had arisen out of the liturgy have thus been established, and there is no need to pursue in detail their co-operative processes—how they, for the most part, influenced and grew into early comedy and tragedy, a subject which would take us beyond our original theme.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY J. D. IVES.

Day by day,
  The little things
Swiftly fly
  On noiseless wings.

Things so small
  We heed them not,
Soon as passed
  So soon forgot.

Waiting things
  Of greater might,
Daily tasks
  We often slight.

FLOWERLESS PLANTS.

BY JUDSON DUNBAR IVES.

Flowerless plants include a great variety of different forms, extending from unicellular organisms to plants differentiated into stem, leaf and root.

Many plants that are devoid of flowers are not on that account without beauty, in fact some of the higher forms, such as the ferns, are extensively cultivated for ornamentation. Numerous microscopic plants are so beautiful that when one views them for the first time they can scarce refrain from expressing their surprise and delight at the many beautiful forms presented.

Let us peep through the microscope at some ooze taken at random from a nearby stream.

Those brilliant green, many-shaped forms which we see are Desmids. We notice they seem to be divided into two symmetrical halves, with a small bond connecting them. They are unicellular organisms, for the most part solitary, and inhabiting almost exclusively stagnant fresh water where they occur in very large numbers.

Those brownish green objects, which seem to be about the same size as the Desmids and have that beautiful sculpturing on their walls are Diatoms.

Those filaments which are composed of numerous cells with one or more green bands extending spirally around them are filaments of Spirogyra.

Those strands which seem to be composed of many cells packed closely together in a tube and are of a bluish green color are threads of Oscillatoria. Notice that the ends of the filaments move or oscillate from side

to side, and besides that they rotate and move forward. Just how these movements are produced is not yet definitely known. It is indeed wonderful whatever their cause. We put a lot of Oscillatoria in a dish in the laboratory and had it thoroughly mixed. The next morning it had arranged itself in a beautiful brown strata similar to that from which we had gathered it.

We should not forget the Slime-Moulds which are exceedingly interesting. They are very low organisms and seem to stand at the boundary line of the lowest plants and animals. They may be found beneath the bark of rotting logs or amongst the moist leaf mould of woods, they appear as yellowish or gray, slimy growths. In this the plasmodial or amœboid stage they creep about in moist, dark places, avoiding the light and being attracted by moisture. When ready to form spores they seek the light and put forth outgrowths in which the spores are borne. Botanists and zoologists have often debated to which of the two great realms of life they really belong, "but the character and nature of formation of their spores seem to warrant their classification among plants."

Bacteria are the smallest of known living organisms. The diameter of the round forms being about .0001 mm., the oblong and rod-shaped forms, their long diameter being about 1 1-2 to 5 times as great. They play such a part both among plants and animals relative to the welfare of humanity that they constitute a special branch of study.

Yeasts are rounded or ellipsoidal, devoid of coloring matter, and have a diameter of from .0015 to .015 millimeters. We all know the great part yeasts play in human economy, especially in bread-making. The yeast

plant begins its action on the sugar present in the dough, and gives off carbon dioxide which becomes entangled in the sticky mass and causes it to rise or puff up. The alcohol which is produced at the same time is driven off during the process of baking. "If the bread is allowed to stand too long before baking the alcohol is attacked by bacteria which change it into acids, and the dough is soured."

We have often seen the north side of trees covered with a greenish growth. Sometimes it is quite conspicuous on telegraph poles, especially on the north side. This growth is due to a vast number of green cells which multiply by division. Under the microscope the individual cells can be seen and are usually found adhering in groups "which suggests that they are on the borderland of unicellular and multicellular forms." These plants belong to the family Protococcoideæ.

As we walk beside the brook we notice masses of green, delicate-looking stuff which may be Spirogyra or perhaps it is the beautiful Batrachospermum which can readily be mounted on paper by teasing out the branches in a dish of water and then removed by slipping the paper underneath. The symmetry of its branching is delightful. Its cell arrangement is easily seen through the microscope.

Nitella, which is found growing in ponds and streams, is interesting to study in many respects. It grows from a few inches to several feet in height. The majority of individual cells of Nitella are large. The larger ones varying from about an inch to about three inches in length. Under the higher power of the microscope can be seen the arrangement of the green chlorophyll granules distributed evenly around the surface except in the

neutral zones, or lands destitute of chlorophyll, which run lengthwise with the cells or somewhat spirally as I have noticed. The protophlasm can be seen to rotate in each cell, up one side and down the other, but no movement is visible in the neutral zones. "From time to time the movement ceases, and then begins again in the opposite direction."

On old logs or stumps and often in the open we see, as we stroll through woods and field, many forms which for their symmetry and colouring delight our eyes and fix our attention. "The Fungi are the grotesques of nature; they resemble nests containing eggs, some form cups, some form balls, some clubs, while perhaps the commoner Fungi resemble umbrellas. Formerly people thought that mushrooms were made by the fairys, especially when they were in the form of circles or "fairy rings," the grass within the circles being of a less luxuriant growth, was firmly believed to be due to the fairys who had made it their dancing-ground during the night thereby wearing the grass down with their feet.

"The nimble elves
That do by moonshine green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe bites not; whose pastime 'tis
To make these midnight mushrooms."

—*Rev. Gerard Smith.*

The explanation of these rings of course is that the soil within the circles becomes exhausted of good fungus food and only those spores will grow which fall without the impoverished spot, hence also the gradual widening of the circle.

Fungi are very interesting to study for their beauty and brilliancy of colouring, variety of form, habit of growth, and especially for their economic importance.

The Fungi include the mildew on linen, the moulds on food, the rusts and smuts which damage our fields of grain, and the dry rot which attack our lumber and turns it to dust and which causes "old wood in dark places to glow with a weird, pale, flickering light." For centuries mushrooms have been highly esteemed as an article of food although it was known that some few varieties were extremely poisonous, in fact some of the deadliest poisons known to students of plant chemistry are contained in plants of this genus.

Lichens are abundant everywhere growing on rocks, tree-trunks, old boards, etc. As a rule they have a greenish gray color. They are very extraordinary plants, being essentially a partnership between an Algæ and a Fungus. The Fungus derives its food from substances manufactured by the Algæ, apparently without doing it any harm. "It is thought by some that there is a fair exchange of benefits between the Fungus and the Algæ, the Fungus extracting water and salts from the substratum and sharing it with the Algæ; but it must be remembered that the Algæ are able to flourish perfectly well without the intervention of the Fungus, while those Fungi which form Lichens are, with few exceptions, not known to exist without the assistance of the Algæ, with which they associate themselves." Perhaps the most remarkable of the Lichens is the one known as reindeer moss which is so abundant especially in the polar regions where it has great economic value, forming a stable article of diet for animals and even for man. Reindeer moss if cooked is edible, calling to mind the blanc-mange made from the red seaweed, known by the name of Irish moss or carragene. I have seen quite large clumps of reindeer moss growing on the ground, especially along the borders of pine forests.

Marchantia, a green leaf-like plant we often find growing around springs or streams forming a beautiful green mass. Or perchance we may see it spreading over damp rocks or soil. Marchantia forms a flat, leathery expanse and grows by repeated bifucation at one end, so that in time it forms a fan-shaped mass. The upper surface is dark green, the under surface being somewhat paler and covered with root-hairs. Marchantia multiplies by means of gemmæ produced in cupules which are seen on the upper surface of the plant. It also multiplies by means of antheridia and archegonia.

In our walks so far we have failed to take note of the flowerless plants which perhaps above all others would attract our attention, namely, the Mosses and Ferns.

Mosses are common everywhere, on roofs, walls, trees, "decking the banks with a mantle of green, or carpeting the forests with their luxuriance." They are not only interesting for their beauty, but also for their life history. The life history of a moss exhibits an alternation of generation, the leaf-bearing generation, with its archegonia and antheridia, known as the gametophyte produce only oospores, these produce the leafless generation or sporophyte. The sporophyte produces simple spores which on germination form a gametophyte and thus the life cycle is completed. "Alternation of generations, therefore, means the alternation of a gametophyte and a sporophyte in completing a life history." The gametophyte is the leafy part of the plant and is what we usually call the moss, on its summit the oospores arise which form the sporophyte. The sporophyte consists of a slender leafless stalk arising from the summit of the moss and terminating in a capsule in which the spores are formed. The alternation of generation is an exceed-

ingly important fact in connection with the development of the plant kingdom.

Ferns are usually found in moist and shady places. They are extensively cultivated for beautifying purposes. Like the mosses they have an alternation of generation. But unlike the mosses the sporophyte forms the conspicuous part of the fern plant. The gametophyte is very small and becomes independent of the sporophyte; on it the antheridia and archegonia are borne which unite to form the fern or sporophyte. One of the very important advances made in the fern is the appearance of a vascular system, "which means a system of vessels organized for conducting material through the plant body."

The Horsetail, Scouring Rush or Equisetum is a very interesting plant. Silica is imbedded in its walls in quite large amounts which makes it gritty. It may be found along the bank of streams or ponds, on shady hillsides, along railway tracks, and sometimes in open fields. It consists of a straight-jointed stem which gives off branches at the nodes, though they are frequently without them as I have seen. The spores are borne in cone-shaped structures, the sporophylls at the summit of the branches.

It is amusing to watch the spores through the microscope and see the elaters straighten out as they dry. Each spore is covered with a special covering which cracks at maturity in a spiral fashion and forms the elaters. By breathing on the slide the elaters immediately close around the spore, and while we simply look at them enough moisture comes from our breath to make them open and close with our breathing. The spores produce gametophytes which are dioecious.

Most of our coal beds were formed from mosses, ferns and equisetums which in that pre-historic time grew as plants of immense size.

We may count the pine family, which include the pines, hemlocks, junipers, firs, cedars, etc., among the flowerless plants "though they do produce seeds yet their spore-producing organs cannot well be regarded as flowers." The pines and their allies are not only ornamental, but as we know they furish the world with a variety of products such as firewood, tar, turpentine, balsam, lumber, woodenware, telegraph poles, masts of ships, etc.

We all know how delightful it is to sit on the thick carpet of pine needles amidst the pine forest and hear the wind as it wends its way through the trees in its onward passage. It recalls to mind the opening lines of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the twilight
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

We have found amongst our collection of flowerless plants plants ranging from those invisible to the unaided eye to those which form dense forests, and which mantle the earth with their luxuriant evergreen verdure.

H. F. PAGE.

H F. PAGE.

BY CHARLES A. LEONARD.

In a modest country home of Sampson County, Hubbard Fulton Page was born on December 11, 1873. His first years were spent in a community remote from any educational center; among the hills and valleys, the trees, birds and flowers of a fertile country. These first days were uneventful and nothing is remembered of them until one evening in the huckleberry wilds, accompanied only by his aged grandfather, an impression was made upon the poet's mind which he afterwards described as the most vivid of his recollections, and says, "Really that long summer evening's ramble beneath the pines gave me a conception of the wide, wild, curious world."

When a lad of eight years there came a winter morning when he saw the old birthplace fade in the distance and the family of many children found a home on the Averasboro battlefield, in Cumberland County, near the Cape Fear river. The new home into which they moved is now very much weather-beaten but still stands where once a fierce battle was fought. It is of the Southern ante-bellum type with a spacious hallway cutting it in two parts with a chimney on the outside end of each. The yard is full of shrubbery and at one corner of the house there is a large oak.

Speaking of the first impressions of this historic spot Mr. Page says, "That first winter night we spent there I remember in childish wonder to have watched a bright stream of metal trickle down out of a pine log burning on the hearth; and when the curiosity of childhood pressed a further explanation there followed a descrip-

tion of the war with its cannon thunder and ghastly courage that sent me to bed haunted by reeking dreams of Yankees and bayonets."

The Averasboro battlefield has since inspired Mr. Page to the writing of a number of interesting stories, some of which were published in THE STUDENT. A beautiful poem is his "Memorial Tribute to the Dead Interred in Averasboro Cemetery." This poem was read before a large gathering at one of the memorial day celebrations of this battleground. It was afterwards published in the Charlotte Observer. An outgrowth of this poem is his little "Requiem," one of his best poems, given below:

Rest!
    Rest!
After the strife—
    After the pain
And the ebbing life—
        Rest!
            Rest!

Sleep!
    Sleep!
Under the Bars—
    Under the cross
And the folded Stars—
        Sleep!
            Sleep!

Dream!
    Dream!
Folded in Gray—
    Folded in love-twined
Garlands of May—
        Dream!
            Dream!

After the family had been in their home on this historic spot for some months, in fulfillment of a long-de-

ferred promise the father took the young poet to the Cape Fear river for the first time. They passed—

> Long tangles of scented hedge
> Blown by a waking breeze;
> Soft foldure of bowing sedge
> Fringing the clustered trees.

This was a clear, calm evening. The lad had from his earliest days loved to watch and muse over the beauties of nature around him, and at once he was in love with the placid beauty of the river which makes a graceful bend near his home. One of the most beautiful scenes along the Cape Fear is not far from Mr. Page's home. The banks, thickly covered in the spring with undergrowth and flowers, are almost perpendicular to "where the brook-foams flow;" and on the battlefield side is a spring of the coolest water. When the poet had once visited this beautiful river it was thenceforth to be a delight to his soul to stroll beneath its stately birch and elm and listen to the mysterious whisperings of its waters.

A few years bring us to a time when an epoch-making event stirred the little community. This part of the county was not thickly settled and the district school was so far away that young Page could not attend. The population continued to grow, however, and a new district was formed. This eldest son entered the new school and it was not long till the teacher found that there was a genius in the school, one whose writings soon found their way to the upper corner of the county newspaper—a most notable recognition!

From that time to the age of twenty he received the better part of a three-months' term of public school each

year. Then he was able to enter an academy for the first time. Here his teacher soon discovered his weakness for poetry and gave him "Paradise Lost" to read! Nothing more. So upon entering college at twenty-three he had taken no preparation whatever in English beyond a smattering drill in rhetoric.

During his first year in college Professor Sledd failed to recognize him from the rest of his "long-eared animals" till right at the close of the spring term, when the new student submitted some verses for his criticism; whereupon suggestions and encouragement were given. Some time afterwards writing to a friend of this incident he says, "Quickly Professor Sledd saw just what I needed and proceeded to give it in a most generous way. If I only could have followed out his suggestions faithfully I think without doubt my work would be far in advance of what it now is. * * * I may add that I now have in mind themes which, if I ever find time to develop, far surpass anything I have tried to do."

Mr. Page's "April" is said to be his best poem. It is given below:

Lulled is the swish of rain;
  Dreamful the willow dips:
Over the dappled stream
  Sun-rent a shadow slips.

Glimmerings of woven green,
  Fringed with dripping spray;
Glint of a Naiad's robe,
  Trailing the foam away.

Waving of woofed boughs,
  With quivering beadlets hung;
Shimmer of irised locks
  Fresh from the blue depths wrung.

Snatched where the willow fronds
  Drooping are folded by,
Glimpse of a dew-wet brow,
  Glance of a violet eye.

Darkens the dappled stream,
  Leaning I yearn—in vain!
Lost in a swirl of mist,
  The Naiad—the rain, the rain.

His class ode, published in The Wake Forest Howler of 1904-5, has been pronounced the best class ode that has ever been written by any Southern student. "Intercession," written at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, is probably the best poem the war has brought forth.

"Moolight on the Hills" is a beautiful poem and is characteristic of the poet:

There's moonlight on the hills to-night;
A silent, silver flood
From out the pathless vastitude
Breaks full and deep
Upon a weary world. Each star-crowned height,
Each shadow-darkened wood,
Each valley stoled in sheeted mist,
Lies wrapt in dreamful sleep.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
And pale, white stars, far-seen,
Repose against the faded azure depths—
Dim shore-lights of Immensity.
Some, trembling on the outer verge of sight,
Elude the eye, and in between
A wandering night-cloud drifts around the West—
A foam-rift on an ethery sea.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night;
Wild fens, enchanted, lone,
Sleep sentinelled by sombre spectral forms.
Dark, phantom tree-shapes on the wold
Stand pulseless in the shrouding light;
Or, by the south wind blown,
Move to and fro, their Druid heads
Weaving many a weird shadow fold.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
And slumbering dew-spent flowers,
Touched by the breaking silver tide,
Dreaming, whisper, "The world's at rest."
Above their drooping folds, the white-winged flight
Of ever-hastening hours
Sweep low to kiss their fragrant cups,
Then pass into the voiceless West.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
And listen! Low, sweet strains
Of rapture burst upon the dim-lit fields.
Out through the breezeless midnight flow
Faint trillings of some nameless, lost delight—
But soon they die, and silence reigns—
Do night-birds, dreaming, carol in their dreams
Of vales where fairer flowers blow?

There's moonlight on the hills to-night;
From off some distant, dream-lit shore
The voice of one—with angels now—
My inmost being thrills.
That Time and Change should ever blight?
But love abides forever more,
With gleamings of an endless afterbliss,
When moonlight's on the hills.

What little Easter poem is prettier than Mr. Page's "Risen," given below:

Life!
Life!
Out of the gloom—
Out of the night
And the rifted tomb—
Life!
Life!

Hope!
Hope!
Streams on the world—
Streams from the pall
And the grave-swaths furled—
Hope!
Hope!

Peace!
Peace!
Dawns upon man—
Dawns in God's infinite,
Unfolding plan—
Peace!
Peace!

Mr. Page's days in college were well-spent. As has been the case with many poets of the past and to-day, he was not blessed financially with a fortune, and it became necessary that he remain out of school a year or more; but he returned in the fall of 1904 and graduated with honors the following spring. His class ode, as has been stated, is highly praised, and his senior oration was one of the best delivered. He is peculiarly original in his thought. It is a habit with him to read a great deal, but when he writes an oration or an essay he seldom consults a book on the subject but thinks out with his own mind whatever he would say.

In the history of his class, after giving the quotation, "A poet soaring in the high regions of his fancy with his garland and singing robes about him," Mr. Page is described as "a poet, orator and statesman, slow of speech, weak in spirit; he is liable to convey the wrong impression till you know him. He is a lone, solitary creature who answers everybody in the fewest possible words. * * * We must not regard him as a man of neglect but of deep thought."

He is truly a man of thought. While in college much of his thinking was done while out walking alone in the woods or on the campus. These walks were taken daily regardless of rain. But after spending most profitably four years at Wake Forest the time came when he must break the ties that bound him to his fostering mother, and he wrote:

A sadness steals into my heart—
Just how, I cannot tell;
It deeper sinks, and all my soul
Echoes one long farewell.

From college he went to his home in Cumberland County and in the fall resumed work at Buie's Creek Academy, in Harnett County, where he is now at the head of the English Department. His work there keeps him too busily engaged, and writing to a friend he says, "I have a number of beautiful themes which have rushed upon me at times since leaving college, but my work here makes it so that I have no time to sit by the fountain of the muses and dream."

THE ECONONIC BASIS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY LISTON JACKSON.

Everywhere in the world about us there is evidence of progress. The improvements in government, the new forms in art and literature, the revolutions in science and industry—all remind us that the world has neither stagnated nor retrograded; that although pauses have occurred along the line of its march and although it has not yet reached it zenith, progress is neither an illusion nor a dream.

Since we are therefore forced to recognize the fact that man has continually made progress and that this progress has not yet reached its goal, it is fitting that we should seek to ascertain the fundamental causes of this social development, and the reason of these great changes in human thought and human life which form the conditions of progress. Thus, knowing the causes and conditions, we shall then be in a position to employ the proper means of continuing this onward march of humanity.

All human action and therefore all human progress springs from interest, either physical, racial, moral or spiritual, and when we take into account all these it becomes clear that all action is based on supposed gain in one or another of these different kinds of interest. But it is not enough for us to realize this universal impulsion of interests. We should inquire whether there be not a specific and primal interest which prompts and governs the greater range of human actions. That there is such a mainspring of action most thinkers are convinced. Some have found it in the force of religious or

ethical ideals, some even in the force of political ideals; but that this mainspring is none other than a form of the physical interest—in brief, the economic force—becomes day by day the common judgment of an increasing number of students and scholars.

But to-night in emphasizing the economic basis of human progress we would not for one moment have you think that it is our purpose to discredit the religious, ethical and political forces nor to detract one iota from their influence. On the other hand we would lay special emphasis on the fact that these have exerted a wonderful influence in shaping the course of human development; yet we believe that the first place belongs to the economic force because it is primitive and fundamental. With the entire race of human beings there lies at the bottom of all thought and feeling a sense of the prime necessity which nature has put upon us—the necessity of securing a living. Whether alone on an island like Robinson Crusoe or in the crowded streets of New York City man must possess the means of mere physical livelihood in order to perform the functions of the higher or ideal life. Since, therefore, man has had to spend the greater part of his time and energy in securing food, warmth and clothing it necessarily follows that the methods employed in this urgent pursuit of securing a living have prompted more than anything else man's habits of acting, feeling and thinking, and have determined in great measure the form of his institutions.

Now, just as the economic force is the mainspring of human action, so the economic environment determines the influence of the economic force and conditions all activity both physical and mental. No one can deny that the destinies of man are to a great extent determined

by environmnt, that is, by physical and political geography, climate, soil and the general aspect of nature.

The geographical position of a nation influences the constitutional and social development of its people, affects the nature and extent of its intercourse with other nations, determines the character of its forgeign relations, and also determines its industrial progress, which depends primarily on the natural products of a country and the facilities afforded for trade, both domestic and foreign. Climate and the physical features of the earth, the sea, mountains and rivers determine whether or not it is necessary for man to work hard for a living and go far towards fixing his occupation, while the general aspect of nature about him colors and to a certain extent suggests his ideas and beliefs.

That the influence of environment on human progress has been great is shown by the fact that all of the earliest civilizations sprang up in fertile regions, along the banks of rivers, and in climates where man needed but little protection against the forces of nature. But as man has advanced in civilization the influence of the natural enviroment has diminished to a certain extent because man has become able to change his environment to suit his varied needs; but, although the influence of the natural environment has slightly decreased, yet this economic environment which has been formed by man still continues to exert a great influence in shaping the actions of man and in moulding his thoughts and beliefs.

The greater part of man's achievement and most of our institutions. though not exclusively, have been largely determined by the economic needs of the people. Slavery, with all its cruelties and penalties, which marked a great step in the path of progress was an eco-

nomic institution. No great outburst of humane sentiment no feelings of love and universal sympathy, but a knowledge of the captive's importance as a laborer caused conquerors in war to spare the lives of their captives and to put them to work, thus establishing the system of slavery. Then again centuries later, no great outburst of humane sentiment, no feelings of love and universal sympathy, but a knowledge of the fact that this system had proved to be a bad economic institution and that it no longer supplied the economic need of the people caused slavery to be abolished and the system of free labor to be substituted in its place.

The sacred institution of marriage which we like to say was divinely instituted and around which the most sacred sentiments of chastity and love have grown up was in the beginning an economic or labor relation, had its origin in the individualistic accumulation of property, and is the outcome of the desire of some remote savage to transmit his overplus of bows and arrows to some legitimate heir.

The transition from the clan to the patriarchal family offers us another striking example of the economic motive which caused the patriarch to form an organization of his servants and slaves for the care of his flocks and herds, for the cultivation of lands and for mutual protection and subsistence.

The growth of property, the desire for its transmission to legitimate heirs and for the limitation of their number to the actual offspring of the married pair were in reality the motive power which caused monogamy to be substiuted for polygamy.

The economic forces which were instrumental in shaping the transition from feudal to modern society are so

obvious that historians have been laying stress upon them without knowing it. One of the most accomplished of Belgian historians has recently voiced the conviction that "No one can investigate the deeper causes that have influenced the peoples between the Rhine and the North Sea without perceiving that it is above all the economic conditions and not racial, linguistic, or other factors that have determined national progress."

Wars, which we are prone to think of as prompted by innate savagery or by false ideals of courage and honor, are found to be generally motived by economic need. Statistics have actually proved that of 286 wars, 258 were distinctly due to economic causes, and that behind the remaining 28, which were apparently fought on religious grounds, economic influences were at work, though their effects were not quite so obvious.

That the American Revolution was prompted in the main by economic motives becomes more certain as the factors contributing to the outbreak are more carefully studied. It is true that Patrick Henry and others sounded the notes of liberty and freedom and in this way aroused men to the point of action; but down at the bottom of all this feeling were the systematic suppression of the industries and the severe restrictions upon the trade of the colonies—these were the most important and fundamental causes of the American Revolution.

The Cuban insurrection, and thus indirectly the Spanish-American war, were the outcome of the sugar situation, and although America's part in this war was prompted by an altruistic feeling for humanity, yet its continuation for the possession of the Philippine Islands was based on the economic consideration of securing a

coaling station in the East and wider markets for our increased production.

The French Revolution, which has been universally recognized as the greatest tragedy of modern history and as the fittest example of the inhuman cruelty of human struggles, was at the bottom due to economic causes. True it is, that the words "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" were sounded in the public places and on the house tops; but the main underlying cause of this struggle was the bad economic condition of the peasantry of France, who, frenzied by hunger and maddened by the scandalous extravagance and debauchery of the Royal Court, flew to arms and the whole of France quaked as if in the throes of a volcanic eruption, and from the guillotine, the holy symbol of religion, flowed rivers of innocent blood.

Thus we see that the economic factor has played an important part in the course of human progress; yet men have not always been conscious of the economic force that impelled them. Much less have they been aware of the influence laid upon the exercise of that force by the economic environment. Even historians have not been conscious of the real causes of human actions in these struggles for progress; for histories are little more than a record of the doings and sayings of warriors and kings and a simple description of the greatest battles, with here and there a mention of some brave deed of heroism or patriotism. They have sounded the praises of Leonidas and his brave band of Spartan heroes as they stood at the pass of Thermopylæ; of Cæsar as he crossed the Rubicon; of Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo; of Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec; of Washington on the Delaware; of Stonewall Jackson in

the Shenandoah valley; and of Robert E. Lee as he stormed the rugged heights of Gettysburg; but they have devoted no time in ascertaining the main underlying causes of these struggles; and whenever they have sought for anything more than the most obvious explanation of facts they have generally taken recourse to the "Great Man Theory" or to the vague doctrine of the "Genius of the Age," boldly and erroneously asserting that a king's vow or a warrior's ambition explains the origin of a mighty war.

Even the people themselves, the very actors and workers in these historic events, have not been conscious of the real motives which impelled them. In the undetermined centuries during which mankind was the dupe of myth and superstition, men acted in accordance with the imagined promise of some tribal god or the imagined frown of some tribal demon. When barbarians and wandering tribes battle for the flocks and fields of their neighbors, they clothed their purpose in the veil of a divine mission under a divine order. Throughout the middle ages, when the cloud of superstition lay heavily upon men's minds, at the epoch of all the first social revolutions, men ideally transformed their work, seeing in it the miraculous acts of gods and heroes. Even at the present time men give themselves up to wounds and death in the struggle for foreign markets under the belief that they are impelled by patriotism or religion.

Now, in conclusion, we propose to show that the spiritual and ethical forces in civilization are based in economic needs and that their range and effect are limited by the economic environment; but in speaking thus we do not seek to deny nor to minimize the spirit-

ual, ethical, and political forces, for we firmly believe that religious, ethical, and political ideals have exerted a great influence in shaping the course of human development and have been important and essential elements in the superstructure of our higher civilization. However, in speaking of their influence, it is needful to emphasize the fact that these ideals themselves have their origin in the economic needs of the people and are limited by the economic environment, that although they do influence and prompt the actions of men under favorable conditions, yet when the economic environment is such that the following of the ideal would involve an economic loss and when there are no stores of responsive feeling in the minds of the people the appeal of the ideal is impotent and vain.

The English colonists scouted the very idea of slavery while they were living in Europe; but when they came to America and settled in the Southern States where they needed slave labor to carry on their agricultural pursuits, their ideals of slavery changed and they soon became the most ardent and sincere advocates of the system. Even the clergymen of the South honestly refused to consider slavery a sin. While on the other hand those who settled in the Northern States where slave labor could not be used to an economic advantage, became the bitter and outspoken opponents of the system and the clergymen of the North considered slavery one of the greatest crimes in the sight of heaven. Had the inhabitants of the Northern States been subjected to the same climatic and economic conditions as the inhabitants of the Southern States, there is little doubt that their ideals of slavery would have been different and they would have

completely shared the moral views of their Southern brethren.

Portia's plea for mercy so beautifully pictured in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" has never yet relaxed the power which the landlord holds over his debtor tenant, and the ideal of a just man drawn by Ezekiel twenty-five hundred years ago has never yet caused a money lender to decline his interest, a trader to give value without profit, or a conqueror to stay his hand upon a subjugated people.

To sound the praises of mercy and love to a band of marauding savages would be futile. It would be useless to go into the slums of New York City or in the abyss of London and attempt to cram yearnings for the Beautiful, the True, and the Good down the throats of the men, women, and children who are clothed in rags and running through the streets crying for bread; to preach the principles of religion and morality to the men and women who are crowded together in single rooms, where a "single, sordid attic holds the living and the dead." The songs of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth would strike no chord of sympathetic response in such places. Even the beautiful doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man sung by the immortal Tennyson would go unheeded by the thousands of men, women, and children who are "standing on the ragged edge of starvation."

As long as these people, or any people, continue to live on the verge of starvation and fail to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, or in other words, as long as they fail to provide a good economic or material basis, progress for them will never be possible and the appeal of the ideal will pass them by unheeded. But, if they would ever advance in civilizaton, they must first build a good

economic foundation, that is, provide themselves with the necessaries of life and rise above the point of starvation, and then and not until then will it be possible for them to build the superstructure of the higher or ideal life; to enjoy the beautiful works of Raphael and Michael Angelo; to appreciate the poems of Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Milton; to heed the appeal of the religious, ethical, and political ideal and to mount upon the crest of the wave of human progress as it is rushing onward towards the actualization of "tradition's golden dream."

STORY OF THE ROSE AND LILY.

BY ARTHUR RANES.

A Rose and a Lily blooming in a far-away valley.

How shall I tell the sad, sweet story of the Rose or the faded dream of the Lily? But listen! the Lily speaks.

"I was once of a crimson hue like thyself, pretty Rose; the dainty tints of the sunset blaze was mirrored upon my bosom, and I thought myself the queen of the field. but one sweet morn called Easter I was changed. But how?

"Tears, sorrowful tears, fell drop—drop—down on my crimson breast. I looked, and lo! a woman with tear-stained face, bowed down in grief, stood gazing into an empty sepulcher. Then she saw and loved me, because I blossomed beside the carven tomb. Kneeling she kissed my blushing petals and weeping walked away.

"The sun arose, and behold! I was changed—transformed into a garb of white."

"And what is thy name?" said the Rose.

"My name is Purity," replied the Lily. "This is my story; now what is thine?"

"Alas!" said the Rose, "I have not the heart to tell it. It seems like a dream, one that's old but ever true. Listen!

"On a moonless night, in a desolate land and far there stood a cruel cross. On that cross the Master's hands were nailed and a brow circled with thorns drooped over a wounded breast. Pitiless were those thorns and oh! so sharp, and the vilest hands had placed them there; had snatched them from the hedge and twined them in a coronet for the dying King.

"Poor thorns!

"But when the sun showed His pale, sweet face a wonder was revealed.

"Roses, softer than the softest snow, stood blossoming at the foot of the cross, and from that strange brow scarlet-drops trickled and fell upon the King's white raiment and me. Still we live remembering that night. And still an emblem of love and beauty we bloom. The love that kisses forlorn hope, that cheers the misty twilight of age and makes eternity a day without an end."

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The Upward Tendency of the Times.

That the world is growing better and that the people are striving onward and ever upward to a higher plane of public and private morality the most pessimistic will be bound to admit. This movement is not confined altogether to the religious sphere. We see unmistakable tendencies towards better and higher thinking on every hand.

In the political sphere we see in the victory of the Constitutional Democrats in Russia, who elected over one-half of the members to the new National Parliament, a great stride towards democratic government in the very heart of tyrannical absolutism. And at the same time the startling triumph of the democratic party in Finland means the complete wiping out of the old constitution with its horrible tyrannies and the substitution of a new constitution on democratic principles restoring to the Finns their ancient liberties.

Coming nearer home, let us look about us. One of our greatest evils here in the United States lies in the fact that small groups of men and sometimes a single man obtains control of the executive machinery of a party organization and its nominating committees and in this

way comes in between the public servants and the voters. As a result of such a state of affairs the public officer feels no responsibility to the people at large, but only holds himself bound to those who can secure for him a return to office. Such men holding their offices by such tenure are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt. It is plain that a man receiving favors at the hands of such office-holders comes under implicit obligations to them, which obligations cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still have free rein to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires.

But all this has changed within the last year. A tidal wave of moral force has swept over our country from Maine to California. Men have been found who could come out in the open and boldly declare themselves unchained to any party boss, and ask the suffrage of the people on their merits and the merits of the cause which they represented. This substitution of patriotism for partisanship has raised the moral standard of our statesmen and has awakened them to a fuller sense of their duty. The party boss stands to-day as a fitting emblem of ignominy, discarded by his followers and disgraced by the people.

The American people looking back over the recent years when they have followed inefficient political leaders, may well demand in the future a leadership which shall have moral courage, an honest purpose and sufficient strength to carry out these virtues.

Standing at the parting of the ways and looking back over the sweeping changes made by the recent reform movement and its fearless leaders, no one can expect a

political millenium to follow even such a successful ethical campaign; but, nevertheless, looking forward into the future we can find much to give us hope. This move shows signs of becoming universal and durable instead of local and transitory. This revolt against political oppression has raised its head in city after city and State after State, and it will not end until public honesty shall become a private virtue.

Turning our gaze to other fields, another very promising outlook is seen when we scan the horizon of the insurance world. It should be remembered that wise insurance companies are regarded as trustees, holding money in trust for the widows and orphans of its policyholders. The enormity of the crimes of which they have been guilty in the past can only be fully appreciated when we take into consideration their fiduciary relations. The money placed in their hands for safe-keeping was placed there in most cases by people in moderate circumstances. There is nothing for which a thrifty man will so scrimp and pinch himself and his family as to pay the premium on his life insurance. The wife may have to go half-clad and the children ill-nourished, but the premium on his insurance must be paid. The old overcoat may have to do shabby duty another winter, the worn-out dress may have to be made over again, the promising boy may have to give up his chance for a good education—but the premium must be paid.

And where has this money been going that has come from the pockets of the poor man in the form of premiums and assessments? The recent investigations of the Armstrong Committee have shown that a part of it has gone to pay enormous salaries to its officers, small fortunes in themselves; a large part of it has been con-

tributed to campaign funds, and a still larger part has gone to influence legislation aimed at the corrupt practices of these companies. But the Armstrong Committee, detailed to investigate the nefarious business principles upon which these companies conducted their business, has done its work and done it well. The report of this committee shows that there are no evils in the American body politic so deeply rooted that public opinion once roused cannot remedy. In the wake of these investigations carried on by men, honest and fearless, revolutions in the management of our insurance companies has followed. They have driven the money changers from the temple, and the outlook is hopeful beyond expectation.

Turning to the judicial sphere we see some noticeable examples of this healthy movement for a higher ethical code in two decisions recently handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. The first of these was in the South Carolina case, in which the Supreme Court decided that a State, carrying on the retail liquor traffic in the form of a dispensary would have to pay a license tax on its business just the same as if the State were a private citizen engaged in the whiskey business. The volume of business done by the dispensary system of South Carolina is something marvelous, and therefore the paying of this tax by the State, levied and collected by the Federal Government, will materially affect the amount of revenue from this source. It will affect it to such a degree as to amount practically to a closing up of the dispensary, because the State of South Carolina is not in the whiskey business for its health. This is a wide leap, but no doubt a wise one, for a State should have no special privileges denied to its citizens. It is but

another step towards the wiping out completely of the doctrine of States rights, a doctrine once so dear to the Southern States. No doubt the people of South Carolina would have looked upon this interference in State's rights somewhat differently before 1860 than they do now.

The other decision, which is still more far-reaching in effect than this, is what is known as the Corporation Case. Justice Brown delivered the decision. By this decision not only railroad corporations, but insurance corporations, big corporations, little corporations, and corporations of all kinds, will be affected. Justice Brown is soon to retire from the bench, and this seasonable decision is a noble valedictory. The particular cases up on appeal for adjudication were the tobacco trust and the paper trust cases. The officials of these corporations had refused to give certain information to the lower courts on the ground that it would tend to incriminate the corporation. By this decision it was settled that the constitutional privilege of refusing to give self-incriminating evidence is a personal privilege belonging to natural persons and does not apply to corporations, which are artificial persons. Taking a section of his opinion as he gave it, he says:

"The individual may stand upon his rights as a citizen, but the corporation is a creature of the State. It is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public. It receives certain special privileges and franchises and holds them subject to the laws of the State and the limitations of its charter. Its rights to act as a corporation are only preserved to it so long as it obeys the laws of its creator. There is a reserved right in the legislature to investigate its contract and find out whether it has

exceeded its powers. It would be a strange anomaly to hold that a State. having chartered a corporation to make use of certain franchises, could not in the exercise of its sovereignty inquire how those franchises had been employed and whether they had been abused, and demand the production of the corporate books and papers for that purpose. The defense amounts to this: that an officer of a corporation which is charged with a criminal violation of the statute may plead the criminality of such corporation as a refusal to produce its books. To state this proposition is to answer it. While an individual may lawfully refuse to answer incriminating questions, unless protected by an immunity statute, it does not follow that a corporation vested with special privileges and franchises may refuse to show its hand when charged with an abuse of such privileges."

This decision takes away the last subterfuge of the trusts to avoid public scrutiny in their unlawful methods of business. By this it means that the courts can demand by means of a *subpœna duces tecum* that the corporation bring its books and papers into court for public inspection in regard to the contended charge. By this it means that the officers of a corporation will have to testify on pain of contempt in regard to their methods of procedure in business, no matter as to how the result of giving such testimony may incriminate them and lay them liable to a criminal charge. Grand juries will no longer stand helpless in the presence of a mighty corporation, but may now, even with no specific charge against the corporation, compel the books of such corporations to be brought before them when they have reason to believe that the corporation is guilty of violation of its charter. It means that the anti-trust laws of our

National Congress, instead of remaining dead-letter statutes, will take on life. The fiat has gone forth from the highest court in our land that these charges of corruption against incorporated monopolies must be investigated by placing such power of complete investigation in the hands of our lower courts. It is now a matter with our lower courts and their prosecuting attorneys to see whether or not this power shall be used.

Such revolutions against the old order of corruption and bribery as has taken place in the last State elections throughout our land, such thorough investigations into the corrupt diversion of the money of the stockholders of our insurance companies from its rightful channels followed by the complete reformation of the business principles of these companies, and all this followed by such wholesome and far-reaching decisions of our Supreme Court, shows that public opinion has been roused to use its strength and that it will use it in the right direction. It shows that the great mass of our people can be trusted to execute any trust imposed upon them, and that the moral standard of our people is on the upward climb.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CHAS. A. LEONARD, Editor.

'99. Fred. Q. Barbee is teaching at Fuquay.

'02-3. J. J. Payseur is serving churches in and near Maiden.

'00-2. H. B. Harward is clerk in the Hotel Guilford, Greensboro.

'04-5. Thomas J. Markham has begun the practice of law at Elizabeth City.

'01-3. J. Henry Booth is preaching at churches in and around Magnolia.

'91. R. G. Kendrick has recently built a new house of worship at Spring Hill.

'04. William Wyatt, of Raleigh, visited friends at Wake Forest the last of March.

'01-4. C. A. Upchurch has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Burlington.

'97. W. T. Carstaraphen is meeting with deserved success in the medical profession at Garysburg.

'82-5. P. S. C. Davis has moved from Norfolk, Va., to Elizabeth City, and will make his home there.

'02-3. F. L. Castellaw died a few months ago at his home at Windsor. He had been teaching since leaving here.

'98-02. Delos W. Sorrell has formed a partnership with Mr. J. Martin Umstead and will practice law at Durham.

'96. W. C. Barrett, pastor of the Second Baptist church of Durham, is engaged in building a new house of worship.

'98. W. O. Williams, once the "big boy," captain and pitcher of the base-ball team, is now in the insurance business at Durham.

'86-8. H. F. Farmer for several years has been in the civil service at Washington, where he has often been promoted for efficiency.

'81. E. M. Poteat has been appointed University preacher in the University of Chicago for three weeks in December of the present year.

'98. John L. Pritchard will receive his degree this spring from the College for Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore. Mr. Pritchard was one of the first students to enter the Wake Forest Medical School.

'04. Wait Bagley is still doing business at the old stand—insurance business, however. He is doing local work at Wake Forest this month.

'04. R. R. Flemming, Jr., taking special studies in Chicago University, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Newton, Kansas.

'01-2. Frank G. Chamblee has completed a course in dentistry and is located at Wakefield, Wake County, where he is meeting with much success.

Virgil O. Parker, '93, has entered partnership with Cary G. Hunter, '81, of Raleigh, to do insurance and real estate business in Raleigh.

'87-9. J. J. Adams, after two years of faithful service, has resigned his field in the Beulah Baptist Association, and leaves there the last of this month.

'02-3. T. B. Chitty, who will be remembered as having had a severe attack of blood poison while in college, is with the Jackson Drug Company at Jackson.

'02. T. E. Browne is winning a reputation as organizer of the Cotton Association of Hertford County. He is also improving the school system of his county.

'92. O. J. Peterson has sold *The Lumberton Argus*. He has a flattering offer to accept a position as editor of a large new daily paper in an adjoining State.

B. H. Crumpler, '03-5, practicing law at Clinton, had the misfortune to lose by fire recently his law office and supplies; as was also the misfortune of John E. Fowler, '89-91.

'86. E. P. Ellington, who for a time supplied a pulpit at Madison, Rockingham County, has moved to Clarksville, Arkansas, where he is now engaged in fruit growing. He intends preaching some also.

'90. John E. White delivered an address at Trinity College on Washington's birthday on "The True and the False in Southern Life." The address was published in *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, and has since been put in re-print.

'84-6. *Our Home Field* presented recently on its first page a cut of James F. Love. It is announced that he has been made assistant secretary of the Home Board. *Charity and Children* says of him: "Mr. Love should never have left North Carolina, where he was so useful and so generously loved, but he will add much strength to the home mission work."

Charity and Children says: "Rev. O. L. Powers, ['96-00,] and Rev. Thomas Carrick, ['75,] the two High Point pastors, are true yoke-fellows, and are exceptionally well qualified to lead the two churches to which they have been called."

'99. A. J. Bolin, formerly junior partner in the student firm of Bailey and Bolin, which inhabited the upper story of "Paradise" and sold fruits in season, has recently gone to Maryland where he is engaged in raising fruit for the Baltimore market.

'97-7. "Bro. A. W. Setzer has rendered fine service at Burlington—as he does anywhere—and now that he is going to Murphy we are assured that the West is stronger for the presence of one more well-equipped and able young man."—*Biblical Recorder.*

'98. C. H. Martin, who has been secretary of Congressman E. W. Pou the past four years, is pursuing studies in the Law Department of the George Washington University, Washington City, where he completes his course this year. Mr. Martin is a young man of ability.

'92-5. Charles V. Brooks has accepted the call of the Tarboro Baptist church. It is said of him: "Faithfully and to good purpose has he labored in his Raleigh and Sandy Creek fields, and he has won this promotion by studious habits, consecrated service and genuine success."

'00. James F. Royster, one of the professors of English in the University of Chicago, delivered an instructive and interesting address at Wake Forest a few weeks ago, his subject being "Life in a Large University." Mr. Royster went from here to Raleigh where he visited his parents.

'66-7. *The News and Observer* of April 3d published a generous and just appreciation of Mr. Henry C. Dockery upon his retirement, the first of April, from the position of Marshal for the Eastern District, which he filled so worthily and well. He is referred to as an honest man, and every inch a gentleman."

'89. The following is from *The Biblical Recorder:* "Rev. G. L. Merrill, the church builder of the Tar River, will soon begin the erection of a house at South Rocky Mount. They have secured a lot at a cost of a hundred and fifty dollars and expect to build on it a twelve hundred dollar house. This is a mission point."

'92-3. "Pastor T. B. Justice writes us that he has just moved into the new $1,800 home built by the Franklinton church for their pastor. Mr. Justice has a great hold on his people, and they will not hear to his going to other churches that are seeking his services. They are right. They know a good thing when they see it."—*Charity and Children.*

'03. David A. Covington, who made the highest grade ever made at Wake Forest, has been chosen an instructor in Greek in the University of Chicago, and will have charge of three of the regular courses next year. He is at the present a student in the University of Chicago.

'03. "Our work at Newton and the surrounding country is making progress. Pastor T. B. Davis is much loved. He knows how to help the people do their best. The debt will soon be paid on the parsonage. Many members have been received at Newton, and Brother Davis now gives two Sundays to that place. He made a financial sacrifice to do this, but the work demanded it. How it inspires people to see the pastor surrender all for the good of the Masters' cause."—*Biblical Recorder.*

The Biblical Recorder says: "Bro. T. S. Crutchfield, ['00], has resigned as pastor at Roanoke Rapids, to accept a call to the church at Hertford. Hertford is to be congratulated. There is no truer man than T. S. Crutchfield. Bro. J. K. Henderson, ['98-02], has been called to Roanoke Rapids. Brother Henderson is now at the Seminary, but will enter upon his duty as pastor at the close of the session. We hear good things about Brother Henderson and have no doubt about his success on that important field."

'99-00. Garland E. Midyette, who took law here after graduating at Trinity College, and who now has a bright future before him in his chosen profession, has the following to say of Wake Forest: "I am taking an especial interest in the work and aims of your institution and am always glad to hear of its progress which is now well-established. I am especially interested in the success of the law department and consider the work being done by Professor Gulley worthy of the just recognition it is now receiving. His students who have grit and character—and I am glad to say these are many—are taking their places at the head of the list of the younger members of the bar."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

KADER R. CURTIS, Editor.

The Chimes has been absent from our table this year until a few days ago; however, we are glad to renew our acquaintance. "The Senior's Secret" is a little uninteresting at first, but the writer gradually steals the interest of the reader in a charming style. The writer of "The University of Chicago" gives a careful study of Dr. Harper's connection with that institution, and the wide and ever-growing influence left by this great and strong man. "Synopsis of Ivanhoe," "Milton, the Artist," and "Two Southern Writers" are creditable articles. The arrangement of the editorial material fails to exhibit much taste.

The February number of *The College Message* comes next into our hands. The writer of the opening poem, "February," deserves credit for this brave attempt. "A Helpful Room-mate" is a story of little merit. We suggest that the author make an effort to find a plot before the next trial. "Reminiscences" is a story in which the author does not attempt to insert "purple patches," but lets the story quietly glide along in a sensible manner. "The Results of A Practical Joke" is by far the best story in the magazine. The plot is well arranged, shows a good amount of originality, and the conversational element is good.

In *The Philomathean Monthly* for February we find the article, "Martial vs. Aesthetic Education in Greece," which is interesting, informing, and is a result of considerable research. "Lela's Course" is a story of a poor girl, who rather than take a pleasure trip to the seashore, went to comfort and cheer her suffering uncle. As a reward for her faithfulness he gave her one half of his great wealth, and in addition to this she had the consoling feeling of having done good. "Jack, the Bootblack," is a fairly good story in some respects, but we think that it is rather farfetched. The magazine does not contain the department usually found in college periodicals.

The opening poem, "Dear Lady," in the March *Converse Concept*, gives in poetic style the experiences of most every boy who has reached that age when he loves or thinks he loves all the girls. The author of "Geo. Eliot's Spanish Gypsey" is well acquainted with subject in hand and expresses her ideas with force. We feel safe in saying that the writer of "Richard Again" has experienced some of the trials and troubles that come to every teacher. It is one of the most natural stories we have read for some time. "A Story of Stage Life" is plotted with artistic taste. The writer has a pleasing style. In many respects this is the

best story on our table. The essays deserve special mention. The editorials are written on well selected subjects, and the editor shows her ability in discharging the duties placed upon her. The exchange editor is reasonable in her statements and shows thoughtful discrimination. This is a good magazine in every respect.

It is with peculiar pleasure and interest that we begin our perusal of *The Furman Echo*. The poem, "The Fallen Leaf," is a description of autumn as it approaches with its deadening touch. It contains an appropriate tinge of pathos. The article, "Choosing a Profession," is a sensible production in the true sense of the word. If these suggestions were heeded by the young men of the present generation we would not see so many failures in the various professions in the years to come. "The Unattainable" is a poem breathing a sentiment of rare merit. "How are the Mighty Fallen" eclipses anything thus far on our table in plasticity of imagination, accompanied by diction to suit the general trend of thought. For some reason we were made to think of Poe while reading this story. The editors are enjoying the support of the students, and are showing their ability.

In the February *Criterion* we find the article, "Ex Oriente Venit Lux." It is a credit to the magazine. To write such articles there must necessarily be a certain amount of concentrated study, diligent research and logical thinking. "The Lost Man" is another love story. It seems to be almost impossible to find a story in a college magazine that is not tainted with the same sickening, senseless love element. This tendency should be guarded against by our college journals. "A Diffienlt Affair" is a good story until the writer forgets or willfully entangles the love element which fails to add to the true merit of the story. "Billy's Bequest" is a touching description of a hospital scene. But is it not a little surprising to see what a silly ending it has?

The Trinity Archive is a magazine of no mean merit. The partial review of "Idle Comments" and the incite given into the character of Erwin Avery—that soul-interpreter of nature, men and things, and who combined the deepest pathos with a minor strain of richest humor—is strong and interesting. "A True Story from Southern Life" is a love story with a tragical close. We like the steady move in the writer's style. "The Town Loafer" is a well-written account of the growth and recognition of the latent genius of an unpromising boy. "On the Edge of the Precipice" is an easy-written and readable story made long. The Archive is a most excellent magazine. It contains stories, varying in character, which are nicely sandwitched with poetry of at least readable merit. It is well edited and is a credit to the senior class and the college.

CLIPPINGS.

Teacher (in algebra)—"At what time between 10 and 12 o'clock will the hands meet?"

Student—"Whose hands?"—*Ex.*

SHE.

"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were 'making the waist places glad.'"—*Ex.*

Freshman year—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore year—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior year—As You Like It.
Senior year—All's Well That Ends Well.—*Ex.*

REJECTED.

Unto the charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
They write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allen Poe.

—*John B. Tabl, in New York Times.*

He: "If I should break the engagement, what would you do?"
"She: "I'd take poison."
He: "You'd go to the nearest pharmacy and get poison?"
She: "Worse than that. I'd kiss a man who smokes cigarettes."

Tommy—"How do girls spend their time?"
Jimmy—"Trying to make little boys stop asking questions and big boys begin."—*Ex.*

Sammy (admiringly surveying his lately arrived twin sisters): "Did you get them cheaper by taking two, papa?"—*Smart Set.*

"People who love in glass houses should pull down the shades."—*Cynic's Calendar.*

"What do you think now, Robbie?" asked his mother, as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thoughts has been delayed by a hot box."—*Ex.*

WHO SAYS KISSING ISN'T DANGEROUS.

She sat close in his automobile,
And he gave her a kiss—
At that moment a rock struck the wheel,
And they looked like this.

—*Ex.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

C. A. LEONARD, Editor pro tem

—A homeward stretch——

—Baseball!

—Mercer debate!!

—Final examinations!!!

—A glorious Commencement!!!!

—Work on the Infirmary Building is progressing well.

—The Glee Club and Orchestra has purchased a new piano.

—Dr. W. R. Cullom preached at the First Baptist Church of Norfolk, Va., Sunday, April 8.

—Miss Mamie Huntley has returned to her home at Wadesboro after visiting Miss Ruby Reid.

—Several students attended a reception at Oxford Seminary, Friday evening before Easter.

—The decision of Mr. W. W. Holding to move to Norfolk, Va., was learned with regret by many.

—Pro. J. B. Carlyle will deliver the Commencement Address of the Benson Graded Schools, May 13-16.

—Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Chase City, Va., visited friends in Wake Forest the second week in this month.

—Miss Gertrude Pernell has returned to her home at Franklinton after visitng her friend, Miss Leathy Davis.

—Prof. W. L. Vaughn went to Nashville, this State, the last of March, where, on the 28th, he attended the marriage of his brother, Mr. L. T. Vaughn, to Miss Mary Laura Ross.

—President Poteat has accepted an invitation to deliver the address at the closing exercises of the Reidsville Graded Schools.

—Dr. E. W. Sikes will conduct a course on Government in the North Carolina Summer School, Raleigh, June 16-19.

—Misses Cad Hervey and Lula Brewer, of Raleigh, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Brewer, Jr., a few weeks ago.

—Prof. J. B. Carlyle has accepted an invitation to deliver the commencement address of Shorter College, Rome, Ga.

—A few weeks ago Congressman E. Y. Webb made an instructive talk before Professor Carlyle's Sunday School class.

—Miss Bessie Poteat, of Greensboro, spent several days here the last of March visiting the family of Dr. W. L. Poteat.

—Dr. Charles E. Brewer delivered an address at the commencement exercises of the Delway High School at Dell, Sampson County, April 7.

—Dr. G. W. Paschal, in connection with the library committee, has recently selected a list of new books which are being added to the library.

—An invitation to deliver the commencement address of the Chowan Baptist Institute at Murfreesboro next month has been accepted by Dr. J. W. Lynch.

—Mrs. John Ray, who spent some time with her father, Prof. L. R. Mills, has gone to White City, Fla., where Rev. Mr. Ray has charge of a church. Mr. Ray also visited the family of Professor Mills previous to going to White City.

—President Poteat has recently forwarded a biological article to Dr. James Hastings, of Scotland, for his forthcoming dictionary on "Christ and the Gospels."

—Dr. J. H. Gorrell has added beauty to our already beautiful campus by removing some of the shrubbery where it was too close and by trimming some of the trees.

—Prof. N. Y. Gulley delivered an address before the Winterville High School, Pitt County, the first of the month. The occasion was the closing exercises of the school.

—The meeting of the Wake Forest Literary Club, April 6, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Poteat, was pronounced the best meeting held this year. The subject was "Dickens as an Educator."

—Mr. Walter H. Weatherspoon, president of the Y. M. C. A., attended the Interstate Convention of the Carolinas at Charleston, and reported the convention to the association Monday night, April 9.

—The faculty has decided to publish again *The Wake Forest Bulletin,* the first number of which is the new catalogue. The second number will be gotten out during the summer and will contain valuable reading matter.

—Many of us were grieved to see Mr. and Mrs. J. Richard Crozier leave for Atlanta the first of the month, where Mr. Crozier resumes his position on the Atlanta ball team. Mrs. Crozier and little daughter, Dolores, stopped over in Greensboro for several days, visiting the family of Mr. W. O. Riddick, formerly of Wake Forest.

—Mr. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., returned from the University of Virginia the last of March, where he had been to stand two or three examinations which he was pre-

vented from standing last June on account of sickness. He passed the examinations successfully and the faculty was kind enough to confer upon him his degree and gave him his diploma as of June, 1905.

—The delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention, which met in Nashville, Tenn., reported before the Young Men's Christian Association some weeks ago; but the citizen members of the church desired to know something of the meeting, and Messrs. W. A. Pollard and B. Y. Tyner reported at the evening services Sunday, April 8. Mr. Tyner presented a sketch of the Volunteer Movement and Mr. Pollard gave his impressions of the meeting. When the speakers had finished, Professor Carlyle rose in his seat and paid a high compliment to the efforts of the speakers and spoke of the great good to mankind we may expect of the Volunteer Movement.

—Commencement exercises this year will be held May 23-25. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, will preach the baccalaureate sermon Wednesday evening, the 23d. The literary address will be delivered the following morning by Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Boston. Thursday evening the alumni address will be made by Mr. R. Bruce White, of Franklinton, a member of the class of '91. After Mr. White's address the alumni will have a banquet—not a smoker, as last year. Commencement Day will be Friday, May 25, when the diplomas will be awarded and class orations delivered by Messrs. E. B. Earnshaw, T. B. Ashcraft and E. M. Hairfield, representing the Euzelian Society; and Messrs. J. B. Weatherspoon, Liston Jackson and B. T. Holding, of the Philomathesian Society. In the evening the regular annual reception will be given in the

society halls. The music will be furnished as usual by the First Regiment Band of Virginia. The Glee Club and Orchestra will give a concert some time during the three days of Commencement. Final examinations for the spring term will begin May 19 and continue through the first day of Commencement.

—The field day exercises of Thursday, April 5, were probably the greatest athletic event of the kind ever held at Wake Forest. The exercises were under the direction of Mr. J. Richard Crozier, physical director, and were a credit to him and to the College. The Faculty kindly granted holiday for the occasion, the weather was fine, and everybody spent a good day, which was certainly profitable in its bearing upon the athletic life of the College. Though the number of those who took an active part in the exercises was not so large as might have been, yet the occasion was a great success; and next year there promises to be a larger number of contestants. The program was as follows: One hundred yard dash—fourteen contestants; winner, A. M. Browne (ten and one-half seconds); second, W. E. Lester; third, K. Elliott. Two hundred and twenty yard dash—thirteen contestants; winner, D. W. Arnette (twenty-six seconds); second, Browne; third, Elliott. Four hundred and forty yard dash—thirteen contestants; winner, W. G. Whisnant (sixty-five seconds); second, Browne; third, Lester. Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle—fifteen contestants; winner, Arnette (thirty-two seconds); second, Browne; third, Lester. Running high jump—eight contestants; winner, Elliott (five feet and four inches); second, O. W. Ward; third, Arnette. Running broad jump—six contestants; winner, James Turner (nineteen and one-half feet); second, Elliott; third,

Ward. Pole vault—eight contestants; winner, Arnette (nine and one-half feet); second, Ward; third, V. F. Hamrick. Putting twelve-pound shot—six contestants; winner, J. L. Dunn (forty feet); second, L. L. Tilly; third, J. W. Bunn. In these events the first winner counted five points, the second three points, and the third one point. Arnette won the gold medal given by the Athletic Association to the best athlete; to Browne, second best athlete, was given a tennis racket by the Victor Sporting Goods Company; and Elliott won the old gold and black jersey, given by T. E. Holding & Co. to the third best athlete. The funny races were as follows: Wheelbarrow race—James Turner, prize, Gold Band hat, given by Z. V. Peed & Co.; sack race—Rufus Ford, prize, one box of chocolates, given by W. H. Wilkinson; potato race—J. Turner, prize, one pair Wright's shoes, given by Dickson Brothers; three-legged race—Whisnant and Ward, prize, one box of cigars, given by J. M. Brewer, Jr., Co. The relay class race was won by the Senior Class.

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